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Sheldon Jackson



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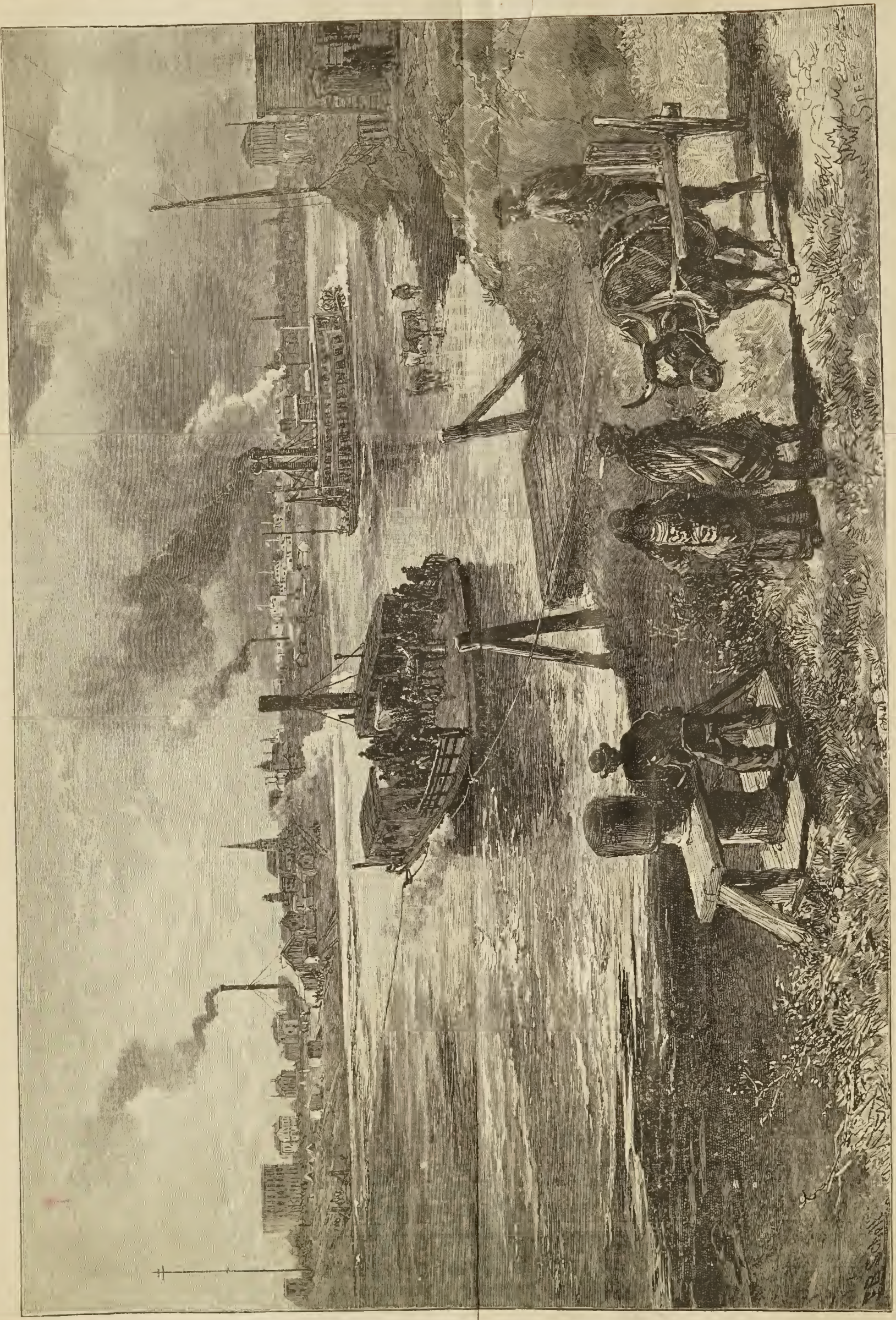
Vol 36

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Walter J. Adams



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WINNIPEG (FORT GARRY) AS IT IS NOW.



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WINNIPEG (FORT GARRY) FIFTY YEARS AGO.

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Now that the armour is put off and the crown of victory put on is the time to speak of what the Lord does in and by His saints on earth. Cowley would, I know, have given Him all the glory, through Whom alone he accomplished all he did. . . . His parents were excellent, steady Christian people, bringing up their children in the fear of the Lord, and showing them the way to walk with Him. The father was a mason, and Abraham was brought up to the same trade, which he found so useful in his early missionary life. I believe he was architect and part builder of his own house at Fairford, North-West America. He was first interested in missionary work by my beloved husband, for Fairford was alive with missionary zeal in those long ago days, though so remote a place that it was, for twenty years after that time, fifteen miles from the railway to London. Lord Dynevor, then Rev. F. W. Rice, used to let him take a Bible-class, to read the lessons in church, I believe, and, with many other helps, prepared him for going



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WE would draw attention to the advertisement of *Christmas Letters* on our cover.

They are the work of the Christmas Letter Mission, organised by our friend Miss E. S. Elliott, author of *Copsley Annals*, &c., and formerly editor of the *C.M. Juvenile Instructor*. This Mission now does a remarkable work all over the world. The Report especially mentions India, and prints letters from Calcutta, Bombay, Lucknow, Agra, Peshawar, and Quetta. Specimens of the Christmas Letters can be seen at Partridge's, or obtained from Hazell & Co., 6, Kirby Street, E.C.



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THE Rev. G. S. Winter, of York Factory, writing in March last, speaks of the great kindness he and Mrs. Winter have received from the Christian Indians and others since he recommenced his work among them at the beginning of this year. It will be remembered that the ship in which he returned became a total wreck, and that he lost nearly the whole of his annual supplies. Up to the time of writing his and his wife's wants had been supplied by country produce. He writes that the terrible disaster has brought out the love and affection of the Red Indian, and that though many of them are very poor they have generally sent to the missionaries a part of anything they have themselves had, and would take nothing in return. The Hudson's Bay Company's servants had also been most kind.

We are very glad to learn that the Missionary Secretary received a telegram last Friday, informing him that the *Glad Tidings* arrived safely at Victoria during Conference. The detention was owing to bad weather. This information will be received with gratitude by thousands who had become very anxious for the safety of the steamer and those on board of her.

May 1887  
A telegram from Victoria, B.C., dated last Saturday, says that great anxiety is felt for the missionary steamer, *Glad Tidings*, which sailed from Port Simpson and was due at Victoria on the previous Monday. She had on board Rev. Mr. Crosby and others, from Port Simpson, who were expected at the B. C. Conference which was organized last week. Despatches had been sent to all accessible points on the coast making inquiry for the steamer, but up to the date of the message she had not been heard from. This intelligence will excite profound anxiety throughout Methodist circles in Canada, which it is to be hoped may soon be relieved by tidings of the safety of the boat and party. If Bro. Crosby had not been on his way to Conference it would at once be supposed that he had turned aside to visit some one or other of the mission stations in the district, but as it is the delay is very perplexing.

May 1888  
THE letters published in this number of the OUTLOOK are all deeply interesting, and will repay perusal; but we would call special attention to the letter of Brother A. E. Green, and the appeal which he makes for aid in his orphanage work. For years he has been caring for a number of orphan lads who, but for this care, would have been compelled to take their chances in heathen villages, without a friend to stand by them; and during the past year all the aid he has received was a single contribution of \$10. Will not some to whom the Lord has given the means extend a helping hand to this deserving charity?

## WINNIPEG: PAST AND PRESENT.



IN the GLEANER for October was announced the death of one of the Society's most venerated missionaries, Archdeacon Abraham Cowley, who for forty-six years, broken only by two short visits home, laboured in the North-West America Mission. Of humble but Christian parentage, Abraham Cowley was brought early in life under the influence of the late Lord Dynevor, then the Rev. F. W. Rice, Vicar of Fairford, in Gloucestershire, the Archdeacon's birthplace, through whose teaching he was brought to Christ, and by whom those missionary talents, which marked his long service, were first discerned and fostered. No separation by distance, no absorption in daily duty, ever effaced from his heart the gratitude and love to the late nobleman, whom to the last he called his "spiritual father."

Cowley's missionary career dates from 1841. To appreciate the marvellous progress which has since gone on, it is necessary to recall the circumstances of his first going out. Towards the close of 1840 the C.M.S. Committee received an appeal from a missionary to the Red Indians, the Rev. W. Cockran, who had already laboured for fifteen years. His health had failed, and he begged leave to retire. "Let pity," he wrote, "touch your bosom, and relieve one who is reluctantly driven from the field by infirmity." Help was sent, his strength and spirits revived, and he continued at his post for twenty-five years more, without once returning home. The man sent to his aid was Abraham Cowley, whose zeal for foreign service had led him to offer himself to the C.M.S., and who was then in training at the Islington College. He sailed in January, 1841, for Canada, with a view to reaching Red River by way of Lake Superior and the almost untrodden forests beyond. But the plan was impracticable; and in order to get from Canada to Rupert's Land he had to return to England, and take the annual summer ship to Hudson's Bay, whence, landing at York Factory, a canoe voyage of 800 miles took him to what is now the city of Winnipeg, or as it was originally called, Fort Garry. As one instance of material progress, the route that was then impracticable is now traversed in two or three days by the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the death of that very missionary is known in England the day after it takes place. The Red River settlement at that date was isolated from the world. Nearly two thousand miles separated the colonists from the Canadians, the Red Indian was frequently on the war-path, news of the outside world penetrated the colony but rarely; it were hard to picture a more dismal sphere.

In 1842 Mr. Cowley began a mission to the settlement of Salteaux Indians, on the banks of Lake Manitoba, some 200 miles north-west of Red River. For many years he and Mrs. Cowley toiled unceasingly for the temporal and spiritual benefit of these Indians, but with very little success. The Salteaux have always proved a hard-hearted and superstitious race. But in 1851 Dr. Anderson, Bishop of the Diocese of Rupert's Land, established two years before, baptized the first convert, Luke Caldwell, who was ordained in 1871 by Bishop Machray, Bishop Anderson's successor. On this occasion the Bishop re-christened the station, calling it Fairford, after Mr. Cowley's native village. After labouring at Fairford for fifteen years, during which time a large number of Indians were Christianised, Cowley became incumbent of St. Peter's, Red River, to which he gave the name of Dynevor, in honour of his former friend.

In 1867, he was appointed by the present Bishop of Rupert's Land to be Archdeacon of Cumberland. He also became secretary of the whole Mission. The duties of a secretary of so large a mission as North-West America are many, and during the time he held that office he travelled



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## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1887.

## THE C.M.S. IN 1837 AND IN 1887.

## XI.—NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NORTH PACIFIC.



N 1837, little over a single page of the *Annual Report* sufficed for all that could be said of our work in North-West America, then just fourteen years old, where twenty-one pages of a crowded *Report* now give a bare sketch of one year's work in five well organised dioceses, and one beyond the Rocky Mountains, yet in its earliest stage. So soon as 1820, Mr. West, then a Chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company, proposed to commence missionary work in that vast district, extending fully 4,000 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and nearly as far from Red River station to the shores of the Arctic Sea. Some prominent members of the Company had expressed their great anxiety to "better the condition of the inhabitants and Native tribes of Indians in Hudson's Bay, and afford them religious instruction," and Captain (afterwards Sir John) Franklin strongly urged the prosecution of the Mission. On August 16th, 1823, the Rev. D. Jones arrived at York Fort—and presently "went forward with two Indian boys brought from Fort Churchill for Red River."

The two boys were Henry Budd and James Settee, whom Mr. West had received, under solemn covenant, from their parents, to teach them the way of life. Both became Native pastors and pioneers of Christianity among their people. The latter is still helping in his old age at Red River.

When our Queen came to the throne, there were three churches, the Upper, Middle, and Lower, at Red River, two English Missionaries, and about two hundred communicants. That was all, and it was a time of deep distress. An unusually early and severe frost had destroyed their crops. The annual ships, with the whole supplies for the year, had been driven out of Hudson's Bay. Mrs. Jones had died after a short illness; and Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran (afterwards Archdeacon) wrote, "We are shut up for a whole winter without letters, without publications, without school books, and various other supplies on which much of our comfort depends." The Indian was indolent, but already forsaking drink and learning to pray, and marks of civilisation were appearing. Better than all, when preaching on the parable of the prodigal son, Mr. Jones had with deep solemnity pointed to the prodigal's confession, "I have sinned," and asked them, "Do you approach God so?" and he says, "The impression was greater than I ever witnessed before, and many could hardly refrain from giving vent to their feelings by outcries and tears." The very next year he told of having a comfortable church at the Indian settlement, and of some gathering there "who have been taken from the chains of heathenism, and brought under the sound of the Gospel"; of "four churches with about 2,000 Protestant people scattered over an extent of thirty-five miles of country on each side of the river"; of "five women admitted into Church fellowship," one of whom had come ninety miles to be baptized; of some agricultural work beginning—but of the very first harvest he said, "They do nothing unless I go with them. As soon as I leave the field they drop their sickles and begin to play." Nay, worse, when the harvest was reaped, all but two or three at once consumed the whole produce. So elementary was the beginning work. So childish were the first catechumens. It was the day of very small things.

In 1887, from an area of "thirty-five miles on each side of the river," the work has spread over most of 2,373,490 square

miles, from Rupert's House and Fort George on the eastern shores of James Bay, away to the Rocky Mountains, and over them to Queen Charlotte's Islands in the North Pacific Ocean, and from Fort Francis in about 48° N. Latitude, to Rampart House on the Porcupine River, more than 2,000 miles north from Red River. There are nine huge Dioceses, six on the eastern, and three on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. In the five Dioceses of Moosonee, Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan, Athabasca, and Mackenzie, and in that of Caledonia, are 14,687 Christian adherents connected with the C.M.S. The Bishops of Moosonee, Athabasca, Mackenzie River, and Caledonia are all missionaries of our Society. There are about 80,000 Red men with whom our work has to do, the remnants of vast tribes of men who, partly by their own fearful habits and intestinal wars and partly by the introduction in later times of evil habits and diseases by nominal Christians, have been reduced to the mere shell of their former greatness.

In 1840, the work at Red River spread to Cumberland House, 600 miles distant, and Henry Budd was the pioneer. This was the germ of the great Diocese of Saskatchewan. In 1851 Mr. (now Bishop) Horden commenced another extension of the work 1,200 miles to the east at Moose Fort; and this has grown into the vast Diocese of Moosonee, stretching from the Canadian Pacific Railway, 900 miles north, on either side of Hudson's Bay, among Crees, Ojibbeways, Chipewyans, and Esquimaux. Now scarce a man can be found who is a professed heathen. Most have learned to read by means of the syllabic system. In 1846 or 1847, Mr. James Settee, the other of Mr. West's boys, opened fresh work some 600 miles further north from Cumberland House, and was soon followed by the Rev. R. Hunt, at English River, among the Chipewyan race. This again has expanded into the diocese of Athabasca. In 1858 Archdeacon Hunter heard of the willingness of the Natives to receive instruction further north still, and made an exploratory expedition hundreds of miles down the mighty Mackenzie River. This again has led to the formation of the northernmost diocese in the world, of which the furthest station is 2,350 miles from the original base of work at Red River, and here the Tukudh and Esquimaux are reached by the Gospel.

A sixth diocese of Qu'Appelle was formed out of those of Rupert's Land and Saskatchewan in 1872. It contains 40,000 inhabitants in a grand agricultural district, extending over 96,000 square miles, with the new railway to the Pacific running right through it. The C.M.S. has now no work in this diocese, having lately handed over its one station to the Bishop; but he is carrying it and others on, and thus the whole of these vast territories, with their sparse and scattered remnants of once numerous and powerful tribes, is provided for by the Church of our fathers.

In 1857 the Rocky Mountains were crossed, and the Gospel was carried to the Tsimshean, Nishkah, Hydah, and other tribes of British Columbia. Suggested and nurtured from the first by Captain (now Admiral Sir J. C.) Prevost, the Mission has had a story stranger than fiction; it has had its own peculiar troubles too; but the broad fact remains that the Gospel of peace had spread within fifty years from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and all over this vast continent the germ of the Kingdom is unfolding. How true it is—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run:  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

E. L.



May 1888

*Editorial and Contributed.*COMMITTEE OF CONSULTATION AND  
FINANCE.

A MEETING of this Committee was held at the Mission Rooms early last month, and a good deal of business was disposed of.

In harmony with the decision of the last General Board, the Committee considered the case of the Chinese work in British Columbia, and it was agreed to provide a building for the Chinese Girls' Rescue Home, at a cost not exceeding \$3,000 for site and building, provided the Woman's Missionary Society would assume cost of furnishing and maintenance. (A communication has since been received from the Executive to the above Society gladly accepting the offer).

The General Board having fixed the place of its next meeting at Winnipeg, leaving the date an open question, the latter point was considered by the Finance Committee, and it was decided that the meeting begin on Monday, September 10th. This is a month earlier than usual, and will necessitate holding the Financial District Meetings not later than the second week in August.

Communications were received from Japan, containing a copy of a revised Basis of Union between the Missions of the Methodist Church (Canada), and the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The whole subject was referred to the General Board, and the Secretary was instructed to put himself in communication with the Secretaries of the Missionary Society in New York in regard to this important matter, so that full information may be laid before the General Board in September.

A request for two additional teachers in the Tôkyô School was laid over to see if the income of the year would justify further extension. In the meanwhile the Secretary to correspond with a view of securing suitable candidates.

## "PACKING" WOOD AT PORT SIMPSON.

BY a recent mail from Port Simpson we received a crayon drawing, executed by a native lad, which exhibits a good deal of artistic skill. The drawing portrays a band of Indians "packing" firewood on their backs from the hills, near Port Simpson. Accompanying the drawing was a letter from Miss Knight, which we append, as it gives not only some account of the picture, but is itself a word-picture of some experiences that fall to the lot of our workers on these far-off stations:—

PORT SIMPSON, B.C., March 1st, 1888.

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—A week or two ago Mr. Crosby gave me the little picture which I send you by this boat, at the same time suggesting that I send it to you and explain the meaning of it. It is drawn by our native artist, whom we think quite clever, as he is, of course, entirely self-taught. This shows how the people carry their wood during the cold weather. As they are away so much from early spring to autumn, they seldom get any great supply, so when the real cold weather comes, they have to get it as they need it. I always pitied them greatly, and wondered that they seemed so cheerful over it; even the little boys and girls seemed to enjoy it, and think it great fun. My girls said many times when the days were bright that they wanted to pack wood, too. We had been unable to get a good supply before winter set in, and one fine morning found ourselves out of wood. So Mr. Crosby said, we must all go to the hill and pack some, as there was no other way of getting it. So off we all started, Mr. Crosby and our artist with axe and saw, to cut the trees down and saw them into proper lengths; all the girls who were big enough to carry a load, with ropes to bind the wood on their shoulders, and, of course, I had to go to take care of them. The children thought it immense fun, but as they were not used to the work, they met with some rather funny mishaps. Not knowing just how to adjust the ropes, the load sometimes would roll off, or to one side, and overbalance them. One sat down on a log to rest, and, forgetting her load, leaned backwards and fell, much to the amusement of the rest. She was powerless to help herself, and I was fearful she was hurt; but after some trouble, we got her load off, and she was able to get on her feet. Well, we got quite a supply that day, and before it was all finished, we were able to get wood in the ordinary way. This was our only expedition to the hill this winter; the next time, however, we went, not for ourselves, but for an old woman who has a sick husband. We found old Mary was out of wood, so one afternoon I told the girls that all who would do it for Jesus' sake, might come with me to the woods, to get wood for Old Mary. We went by ourselves this time, but one of the bigger girls soon had some small trees cut, and we were well loaded and ready for home. I wanted to pack some, too, but the girls thought it would be dreadful for me to carry a load on my back, and wouldn't fix it for me, so I had to carry it on my shoulder, much to the amusement of the people who were passing with their loads. We took the wood to Old Mary's home on the Island, and quite took the poor people by surprise, as they were not expecting any such good fortune. We were overwhelmed with thanks; and Mary told Mr. Crosby afterwards, that they sat down and cried over that wood, they were so thankful to get it. So we found something more than a pleasant afternoon and fun that day. All this is over for this season, as most of the people are already scattered; they are at home for such a short time. It always seems to me as if the best we can do for our people in summer is to pray that the enemy may not take away the seed sown in the winter. Their wanderings seem such a hindrance, but we have the comfort of knowing that God's Word shall not return void.

## FROM LODGE TO LODGE.

BY REV. JOHN M'LEAN, B.A.

THE snow fell thick and fast on Easter Sunday morning, covering the prairie with a pure white mantle, which in a few hours vanished before the sun's strong rays. With a satchel filled with medicines, and a bundle of Sunday-school papers, I entered



one of our camps, and began the duties of the day. On the day previous, a young man had called at the mission house for medicine for himself, and wished me to call and see his mother in the camp, when we went down. Seeking out this lodge, we entered, and told the old lady the object of my visit. She politely informed me that she had great faith in an old medicine woman in an adjoining lodge, and she would not take my medicine on any account. I was a little amused at her determination, as I had prided myself on the influence I held amongst the Indians as a powerful medicine man; but here was an old woman, sustained by her superstitious belief, who scorned the white man's civilization and faith. Nothing daunted, I sought the lodge where service was usually held, and sitting on the ground, began the duties of the hour. The men, women and children sat on the ground, while I told them the story of Easter, applying the truths that cluster around the Cross of Christ, and seeking to lead their minds to the atoning sacrifice, with the salvation that is their right. The sick came for medicine, and told in piteous tones of the death of many of their friends. Bronchitis, biliousness and sore eyes were the prevailing diseases, and it was cheering to hear them commending the medicines to each other, and telling how much they had been benefited at some previous time by their use. This is one step forward, for I well remember the time when the Indian medicine men had supreme control; but now their influence is waning, and we hope ultimately to suppress entirely their superstitious practices. As I sat conversing with the people about their trials and hopes, a flock of geese flew over the camp, and some young men ran out to see them. The old man informed us that in ten days we should have a big snow-storm, and then spring would come. It does seem singular how some of these men can foretell the state of the weather, but I have noticed at various times that they were not far astray in their prognostications. In one lodge a young man was busy with an old file and a knife, making a pipe from a stone that he had picked up on the river bottom. Upon laying the pipe down to converse with me, he took up a pair of tweezers, and kept pulling out the hairs from his chin. This is a prevalent custom among the Indians, as they hate to see any hair on their faces.

An Indian showed me his ration tickets, which are used for drawing the rations that Government gives the people, and which are distributed regularly twice per week at both the upper and lower agencies. He wished me to inform him whether or not the tickets belonged to him and his friends, or by accident had been exchanged. On examining the names written upon them, we found that one of the tickets belonged

to another man in camp; so the man wished to return this one and get another. Oftentimes they ask our assistance in this matter, as they cannot read, and know not but they may have a ticket belonging to another.

A young man lay sick in a lodge, with swollen neck, and he wished me to get a doctor to lance it, as he was suffering intense pain.

An old woman took up a piece of dried meat, fastened it on a stick, held it over the fire and cooked it, giving it to the owner of the lodge, who tore a piece off and gave it to a child. Meat is fried and boiled, or broiled on the fire by means of a stick, and is then eaten without bread, or anything to drink. After the old lady had cooked the meat, a young man asked her to get his horse for him, which was out on the prairie. Old and decrepid as she was, she took the bridle, and in a short time returned with the horse. A sad life is that of aged Indian womanhood; and the Gospel alone can elevate the native intellect and change effectually the native customs, so that the aged men and women will be benefited. Some water was accidentally spilt on the floor of the lodge, and one of the inmates took an axe, made some holes in the floor, and allowed it to soak into the ground.

The Indians eat when they are hungry, and sleep when they feel inclined to do so. At different times during the day, as we go in and out among the lodges, we find some eating, and others sleeping. The gospel of work induces regular habits, gives keenness to the intellect, and enables all to lead happier and more useful lives. Medicine was given to an old woman for rheumatism, who had been trying to cure herself by placing hot stones on the affected parts. Milk was asked for two babies who were sick; soap for one family to wash their bodies and clothes; oatmeal and rice for some sick people, and tea for the healthy to drink. The calls for help are so numerous, that, as we have not received any outside assistance for this, we are compelled in some cases to refuse. And yet it is sometimes hard to say, "No!" especially to the needy and deserving. Not a single lodge did we enter, but we found some person sick. As the balmy spring draws near, a change will come; some will recover, but others will travel to

"the undiscovered country  
From whose bourne no traveller returns."

#### BLOOD RESERVE, ALBERTA.

A HUNGARIAN Jew, the Rabbi Lichtenstein has lately addressed two remarkable pamphlets to his brethren throughout the world, in which he calls upon them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Messiah of Israel and the Saviour of the world.



## Along the Line.

### JAPAN.

Letter from REV. F. A. CASSIDY, M.A., dated  
SHIDZUOKA, JAPAN, Jan. 5th, 1888.

AS I promised sometime ago, I shall now try to give you a few notes on the standing and progress of our work on this Tokaido circuit—including all our work from Numadzu to Hamamatsu, a distance of about ninety miles.

Our circuit being exceedingly large, modes of travel very tedious, and most of our men quite limited in experience, it was thought advisable that we should try to strengthen and unite our forces by calling all together for a few days of waiting before God, and mutual consultation in regard to the work. As we set about to arrange for such a gathering, it naturally took such a form that its most appropriate name seemed to be a

#### "WORKERS' CONVENTION."

Under this title, Bros. Cocking, Kobayashi and I met as a self-constituted committee, arranged a programme and details for a convention to embrace two almost solid days of work and three evenings of lecture work. As it was altogether a new experiment, we did all we could to secure the interest of all our workers along the line, and succeeded so far, that only two were absent out of twenty. The last few days of the year are the busiest in this country, and the weather was a little against us; but the blessing of God was with us, and all seemed to think that our Christmas convention (Dec. 28-30) was a great success, and an occasion of great blessing to all. A considerable portion of the time of the convention was spent in devotional exercises, and the discussion of subjects bearing upon the outpouring of the Spirit, the work of the preacher, the work of the pastor, etc. Of course much was required for the reception of reports of all kinds from the different fields along this line. These reports were very full, and in most cases fairly satisfactory. I may quote just

#### A FEW FIGURES.

Average aggregate number attending the regular services, 490, (i.e., average for Sabbath and week-evening services, not lectures); members at last annual meeting, 205 adults, 58 children; present membership, 334 adults, 100 children; number baptized since last annual meeting, 129 adults, 42 children; applicants not yet baptized, 72; total increase so far, including applicants, 243. It is surprising that this large field of 18 preaching places, employing ten native preachers on salary, is managed at a cost of a little more than one hundred yen per month, not including expenses of foreigners. It is surprising also that all this work is carried on without any regular preaching places, except the one here in Shidzuoka. A few cheap, plain churches will be an absolute necessity in the near future. If we had even one thousand dollars placed at the disposal of the council, from which loans or small grants might be given to encourage church-building along the Tokaido, it would be a very great blessing to our work here. Our workers reported a growing

#### INTEREST IN THE GOSPEL,

but mentioned a few instances of the old prejudice still lingering. In several places, in order to have a fair hearing, the *shoji* (paper windows must be closed, and not too much light inside, as many in the congregation would be ashamed to be seen listening to the Christian preachers.

One of the most interesting features of the Convention was a Question Drawer, theological and pastoral, conducted by Dr. Eby. You may imagine that in the application of the Christian standard among a people to whom it is entirely new, many points would arise which have been so long ago settled in Christian countries, that they have been quite forgotten, while other questions are just as new to us as ever. I will give you a few samples:—What is meant by election? What kinds of recreation may be indulged in on the Sabbath-day? Are

#### WALKS, GAMES, FIELD REVIEWS, ETC.,

allowable? Is it sufficient to leave over the giving and receiving of money on Sunday? (We discovered that one of our members was in the habit of giving out goods on Sunday, and receiving the money on Monday.) Is it proper to hire jinrickishas on the Sabbath-day, for our work or any other purpose? Should Christian jinrickisha men go out on Sabbath for any purpose? When the seventh commandment is broken, are both parties equally guilty? How can we explain the statement that Eve was taken from the side of Adam at the creation? What can we do to help the prisoners who become believers during confinement, in order that they may not fall back into old vices? etc. Of course these questions elicited much discussion, and were, I think, settled to the satisfaction and great profit of all concerned. The comparison of notes on all these points was no doubt a most wholesome exercise for all our workers, most of whom have never had the advantage of Christian teaching and association in their youth.

#### IMPORTANT COMMITTEE WORK

was done, embracing the work of the Sabbath-school, Christian literature and lecture work. Under the last head it was arranged that our whole circuit should be visited (D.V.), during February and March, by Dr. Eby, accompanied by those on the ground, requiring a trip of thirty-one days.

I am thankful and delighted to say that the Shidzuoka church, which was doubled in size last summer, is now free from debt, and will very soon be as full as before. A spirit of prayer and inquiry is very prevalent among our people, and we are hoping for blessed results.

The Shidzuoka girls' school has been opened, and, under the management of Miss Cunningham, is already giving promise of very gratifying results. A large new building for the school will probably be under way before the present year closes.

This Christmas and New Year's holiday has been signalized by a most extraordinary event for this place, viz., a visit from

#### FIVE REAL LIVE FOREIGNERS—

Dr. Eby, Mr. J. Dunlop, Miss Cochran, Miss Maud Cochran and Miss Wintemute, all of whom came out



from Tôkôy, and spent a week among their country friends. It was a rare treat for us, and made our holiday a little like home. Mr. Dunlop is now at Hamamatsu, engaged in teaching English, and whatever mission work he may be able to do while acquiring the language. May God reward him for his courage in facing such a remote field alone, and with no knowledge of the language. Dr. Eby rendered excellent service to the convention, both by occupying the chair as general referee, and by his enthusiastic addresses at the lecture meetings.

It was decided, that this convention be established as a permanent semi-annual gathering, for the purpose of encouraging and strengthening our workers and people, and consolidating our work on this great circuit. May the blessing of God rest upon it, for we are still very weak, compared with the great work to be done and the great obstacles to be overcome.

We know that very many are praying for us, and we delight to think of it, for in no place in the world do we need a constant supply of grace and sanctified wisdom more than in the foreign mission field.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated, GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, B.C., January, 14th, 1888.*

I WROTE you a few lines when Brother Crosby visited us, informing you of the epidemic of fever which was raging at the several villages on the Naas, and of the death of our dear boy. Our other children are now out of danger, we think, but are yet very weak. I, myself, have had a severe struggle with fever, and am just able to be around, but am not strong. The fever has proved very fatal; forty-one children dying in the village of Kitlachtamux, eleven at Kitwansilth, and nineteen here, all within four weeks. There has been

### MUCH SORROW AND SUFFERING,

and all are mourning the loss of so many dear children. Abraham Lincoln, one of our local preachers, died very happy. He prayed aloud, before he died, "Oh, Lord, Thou art the way of life, and you will lead me through death. I have been very bad, but Thy mercy reached me. Where am I going? I know; I see the place where I shall be, at Thy right hand, my Saviour." He died in great peace.

Jessie Calder, the Queen's daughter, lost her child; then she was taken down by the fever, and also died. She was a fine, healthy Christian woman, seventeen years of age, came to the mission with her parents nine years ago; gave her heart to God, and attended our day-school until her marriage, two years ago. Her death caused great grief, not only in her own family, but along the whole river.

### INDIANS FROM EVERY VILLAGE

on the river came to her funeral. She suffered much for a week, and talked but little, but always responded when she heard the name of Jesus. She entreated her father and mother not to weep, saying, "I shall not be lost to you; I know you will come to me in

heaven; I shall be with my Saviour." Then it seemed as if God opened the other world to her view; for she called the names of Christians long dead, and said, "I see them!" and then with great joy said, "Oh, I have found my child; here it is!" and passed away. Her loss is keenly felt by the mother and father; but they know she is safe with Jesus, and will wait the joyful call of the Master to join her at the throne of God.

### ILLNESS IN EVERY HOUSE

prevented the men from going hunting, and they are now very short of food; in many houses there is none. But I never saw them more earnest in the service of Christ. They have had great sorrows, but they cast their burdens upon the Lord. We were deeply touched by their coming to the mission house the minute the death of our little boy was known, and singing, while the tears ran down their red faces,

"Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand."

And then one of them spoke, saying, our child's death was the sacrifice of our living with them to give them the Gospel, and in giving it, God would bless us as He blessed Abraham of old. They then prayed simple, earnest prayers, that God would sustain and bless us. All the children being ill, the

### SCHOOL WAS CLOSED,

and will be for some time, as the children who are recovering are yet unable to leave their homes. Some are yet very ill; in fact, some are very near the grave. Our boys in the orphanage are all recovering, for which we are very thankful to Almighty God.

During my illness, Brother Gibson, our teacher, conducted the services, visited the sick, and buried the dead, doing all he could for the people. He has now gone to the upper villages to preach Christ; and to try and comfort the bereaved, by telling them of the children's heaven, and how they may join them there. Two boys

### WENT OUT OF OUR ORPHANAGE

last fall; one to learn a trade, the other taken by friends, who will now care for him; so he has a Christian home. The former had been with us seven years. The boys who have gone out, so far have done well, and their lives show the work of the Home was not lost upon them. I was much pleased to hear of one of our former boys, through the Rev. W. H. Pierce. I will give you a quotation from Brother Pierce's letter:

"SKEENA RIVER, November 15th, 1887.

"DEAR BRO. GREEN,—The young man who was in your house for some years is here, and I am happy to tell you and your dear wife that your labor has not been in vain on him. Fred enjoys the love of God in his heart every day. I expect him to assist me in the Lord's work this winter, and pray that he will be a means of grace to many, and bring souls to the cross of Christ. Fred is well known up here as one of your boys. I wish you would write him a warm letter. I watched over him when he came here, and I found he had a strong desire to live a good life, and to do what you taught him in your home to do. He often speaks about the good he got from you, and talks about the other boys in



your house. I would also like one of your boys to send Fred a letter. You see, brother, the good seed is just beginning to grow up. May God greatly bless all the boys in your house, and make them little missionaries amongst their young friends."

#### OUR HOPES ARE BEING REALIZED

in that respect, but we are greatly in need of some help, and do not know what to do. During the past twelve months we have only received ten dollars from all sources for this work. I do not think our Christian friends in the East have too much sympathy with the Homes for destitute girls, or that they help them too much; but I do think they have too little for Indian boys, and do too little for them. We know that God's blessing has rested upon this part of our work in the past. The boys we have are too young to be cast adrift. May the Lord show us what to do for the best, and for His glory.

*Letter from REV. GEO. F. HOPKINS, dated, SKIDEGATE, Q. C. Is., January 11th, 1888.*

PASSING through our village here, from day to day, we often find ourselves musing on the number of changes, all for the better, since we first saw these islands, some three years and a half ago. It then looked like a small forest of crest or totem poles, and burial poles, with large Indian houses, and two built after "white man's" style, peeping out from amongst them. These poles were expensive things, being paid for by feasting, giving presents, and the like, which often amounted to \$200 for one pole. They were nearly all carved with figures of birds and animals, and were 50 or 60 feet high. The burial poles were only 20 or 25 feet high, and were heavier timber than the crest poles. The top was hollowed out, to receive a box containing the remains of some departed chief or chieftess.

The old houses were similar to the houses in all the coast Indian villages, excepting that in some of them the floor was several feet below the ground, and the main entrance through a small oval hole, instead of a door. The houses consisted of planks hewed out of cedar, fastened to heavy beams of the same tree. In the centre is an open fire-place, the smoke of which found its outlet through a hole in the roof. Such was the general appearance here till a short time ago, and this description answers quite well for all the Queen Charlotte Island villages.

But in Skidegate many of the poles have been cut down, some of the old houses have disappeared, and most of the others are not used. Instead of only two "white man's" houses, there are now seventeen, of various sizes and shapes. Most of these are lined with planed cedar. All have stoves, chairs, tables, and more or less other furniture.

Turning our attention to Gold Harbor, four or five miles away, on a small island, we find that they also have been making improvements. A bell has been procured, placed in their church, and its clear ring can be distinctly heard for two miles or more. Eight new houses have already been erected there, and lumber for several others has been ordered. They, too, have

bought stoves and other furniture, and pride themselves as being "almost like white people now."

Our Clue people, who have only accepted Christianity a short time, are to buy materials for building several houses this next summer.

#### PARRY ISLAND AND NORTH SHORE.

IN early winter a letter was received from the Rev. Allan Salt, missionary at Parry Island. It was occupied, in part, with matters of business, and the part referring to the work of the mission was overlooked. Though somewhat late, we print an extract now, showing how the work advances on that somewhat isolated mission:

"Since Conference I made two visits to North Shore. I am thankful to say we found our Indians faithful in serving the Lord. They keep up their class and prayer-meetings. Asking a young woman, who has been sick for several years, but now somewhat better, "Do you feel lonely when your relatives are obliged to leave you at times?" She said, "No, I feel that I am not alone, the Lord comforts me very much." It pleased me much to see them so glad to see us. At one place they wanted us to stay longer than we did, but they were contented when I explained that we were wanted to visit our fellow Indians further north this fall.

"Our Parry Island Indians are also faithful in attending the ordinary services. They are sincere in their devotions. It is evident that the Christian religion is making them to be better men and women. We see also that the few Pagans respect the Lord's day. One Pagan, a young woman, attends our Sabbath-school, and is committing to memory the first catechism. She believes in Jesus as the Saviour of mankind. She evidently would make a public profession of Christianity, but her father, who is a sort of a leading Pagan, prevents her."

#### THE FRENCH WORK.

*Letter from REV. E. DEGRUCHY, dated ACTON VALE, P. Q., April 9th, 1888.*

AS I know you will be pleased to hear from Acton Mission, I thought I would write you about the blessed and most interesting time we had yesterday. Some six years ago, a number of French Roman Catholics became Protestants, and united with the Methodist Church. Of one of the families only the father became a Protestant, and was soon followed by his young daughter, who is now attending our mission school here. I have from time to time visited the family, and read and prayed with them. At first they were very hostile, but one thing very remarkable was the kindness of the mother, by which she made me and my family always welcome. With the father's consent, I occasionally held a prayer-meeting in the house. The mother would attend, but the sons and daughters would all leave. Sometime ago the priest called on her in the absence of the husband, and, although the mother was not well, he left no good impression upon her mind, not having a comforting word to give her. I was greatly comforted last week, in paying her a



## UNJUST SECTARIAN PARTIALITY AND MISREPRESENTATION.

At the Toronto Conference on Friday a memorial was presented by the Rev. Dr. Potts from the British Columbia Conference, which makes known a system of sectarian partiality and injustice towards the Methodist missionaries in that country which cannot fail to awaken widespread indignation. We shall refer to the subject again, and for the present subjoin the report of the memorial from one of the city papers.

The memorial set forth that at the annual session of the British Columbia Conference held in the city of New Westminster, beginning on May 9th, 1888, after careful and earnest consideration, the following resolution was carried unanimously:—

“Whereas a commission was lately appointed by the Dominion and Provincial Governments to make inquiry into the state and condition of the Indians of the north-west coast of British Columbia;

“And whereas the report of the commission just published, together with other sessional papers and blue books, contain unjust reflections and insinuations regarding the missionaries of the Methodist Church in charge of missions among the Indians of the north-west coast of British Columbia;

“Resolved,—(1) That this Conference strongly disapprove of the policy pursued by the Governments mentioned towards the Indians referred to. (2) That it condemns the partiality of Government officials in preferring one Church to another, and the attempt made by them to cast the odium of their iniquitous policy upon the missionaries of the Methodist Church.

“This Conference recommends to the General Board of Missions the sending of a commission to Port Simpson, the Naas River and Skeena River to investigate the matter and lay it before the proper Government authorities and the public, so that the missionaries be exonerated and the aspersions cast upon the Church removed. In the instructions to the commissioners they are advised against the expediency of utilizing the services of missionaries as interpreters. Yet the Commissioners employed Mrs. Morrison, the paid interpreter of Bishop Ridley. In the commissioners' report the missionaries of the Methodist Church are made to appear not only as responsible for the present state of affairs, but also as instigators of rebellion. In the same report it is stated that the difficulty at the Naas and

Port Simpson ‘seems to have had its inception in and to be a continuance of the policy inaugurated at Metlakahla, in 1881’ (the commencement of the quarrel between Mr. Duncan and Bishop Ridley), when as a matter of fact we had no missionaries on the north-west coast. Through all the report an unfavorable contrast is drawn between the Indian adherents of the Methodist Church and the Indian adherents of the Anglican Church regarding their loyalty, the former being made to appear as disloyal and the latter held up as the essence of loyalty, whereas, as a matter of fact, the adherents of the Anglican Church number only about 400, while the adherents of the Methodist Church number upwards of 4,000. There is not, so far as we know, a disloyal Indian among our adherents. While other Indians, such as those at Kincoaleth and Metlakahla, have cost the Government thousands of dollars in order to enforce law and order, not a dollar of expense has been expended for the enforcement of law and order among the Indians under the charge of the Methodist Church. On the contrary, they have signally shown their loyalty. Unjust reflections and insinuations are contained in other sessional papers and blue books, in which statements are made that the Indians have been ‘misguided’ and ‘misled’ by the Methodist missionaries. They are referred to as ‘ostensibly missionaries, but who in reality have other interests and have assumed full control and guidance of

the Indians in their temporal as well as spiritual affairs, advising them to repel any agent of the Government, and thereby up to the present time successfully preventing the introduction of the Indian Law.’ ‘Some of the missionaries on the north-west coast have endeavored to prejudice the minds of the Indians against Indian agents, so that they might retain their own temporal influence among them.’ It is admitted that the missionaries of the Anglican Church have the ear of the Government, and that Bishop Ridley's influence in official quarters is very powerful. Yet, as a matter of fact, Government officials connected with the Indian Department refuse to listen to or recognize our missionaries. (Instances of discourtesy and discrimination are here given.) The partiality of the Government officials may be seen not only in the treatment of missionaries themselves, but also in the attitude which they assume towards the Methodist Church. It is capable of proof that while the Indian adherents of the Methodist Church outnumber ten to one the adherents of the Anglican Church, the amount of medicine of the kind usually furnished by the Department for use among the Indians is less than the amount requested by the missionaries. Yet, since the Methodist missionaries have fallen into disfavor, only a small amount of the kinds of medicine requested has been furnished, and at least in one case the application by one of our missionaries was absolutely refused, otherwise he might have been able to render effectual help to the Indians under his care during the prevalence of an epidemic by which numbers were smitten with death. Regarding the charge that our missionaries have other interests than those of their proper work, reference must be made to the industrial side of the work carried on. But the establishment of industries among the Indians cannot be considered as outside legitimate missionary work, and indeed it has been recognized as most useful by the Government Department itself. So long as the endeavor is made by a missionary of the Anglican Church to foster industry by utilizing native labor, it is held to be highly commendable, but in the case of Methodist missionaries it is condemned. The Conference therefore feel it to be their bounden duty to point out the manifest injustice done to our missionaries and people, and the peril threatening our missions among the Indians of British Columbia, and pray that you, together with the other Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church, will unanimously endorse the recommendation of the British Columbia Conference, that a commission appointed by the General Board of Missions be sent to investigate the whole subject.”

## Christian Guardian PORT SIMPSON BOYS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. 1888

The following are subscribers to this institution:—

W. E. Sanford, Hamilton	\$100 00
T. Crosby, British Columbia	100 00
A. E. Green, “	50 00
W. H. Pierce, “	50 00
J. E. Starr, “	50 00
Temperance Society, Victoria, B.C.	50 00
Mrs. Case	25 00
Mrs. Strude	10 00
C. M. Tate	10 00
G. F. Hopkins	10 00
A. Friend	10 00
J. Cunningham	10 00
E. B. Maine	10 00
G. A. Gibson	10 00
W. H. Higgins	10 00
Joseph Hall	5 00
C. Bryant	5 00
J. P. Howell	5 00
Joseph Wintemute	5 00
L. Hemlaw	5 00
Mrs. Bone	5 00
Mrs. Horton	5 00
Alex. Peas	5 00
T. G. Rand	5 00
Mrs. E. H. Hutton	5 00
J. A. Wood	5 00
Anne W. J. J.	4 00
Mrs. J. H. White	5 00
D. S. Curtis	5 00
S. L. DeBeck	5 00
One kg nails	5 00
G. Rudze	5 00
Mrs. Gough	5 00
Mrs. E. Wilkins	1 00
T. Bryant	1 00
A. O'Connor	1 00
H. Cunningham	1 00
G. L. Schenky	1 00
Mrs. Mansell	1 00
W. B. Hopper	1 00
Mrs. Ladner	1 00
G. Lawson	1 50



EARLY in July, a Synod and Missionary Conference of the Bishop of Athabasca and his clergy were held at Fort Vermilion. Since then, Bishop Young has travelled from station to station. During his travels, he held a confirmation at Fort Chipewyan in July. He wrote on Sept. 20th, from Lesser Slave Lake, where he was proposing to confirm some recent converts from heathenism, and some who had been delivered from Romanism. An old medicine-man and his family of eleven, and two sons of another medicine-man, were among the converts. Bishop Young hoped to return to Vermilion early in October, to rejoin Mrs. Young, from whom he had not heard since July 10th.

IN a letter from the Rev. Malcolm Scott, Native clergyman at Fort Vermilion, dated Sept. 1st, he wrote: "It has been my growing conviction since I came here that the Lord could not bless our work among the heathen, until as a Church we glorified Him in life and practice, until as individuals we reflected the light of the Sun of Righteousness in this dark land. Recently the Lord graciously arose to our need, and stirred up our hearts to wait continually upon Him for each of our people, and He has been so indulgently kind, bringing them in, or drawing them away, as the case may be. He has come with power to a willing people, or rather, the people are willing in the day of His power. We can only thank Him in the words of the Psalmist (Ps. ciii. 1-4). Last Sunday (Aug. 26th) was a most solemn time indeed, when all hearts seemed to be bowed under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. We humbly pray that the same Spirit, who has so quickened us, may draw us and keep us all very near to the Saviour."

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated GREENVILLE, NAAS RIVER, B.C., February 11th, 1889.

THE Lord is blessing His word and souls are being saved, and we have just baptized two more adults and received them into the Church, on profession of faith in Jesus. These converts have had to face much opposition from their heathen friends. The more they saw accept the Gospel the more determined they were to oppose. We have seen the second Psalm fulfilled around us the present winter. The heathen raging and craftily trying to attack the kingdom of God. They bring their sick to the mission and beseech us to help them, which we gladly do, but the moment they recover, their friends force them to renounce "the Schools," as they call the Christians, and take them into heathen rites again. One of the wives of a heathen chief came to our mission for shelter and protection. She stated that she knew it was not right the way she had been living, that her heart was troubled all the time, and she wanted peace and to live right. Soon the chief sent messengers to call her back. She refused, and then he came himself, painted up and pretending to be crazy, not able to speak, making all kinds of motions, and by signs showing there would be death if she did not go back to him. But she would not return. So the next day he sent a messenger to me to tell me I must not let her stay in the mission village, but send her to him. I asked the messenger, "Does he not have one wife?" "Oh, yes," he said, "he has my sister, but this is his wife, too." I told him I could not send her back, and it was wrong for him to have two. The wife of another chief came for treatment, who was terribly bruised by her husband kicking her. The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty. These people are very bitter that the land question is not settled, and now blame the Christian Indians for the present state of things, saying they would fight if it was not for the Christians, whom they call cowards. Much of the time of your missionary is taken up in giving medicine and nourishment to the sick. I have had over one hundred patients each month, and some very severe cases.

The Christians have been very united and faithful through these trying times, and the power of the Lord has been realized in many services; and in affliction and death God has given them the victory. A little boy named David Robinson was very sick, but was quite happy in Jesus. The day before he died, he said to his weeping father, "Don't cry, father, I am not going to a bad place, I am going to Jesus;" and so he fell asleep in the Lord. Many young men come from heathen villages secretly to seek instruction, being afraid of the old men. Pray for us.

REV. THOS. CROSBY and wife left for their North-West home on the Pacific Coast in the early part of April. Bro. Crosby goes to resume charge of the *Glad Tidings*, in which he will sail up and down the Coast, and among the islands, proclaiming the "old, old story" to the scattered bands of Indians. This is a new departure on the part of the Missionary Society, in order to reach many who are not favored with a resident missionary. If the venture depends upon the push and devotion of the missionary, its success is a foregone conclusion. Their two daughters remain in Toronto, and are attending school.

REV. E. ROBSON, of Vancouver, President of the British Columbia Conference, accompanied by his son, Miss Lawrence, of the Nanaimo Mission, and Mr. P. J. Johnson, of Vancouver, took a trip up the Pacific Coast lately on the *Glad Tidings*. Mr. Robson's object was to visit as many of the Indian missions as possible, and in doing so travelled between 1,400 and 1,500 miles, inclusive of detours, and held 43 public services. The time occupied was one month and two days. They went as far north as Port Simpson, from which place we have heard of the pleasure and profit derived from Mr. Robson's visit, brief though it was.

opportunity."

*Missionary Gleaner June 1889.*  
NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

ON April 13th a eulogistic article appeared in a Manchester daily paper on Lord Lonsdale's North American travels. Next day a letter appeared in the same paper pointing out that almost the whole of the ground traversed by him had already been passed over by a lady, the wife of the Rev. T. H. Canham, C.M.S. missionary to the Tukudh Indians. The article in question spoke of Lord Lonsdale as "commencing a journey through ice, snow, and rain to Rampart House on the Poreupine River, which he intended to descend, and, all being well, to travel along the Youcon River to its mouth, which is south of the Behring Straits." This journey, too, except its latter and easier part, was accomplished by Mrs. Canham in the winter of 1887 in company with her husband. Mrs. Canham is the only white woman who has lived north of the Arctic Circle, and who has crossed the Rocky Mountains north of the Circle in winter.

THE Rev. J. Settee, the veteran Native missionary at Dynevor, the late Archdeacon Cowley's station in the Diocese of Rupert's Land, has been visiting Seanterbury to open a little church there. Though an old man and bent with age, he travelled on foot from ten in the morning until sunset, when he reached the catechist's house. After a short rest he visited a Native Christian lying on his death-bed, to whom he administered the Lord's Supper, and afterwards gave a lecture to the Native Christians on the Sacraments. Not a bad day's work for an old man of over eighty! The next day, Sunday, Dec. 16th, he baptized several infants, and opened the church. At the close of the service there were sixteen Native communicants.

GIRLS' HOME, PORT SIMPSON, B. C.

*Missionary Outlook July 89.*  
WE have received the following encouraging report from the Rev. Thos. Crosby, which, we doubt not, will be read with pleasure and interest:—

The work in the Girls' Home, under the care of Miss Knight and Miss Hart, has gone on satisfactorily during the past year, and we have realized God's blessing upon our efforts to do good to the needy ones committed to our care. The children have made good progress in school, many of them having shown marked ability. With the exception of a few of the younger ones, all can speak and read English well, and write a letter that would compare favorably with those who have had far greater advantages. In domestic work, sewing, etc., they are quick to learn and prove themselves quite capable of becoming industrious and orderly.

In spiritual things no great profession has been made, but we see no cause for discouragement, as those



who are old enough to realize the value of eternal things, show by their lives that they are striving to do what is right. Their minds are stored with Scripture truths, which must sooner or later bring forth a rich harvest of blessing to themselves and glory to God.

At present we have twenty girls and four boys in residence, a larger number than we can conveniently accommodate in the building we now occupy. For some time we have refused admission to all but cases of pressing need, as we could not take more without endangering the health of the children by too much crowding. We greatly need a new building, as our present one is unsuited in many ways, and also worn out to a great extent. God has been wonderfully kind in preserving the health of the children, which we look upon as a special providence, as with our present accommodation it would be a serious disaster should sickness break out among them. If we had a larger and more convenient house, we could combine a boarding school with the orphanage, as many have sought admission who need the training and discipline of the Home, whose parents are able to support them, and would willingly do what they could to help us. Up to this time we have refused many such, as there were needy ones that we could not turn away, and yet the needs of those refused, although different, are just as great, as the parents, though kind and indulgent to their children, are not capable of teaching and controlling them properly. The parents themselves see this, and are anxious to have their girls so taught that they may grow up good and industrious women.

We sincerely thank God for restoring to health our Matron, Miss Knight, after such a trying and painful illness; and for all God's mercies we give thanks and take courage.

### *Outlook* "GLAD TIDINGS" MISSION. *Sept 1889.*

A YEAR ago it was thought best to form a new mission to be called the *Glad Tidings* Mission, which should include Clue, Kit-a-maat, Bella Coola and all other tribes not reached by existing missions. This is a wide field, including about seventy-five bands or tribes. In one trip we travelled about 1,800 miles, and preached about 100 times, reached many tribes I had never seen before, and preached to hundreds that had never seen a Protestant missionary before, and many of them as dark and as blind as they ever were. In numbers of places they urged that we send them a teacher. One young man, who was dying, said, "Missionary, these are good words that you tell us, and this is a sweet name you speak about; but why did you not come before? Hundreds and thousands of our people have died, and never heard that story; why did you not come sooner?" I found another poor woman dying, who could not speak, and could not hear, and then I thought with the boy, why did we not come sooner? In this mission of 600 miles, on a coast of 600 miles, we want many more laborers. In some parts of it self-supporting missions would work well.

The *Glad Tidings* needed repairs, so this gave me a chance to visit the East for three months, and lay this wide and interesting field before the Churches there. The boat, with Capt. Oliver, ran last year over 10,000 miles, and is now deeded as property of the Methodist Church, and we hope the Christian people of our Church will help to run her, so that we shall not have in the future, as in the past, to run short-handed, and work so hard to keep down expenses.

Clue was part of Skidegate Mission, on Queen Char-

lotte's Island. There we have built a neat little church, to which the people subscribed nobly. They also bought a good church bell, besides doing well in their missionary meeting.

At *Kit-kat-ah* we have put up the frame of a small church. This is at the mouth of Kit-a-maat arm. The people had been with Mr. Duncan at Metlakhatla, but when he removed to Alaska, they returned to their own home, and have now all united with our Church.

*Kit-a-maat* has done well under Bro. Robinson's care. *Kit-lope* must have a small church. At "Chinaman Hat" the shell of a school-house has been put up, but the people are away from home a great part of the time, and it is difficult to do much with them. This is Hy-hies, a part of the Bella-Bella Mission.

*Bella Coola* is still supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas. We must have a new church built here, and hope to reach all those poor, blind people. *Kimsquit* and *Talione* need help, and will likely all come in at once. I hope the time will not be long before all the tribes on this coast shall have the Gospel. T. CROSBY.

BRITISH COLUMBIA  
*Outlook* *Sept 1889*  
Letter from the REV. T. CROSBY, dated S. S. "GLAD TIDINGS," July 18th, 1889.

AS I am on a trip along the coast, a few words may be of service to you in the Mission Rooms.

We left Simpson on the 27th June, calling at Inverness and Essington. At the latter place I met with a band of Christian workers,—a blessed meeting,—and later on a council of the Hydahs, including Skidegate, Gold Harbor and Clue. We tried to get lumber, the bill of which had been in since last fall, for the Bella Coola church, but the salmon business has been so lively, that there was not a foot of lumber to be got. This shows that the sooner our self-supporting mill is up, the better. Bro. Hopkins and his people are in good spirits.

On our way down we had a good deal of south-east wet weather. Called at Kit-kata, Kit-a-maat, and Kit-lope. Here we found Bro. Robinson and Bro. Phillips, but many of the people had left to look for work. Bro. Phillips came out with us in the spring, as you remember, and is getting an insight into the work. The people of Kit-a-maat have laid the foundation for a good large church, and I hope, as soon as we can get lumber, we shall get it up. We got on up to Kit-lope for Sunday, when we had service three times, and a good day. Oh, how much we need a man stationed there to direct those poor people! They say they will give up all their old ways if they had a white man. May God send the right man! They had got so bad as to make whiskey last winter, and we took their still from them, and they said they would make no more. It is made of molasses, rice, etc. Indians were first taught this in Alaska; and an old slave came home, and taught it to them in this part of the country. It is one of those tribes of which Indian Agent Todd, in his last year's report, says: "The good missionaries have not been among them, but they are more obedient," etc.

As we came down the Inlet on Monday, we met a number of people all painted up. They said they had come three days' journey, and then had got this old dug-out cottonwood canoe, and they were on their way up to the store. We got them on board, and told them of Jesus, and they said they needed a teacher very much. I do wish we had a good live man to send in there. These are the people that Bro. Robinson spoke about in his report two years ago. Tuesday we called at Chinaman's Hat and Bella Bella; people nearly all at home. Next day to River's Inlet, where we met a lot of people at the Wanok cannery. On



the way up met Bro. Brett and wife; they have been building a new school-house, and Mrs. Brett is having school. I preached in English, when Bro. Robinson took up the Chinook. May God bless and save those poor people. Next morning we left, and it looked dirty enough to be a little bad to cross Queen Charlotte's Sound, but as we had a high glass, we pressed on. It came out a very fine day, and we got on down to Alert Bay by 6.30—time enough to take some wood and have a service ashore.

Next morning we did not leave early. Visited three villages, and had a blessed time preaching the word of life, visiting the sick, and giving out medicines to them. There are a number of tribes in Knight's Inlet who need a missionary very much, and it would not interfere with the C. M. S. work at Alert Bay, as some of them are from thirty to sixty miles away.

Saturday, we went on, visited one Indian village and five logging camps, and anchored at Plumper Bay. In this region is what we call on our Minutes, "Mission to Lumbermen." There are not less than fourteen logging camps, with from twenty-five to thirty men each in them.

On Sunday, I took a small boat and a boy, and down we went through the Narrows. Preached at two logging camps, to the Indians of Cape Mudge at their village, and to some settlers at night, having travelled in all about twenty-five miles.

On Monday, the *Glad Tidings* came on and took us up, and we found that Capt. Oliver and Bro. Robinson had travelled about twenty-five miles and preached at three logging camps. This is one of the finest fields for missionary labor I know of. Oh, that we had the man for the work! Monday we were down to Nanaimo, called on President Hall, and left for Victoria, where we arrived early. The boat was put on the beach to have her bottom cleaned and painted, and receive a new screw. I went up to the Fraser River, as there are thousands of Indians up there engaged at the fishing camps in connection with the salmon canneries. I preached three times on Saturday to crowds of strangers—many from the west coast of Vancouver Island, and others from the west coast of the mainland. On Sabbath, it was a full day, as I had told the people to be ready the day before. I preached five times in Chinook and twice in English, and travelled about ten miles. This included people from all the tribes on the coast, as well as the white men of Mr. Hobson's cannery, and the people of Western Island, who were very kind, and who seemed to enjoy the visit very much. This is part of Bro. Calvert's mission, and promises well for the future.

The Indians were very much excited at hearing of small-pox in New Westminster. I hope it may not spread among them.

I got back to Victoria to get ready to leave for the north; but I would like so much to have had some one to take up for Cape Mudge, and I wish Walker was along for the school at Simpson; and, indeed we ought to have had somebody on the west coast of the Vancouver Island this summer.

I am hoping we shall get a doctor, a young man from Portland, out.

British Columbia By Sheldon Jackson, DD, U S General Agent of Education in Alaska

For over eight hundred miles British Columbia lies along the Pacific Ocean. But its coast line in and out the many bays, inlets, and channels, and around its numerous islands would measure as many thousand miles.

It possesses one of the most remarkable stretches of inland navigation on the globe, remarkable for its bold shores, deep water, numerous channels, innumerable bays and harbors, abundance of fuel and fresh water and freedom from the swells of the ocean. The great outlying islands of Vancouver's, 300 miles long, the Queen Charlotte's, 170 miles long, and many lesser ones form nature's gigantic break-water to protect these thousands of miles of inland waters. The labyrinth of channels, around and between the islands, that are in some places less than a quarter of a mile wide, and yet too deep to drop anchor; the mountains rising from the water's edge from one thousand to eight thousand feet and covered with dense forests of evergreens far up into the perpetual snow that crowns their summits; the frequent track of the avalanche cutting a broad road from mountain-top to water's edge; the beautiful Cascades born of glaciers, or the overflow of high, inland lakes, pouring over mountain precipices or gliding like a silver ribbon down their sides; the deep gloomy sea-fjords cleaving the mountains far into the interior; the beautiful kaleidoscopic vistas opening up among the innumerable islets; mountain-tops, domed-peaked and sculptured by glaciers; the glaciers themselves sparkling and glistening in the sunlight, dropping down from the mountain-heights like great swollen rivers, filled with driftwood and ice and suddenly arrested in their flow,—all go to make up a scene of grandeur and beauty that can not be adequately described. Happy are they who can see all this and more in the famous tourist trip to Alaska.

The marvelous combination of mountain and water scenery along the coast is equaled, if not excelled by the wonderful upheavals of the mountains of the interior,—for hundreds of miles an endless succession of sharp peaks and deep vallies, of precipice and gorge and rocks, some of which are still being carved into strange forms by the great ice sheets which cover them.

Far up into these almost inaccessible mountains during the gold excitement the Government built a wagon road at the expense of two and a half million dollars. Into, over, and under these same mountains the Canadian Pacific Railroad finds its way to the Pacific Ocean. Seven thousand men were engaged three years in building sixty miles of railway along the Cañon of the Fraser. Some portions of the work cost \$300,000 to the mile.

In these gigantic mountains very appropriately are born gigantic rivers. From them flow the mighty Yukon, which thousands of miles away is steadily at work filling up Behring Sea; the Liard and the Peace after draining an empire, three thousand miles away through the great MacKenzie, are lost in the Polar Sea; the rushing, impetuous Fraser and the queenly Columbia.

British Columbia is rich in minerals. From 1858 to 1888 the gold production is \$51,455,668. From Nanaimo on Vancouver's Island 153,000 tons of bituminous coal are annually shipped to San Francisco. The output for 1888 was over 400,000 tons.

On Taxada Island, twenty miles from Comox coal fields, are great masses of magnetic iron assaying 68.4 of iron and having a low percentage of phosphorus and other impurities. Copper exists in a number of places, the most promising ledge, so far found, being on Howe Sound. Salt springs also abound.

The mountains and coast are covered with dense forests of valuable timber. Eighty per cent of this is douglas fir, ten per cent red cedar, and the balance yellow cedar, spruce, white and yellow pine, hemlock, maple, alder, and cottonwood. An experienced lumberman from Michigan, who has been examining the forests, says that he found a tract of 55,000 acres of white pine averaging 100,000 feet to the acre, and a large tract of red cedar covered with trees varying from ten to twelve feet in diameter, with trunks 150 to 200 feet to the first limb. He made a careful estimate of the



timber standing on one acre and found it nearly 600,000 feet. The chief seat of the lumber interest is Burrard Bay, where the Hasting's mill cuts 15,000,000 feet annually. This mill has shipped a timber 28 inches square and 110 feet long.

In the same neighborhood is the Moodyville saw-mill which cuts nearly 20,000,000 feet annually. Logs have been brought to this mill measuring over seven in diameter at the butt, and five feet in diameter 130 feet from the butt. The export of lumber for 1888 was \$235,913.

The rivers, bays, and inlets swarm with fish, among which are salmon, halibut, herring, colachan, black and rock eod, sturgeon, flounder, smelt, trout, etc.

In 1887 there were twenty-one salmon canneries, which sent to the market 205,088 cases of four dozen one pound cans to the case. The total number of salmon caught, including those salted in barrels, was 1,804,600. The catch of sturgeon was 198,000 pounds, halibut 149,000 pounds, herring 65,000 pounds, colachans 20,500 pounds, and trout 15,000 pounds. The salmon pack for 1888 was 177,305 cases.

In addition to the catch of food fish there was made 68,500 gallons of refined oil from the dog fish. There were also fur seal taken by British Columbia boats to the value of \$236,600.

While much of the land is rocky and unsuited to cultivation, there are vallies in the mountains and on the islands which have an arable soil suited to the production of the fruits, grains, vegetables, and flowers of the temperate zone. Victoria on the south end of Vancouver Island is noted for its beautiful flower gardens and abundance of choice fruits.

The climate stretching across a country over 700 miles north and south and from the coast 500 miles inland among the mountains is very different in different sections. In a general way, however, it may be said to be moist and mild on the islands and coast, and drier and colder in the interior. The coast region warmed by the Kuro Siwo, the great warm current of the Pacific Ocean, has a winter climate as mild as Virginia in the United States. The mild, invigorating, and delightful climate of Victoria makes a pleasant resort.

Being a comparatively new country and until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway (November 1885) difficult of access, the white population is small—from 40,000 to 50,000. To these may be added 10,000 Chinese and 30,000 Indians.

The admirable school system provides that wherever there are fifteen children between six and sixteen years of age within a radius of a few miles, a school house shall be built, the salary of a teacher provided, and all the incidental expenses. These expenses are paid directly from the provincial treasury. The annual school report of 1885-6 gives 87 school districts, and 4,471 pupils enrolled; 2,481½ average daily attendance at a cost of \$79,527.56.

The Indians, as a rule, are industrious and self-sustaining. They are in demand at the lumber mills, salmon canneries and fisheries on the coast, and in herding cattle and horses in the interior. They are in all stages of advancement from barbarism upward in proportion to the time they have been under the influence of the missionaries.

British Columbia unlike the other Provinces of Canada does not recognize any native ownership in the soil, which they and their fathers for generations have occupied and claimed. The future of the race in British Columbia is darker than in any other section with which I am acquainted.

The leading denominations engaged in their evangelization are the Church of England, the Methodists, and Roman Catholics.

The missions of the Roman Catholics are mainly in the villages on the west coast of Vancouver's Island. They have contract schools with the Indian Bureau of Canada at Kyn-guat, Clayoquat, Hesquiaht, and St. Marys. Where they have attempted missions by the side of the Protestants they have failed of success.

The Church Missionary Society of London opened mission operations in British Columbia as early as 1857, when Mr. William Duncan arrived at Fort Simpson. This was the first mission to the natives of the North Pacific and proved a remarkable success. As in 1887, eight hundred of the converts of this mission sacrificed the property they had painfully acquired during the thirty years they were coming up

from barbarism to a Christian civilization, abandoned their homes and went out empty handed to a new land for conscience sake, the attention of the Christian world has been called to them.

From Metla Kahtla as a center have sprung the six missions at Kincolith, established in 1867, Massett, 1876, Alert Bay, 1878, Hazelton, 1880, Kitwanga, 1882, Aiyant, 1883, and Kitkatla, 1887. These stations in 1888 were provided with ten European missionaries including three laymen. They reported 237 native communicants, 97 baptisms, and 309 children in school.

The schools at Massett, Kincolith, and Alert Bay are assisted by the Government.

This North Pacific group of missions is in charge of Bishop John Ridley.

Mr. J. B. McCullagh at Aiyaniish reports the following interesting cases:

Agwilakha, a powerful Niska chief, was the principal leader of the heathen party on the Nisso River. One morning last summer while Mr. McCullagh and his men were at work on the new mission buildings, they were startled by cries of distress proceeding from the forest. Soon Gwin-Pazqu, Agwilakha's boy, was seen running and crying out, "*Haiawa! haiawalth babi*" (Alas! alas my father). My father lies on yonder mountain stricken with *loku* (hemorrhage.) He has eaten nothing these eight days and is faint and dying. "*Haiawa! hasawa!*"

A rescue party was immediately sent out and in a couple of days he was brought in apparently just alive. A bed was made for him in the school-house, restoratives applied and after hanging between life and death for three days, he commenced slowly to mend.

His first request upon gaining a little strength was that some leafy branches be placed around his bed and a few pictures of Scripture subjects that he had seen at the mission be hung upon them where he could see them. He then requested the people to pray for him. In faltering tones he expressed deep penitence for the past and desire to lead a new life if he should get well. "Death," said he, "overtook me on the mountain. It struck me low. My blood made red the snow for a long way, while crawling to my little hut on the stream. I remembered Shimoigiat lakhage (God). I besought him. 'O Shimoigiat,' I said, 'hold me up,' and he he did. Four days and we found the little hut by the stream. My flesh was black. I knew it meant death. 'Wait my son' I said to Pazqu, 'until my end has come, then hasten to your brother Muguiliksqu. Tell him where I lie, that he may come and take me away and bury me.' Two more days, I still breathed. Then I sent Pazqu to you and soon came the men and carried me on their shoulders. Blessed are they! 'I shall recover' you say. Perhaps so; but Agwilakha is dead; he died on the mountain; with mine own eyes I saw him die; his old life ended there. Henceforth my life shall be like a thing lent to me; He who lent it shall own it. Great has been His mercy to me; the heart of a child has come to me. My speech is finished."

Among the remarkable men, in the mission work on the North Pacific coast is the Rev. Thomas Crosby. In the spring of 1863 Mr. Crosby commenced teaching an Indian school at Nanaimo. In six months he was able to preach in the native language; in 1869 his field was visited by an extensive revival and hundreds among the Flathead Indians were brought to Christ. His great success attracted the attention of his denomination so that when a picked man was wanted to go to the tribes in the extreme north he was selected, and in the fall of 1874 he settled at Port Simpson on the edge of Alaska. He and his wife threw themselves so unreservedly into the work, that a strong influential, and center has been built up at Port Simpson and twelve other mission districts have been formed covering many hundreds of miles of territory.

The annual report of 1886 mentions stations at Port Simpson; on the Fraser, at Nicola, Nass, Port Essington, Skidegate, Kit-a-meet, Kit-wan-silli, Kit-lach-tamux, Bella Bella, Hy-hies, Wer-keeno, and Bella Coola.

At these stations were six white and five native male missionaries besides a number of white lady teachers. They re-



report 1,102 native communicants. The schools at Port Simpson, Port Essington, Bella Bella, Manaimo, and Takalsap (Nass River) are subsidized by the government.

In addition to a home for girls at Port Simpson, Mr. Crosby has recently opened an Industrial training school for boys. While on the Nass, Mr. Greene has opened an orphanage.

During the winter of '77 and '78 a revival came with great power at Port Simpson. Many flocked in from neighboring tribes, and upon the shores of the Nass where for ages had been heard the rattle and wild howling of the incantations of the medicine men, was heard for the first time the song of redeeming love. The Nass people wanted a missionary of their own and in response to their earnest entreaties Mr. Crosby secured the Rev. Alfred E. Greene. Upon his arrival at their lower village the whole population turned out to welcome him, rejoicing that the day was breaking upon the Nass people, after a long dark night. Flags were hoisted on trees and poles and cannon fired to express the universal joy. An old chief as he leaned upon his cane said, "I am getting old, my body is getting weaker every day. I am obliged to have three legs to walk with now (referring to his cane). This tells me I shall soon die. I don't know what hour I shall be called away; I want to hear about the Great God, and I want my children to be taught to read the Good Book; I want them to go in the new way; we are tired of the old fashion."

#### LETTER FROM PORT SIMPSON, B.C. *Guardian* - June 5, 1889

DEAR DR. DEWART,—I am glad to be able to say, through the GUARDIAN, to our many dear friends, that we are home again. Our trip, upon the whole, has been a very pleasant one. It is seventeen days since we left Toronto, and, with the exception of a stop at Winnipeg, from Saturday noon till Monday night (train ten hours late), and Good Friday spent at Vancouver, last Sabbath at Cape Mudge, and half a day windbound by a south gale, we have been travelling all the time. On the way over I had the pleasure of a good talk with our honored Bro. S. Huntington about the work on his vast district, and at Winnipeg we were much pleased to meet Bros. Rutledge, Langford, Parr, Pearson, Campbell and other old friends. Our train being behind time, brought us to Calgary and Merley in the day. I should have liked so much to have stopped off and looked in on Bro. McDougall. At Kamloops, had a talk with Brother Ladner and the brother from Nicola while the train waited. Good Friday we had a good service with Bro. Robson's people. In the evening he married a young couple who were going north with us.

The *Glad Tidings* being all ready, we set out early Saturday morning up the coast; myself and wife and two children, Miss Hargrave, Mr. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Brett, Mr. Alcock, wife and three children, besides Captain Oliver and two men. We had blessed times at the different places we touched, Cape Mudge, Alert Bay, Nahwitti, Rivers' Inlet, Bella Bella, Chinaman Hat, Kitkatla and Essington. We left Bro. Brett and wife at Rivers' Inlet. At Bella Bella, Bro. Bryant came on board, bound for the District Meeting. The *Glad Tidings* will go at once to Queen Charlotte Islands for Brother Miller, and the other brethren will be up soon. Hope to have the District Meeting at once, and then off to Conference. May God bless us, and speed his blessed Gospel all over this coast.

We got no further than Essington and Aberdeen for the Sabbath, on account of a head-tide as we went up the river. It was a blessed day. Bro. Bryant preached in the morning at Aberdeen to a good congregation. I gave the substance of his sermon to the Indians. In the afternoon we had a good service with the Indians. A band of workers had come over from Essington, and as soon as the service was over we went down with the tide to Essington, and met the people there. Spoke on the street and had a blessed time, and a good service in their neat new church. Bro. Hopkins and his people are enjoying a revival; it was a time long to be remembered. We returned late at night. Monday morning we took Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins on board, called at Inverness, and reached home at noon. The dear people were glad to see us, and crowded the house to get the news. We trust all God's people will pray for us.

Yours truly, T. CROSBY.

Please report for the Girls' Home:—Miss Robinson's class, Toronto, \$4.70; Mary Wene, Ottawa, \$1; "The Lord's money," per J. J. MacLaren, Toronto, \$25; Infant class, Whitam, Ont.; "A Friend of Missions," Barrie, \$2.

T. CROSBY.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1889.

## INDIAN MISSIONS IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The following is the substance of a sermon recently preached in Grace church, Winnipeg, by Rev. Thomas Crosby. It is taken from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, dated April 15th:—

Rev. Mr. Crosby said he had often thought he would like to visit this wonderful city, and nothing had given him greater pleasure during the last three months, in which he had had many very precious seasons of "grace and sweet delight," travelling over 5,000 miles and addressing over 120 missionary gatherings from London to Halifax. He announced as his text the words, "For the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Psalm lxxiv. 20. During the last thirty years he had witnessed some of the truth of these words. How cruel, vile, and degraded people are in their heathen state! The speaker told of the men-eaters and dog-eaters, who used to spend three weeks in the mountains pretending to be abstaining from food, and then returning tore the flesh from living men or dogs and devoured it. There were also fire-eaters, and wizards, and witches. Mothers left their infants in the woods to die, lest they should grow up to be slaves and burden-bearers or to live lives of shame. Woman never has her place in society until the Gospel lifts her up. The preacher caused no little amusement by telling how all the young fathers were led to adopt the practice of relieving their squaws by carrying their babies to church. The missionary set the example, and the Indians, who are great imitators of the white man, soon followed suit. For fifteen years past he had been laboring in the north among a people greatly superior to the Flat Heads of the south. The language of this race was more comprehensive, and the people could carve beautifully in silver, gold, wood and stone. They raised magnificent totem poles, costing \$1,000 to \$1,500 to their dead chiefs; such were to be seen up the coast all the way to Alaska. They were a far more intelligent and industrious people than any other unless the Cherokees. Mr. Crosby described the first council meeting that he had induced them to hold, at which he had prevailed on them to give up gambling, conjuring, witchery and other heathen practices. He told how, when he first asked these Indians to help build a church for themselves, which was to hold a thousand people, they went and brought their stock of blankets, which they had carefully folded away, and gave these, worth \$1.50 each, not having any money, making a subscription of over \$400, which afterwards went up to \$1,000. Afterwards they were paid in blankets for work which they did, and a sum of \$400 more was raised, that the church might be dedicated free of debt, as was also every one of sixteen churches built in fifteen years. After the dedication a great revival came. A lady down east had asked in what proportion the Indians gave. "Why, bless you," he

answered, "they give the whole business, and then go out to hunt and fish to get more." A village of a hundred people gave between \$300 and \$400 worth to build a church and afterwards nearly \$20 at a missionary meeting; besides which they raised \$91 towards a bell which had to be brought from San Francisco. Last year the Indians in the district gave over \$700 to the General Missionary Society. The people build beautiful villages; but not a dollar did they ever get from the Government. God pity the Government. They never recognized the Indian title. He was not a politician; did not know anything of politics, and didn't believe anybody else did now, but a mistake had been made from the start. The Indians had been treated like paupers, and now there were a lot of miserable fellows over the Dominion rolling themselves up in dirty blankets and waiting for the rations and the annuities to come along. If prizes had been given for the best homes, the best farms and the best pupils at school, we might have had men instead of paupers. He described how the Indians of Fort Simpson gradually built improved frame houses for themselves; how they were "barbered up" and well dressed; how they had a fire brigade and two brass bands for the second one of which \$400 had been collected and instruments bought last fall. The speaker told an affecting story of a blind boy named Jack, who came "ten suns" to "see" the church. Having felt around the building, he asked the missionary to teach him, to "fill me up" with what was in the Book. Having been told the story of the Gospel, and having learned to sing some hymns, as he was about starting for home again he asked for a Bible to "hold up" before his people and tell them that was God's great book; and a hand bell with which to call them together every Sunday, that he might sing to them and tell them all he had heard. About two years after, Jack's mother came to return the Bible and the bell, stating that Jack was dead, and that he had



## THE SOCIETY'S MISSIONS.

## II.—ATHABASCA.



THE second of our articles on the work of the Society we take the Mission in Athabasca, North-West America. But before reviewing the work in that part of the "Great Lone Land," it may be interesting and useful if we give a short account of the country itself.

The Hudson's Bay Territories, as the only known parts of the great continent used to be called, were first discovered by the ill-fated explorer whose name they bear in 1610, one hundred and eighteen years after the commonly-called discovery of the great American continent by Columbus. In 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company obtained their charter from Charles II., granting them territorial rights, with a limited sovereignty, and a monopoly of trade over the country drained by the rivers which fall into Hudson's Bay; a district stretching from the watershed of the St. Lawrence to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Labrador coasts to the Rocky Mountains. It was the connection of King Charles's cousin, Prince Rupert, with this company, which originally gave the land the name of Rupert's Land. In 1811 the Earl of Selkirk formed an agricultural colony on the banks of the Red River, which has since grown into the important British province of Manitoba, with the City of Winnipeg as its capital.

The Red River Settlement even at that date was isolated from the world; nearly two thousand miles separated the colonists from the Canadians, and news of the outside world penetrated the colony but rarely and with difficulty. Now the route that was then impracticable is traversed in two or three days by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Winnipeg is one of the most flourishing cities of the Far West.

At that time, from the borders of the United States to the extreme point north, and from Canada to the Pacific Ocean, no Protestant missionary was known to be seeking to introduce Christianity among the aboriginal Indians. Their religion, a terror of spiritual powers, supposed by them to inhabit or pervade everything, was in itself sufficient to account for any degree of barbarity. They believed in one Great Spirit or Manito, the Maker of the world, but who dwelt at an infinite distance, was inactive, and troubled himself but little with the administration of earthly affairs. On the other hand there was an evil Manito, inferior to the former, active and administrative, filling the world and

everything with legions of evil Manitoes, whose delight was to disquiet and trouble men upon the earth. The rain, the snow, the tree, the grove, the mountain, the river, all were dominated by a Manito who, like Pan in heathen mythology, had all the elements of disorder at command. Every cloud, every gust of wind, might be the abode of a Manito, or as Pope has it in his "Essay on Man"—

Lo the poor Indian with untutored mind  
Sees God in cloud, and hears Him in the wind.

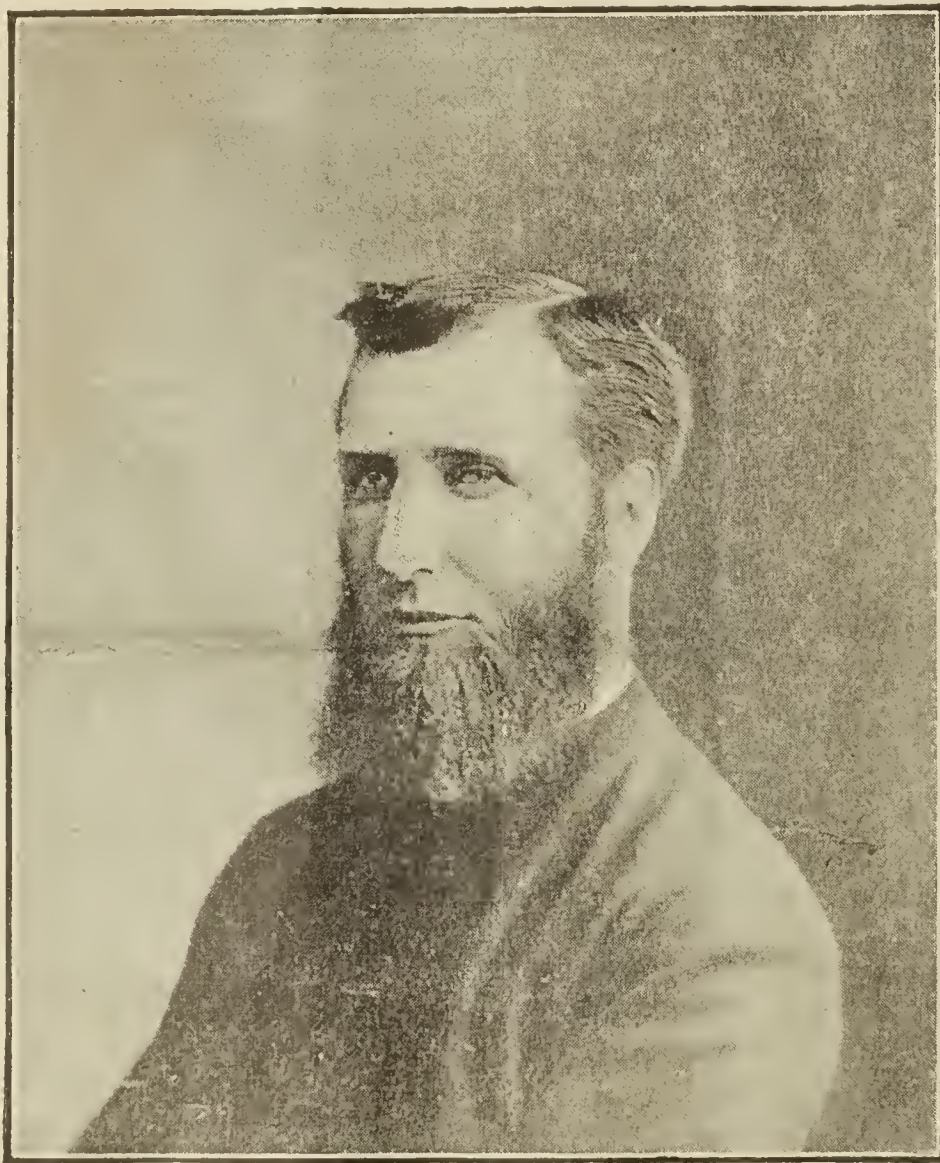
It was such a people, under such conditions, living besides a life of perpetual struggle for existence, which, in 1821 or 1822, excited the deep compassion of John West, a chaplain in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and led him under the auspices of the C.M.S. to select two lads, whom

he took into his own care, under solemn covenant with their parents, and taught to pray, "Great Father, give me Thy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake." One of them afterwards became the Rev. Henry Budd, who died only so late as 1875, after a faithful ministry of twenty-two years, in the course of which he translated the Bible and Prayer Book, &c., into Cree, and was the father of another Native minister who died in 1863; and the other, the Rev. James Settee, now in the thirty-fourth year of his ordained life, is still labouring at Red River. From this small beginning the work has grown to what we see to-day, when from the United States border land to the Arctic Ocean, and from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, the praises of the Redeemer are sung by thousands of Indians, and in eleven different languages.

In 1849 Rupert's Land was constituted a diocese. Dr. Anderson was appointed the first Bishop,

and for fifteen years exercised jurisdiction over an area embracing over three millions and a half of square miles. In 1872 this vast territory was divided into four separate Dioceses called respectively, Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan, Moosonee, and Athabasca. Three other Dioceses have since been carved out of these four, Mackenzie River, Calgary (adjoining and at present joined to Saskatchewan), and Assiniboia.

The Diocese of Athabasca as originally constituted took its name from Lake Athabasca, one of the magnificent water ways contained within its boundaries. The word Athabasca literally means, "The Meeting Place of Many Waters." But the vastness and desolation of the solitudes defy description. "A remote spot in a land which is itself remote." To the North, South, and East all is endless wilderness—wilderness of pine and prairie, of lake and stream. In summer an



THE RIGHT REV. DR. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.  
(Consecrated October 13th, 1884.)





PICTURES FROM ATHABASCA. (See Note on p. 26.)



faithfully done as he said while he lived. When the Indians saw the electric light and the telephone at Victoria, they thought the white people ought never to die, that they should be able to ward off all diseases and live forever. In conclusion, Mr. Crosby told of his little missionary steamer, *Glad Tidings*, with which he had been enabled to reach ten times as many people as before. The steamer had sailed 10,000 miles last year. In one trip of 1,800 miles along the west coast of Vancouver Island, he had in seven weeks preached over a hundred times to a thousand people whom he had never seen before, and hundreds of whom had never seen a missionary. He dwelt upon the words of a dying young man whom he baptized, "Why didn't you come sooner?" He thought the \$220,000 raised by the Methodist Church for missions last year "mighty little" in comparison with the number of members and the wealth of the denomination. He commended to the people his "self-support and faith missions," and promised that any contributions given him towards their support should be faithfully applied to that purpose.

FEB., 1889.]

## THE CHURCH MISS

were in readiness for flooring, on the beams. Standing higher than the other houses, it had escaped the previous night, and we hoped it would give us a safe retreat. But before the night closed in the water was in the house, and was rising fast. Looking out we could see huge blocks of ice being thrown over the bank between us and the church, and in the other direction, and farther off, where the bank was lower, an immense "shore of ice drove in," destroying everything in its way. We now saw how perilous was our position, for a further rise of the river of even a few feet would expose us to a similar inbreak, and this was more to be dreaded even than the water, for were it to occur the house could offer no resistance to it.

For nearly three hours more the water continued to rise, and had now nearly reached us, when just before midnight, to our unspeakable relief, it ceased, and began to subside, and was soon falling as rapidly as it had risen, so that at five A.M. we could descend from our place of refuge, and truly thankful were we to do so.

Those who saw it say, that of the immense mass of ice carried impetuously onward by the great torrent of water, large quantities were thrown upon the islands and the river banks, and with such irresistible force that the largest pines were thrown down by it just like so much grass, and great clouds of ice-dust were thrown high up into the air.

The following Sunday we had a Thanksgiving Service. All heartily joined in it, for we all felt that our deliverance had been of the Lord.

## MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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### PERSIA.

ON another page we give an account of the difficulties experienced by Dr. and Mrs. Bruce and Mr. Carless on their journey to Persia. A later letter from Dr. Bruce, dated Teheran, Dec. 6th, states that their departure for Julfa, fifteen days' journey from Teheran, has been delayed by the illness of Mrs. Bruce, the result of that rough voyage. Will our friends please pray that this further trial may be overruled for good?

### PUNJAB.

THE Rev. W. A. Rice arrived safely at Peshawar on Dec. 5th. On the way he had a short stay with the brethren at Bombay and Amritsar and Batala. At the last place he met Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.). "Her first words to me," he writes, "I shall never forget; they were, 'I hope you have brought a sharp sickle, that you may have a share in the harvest.'"

### SOUTH INDIA.

WE are thankful to report that Bishop Sargent is better. As stated last month, he arrived at Palamcottah in an enfeebled state on Nov. 15th, and his condition gave some anxiety to the brethren there. Writing on the 26th Mr. Kember stated that he had decidedly improved, though as regards gaining strength there was still much to be desired.

### CEYLON.

AN Annual Bazaar in connection with the C.M.S. Ladies' Working Party at Colombo, was held at Galle Face on Sept. 6th and 7th. The Bazaar was first held in 1884, and the proceeds have increased from Rs. 300 in the first year to Rs. 1,900, or £166 on the last occasion. It is primarily intended to aid the funds of the Local Church Missionary Association at Colombo; but all the C.M.S. stations in the island are welcome to take part, and as a rule most of them do so. Besides friends of the Society in Ceylon, many in England sent gifts and contributions to the Bazaar; to all the Editor of the Ceylon Localised Edition of the GLEANER tenders the hearty thanks of the missionaries.

### MID CHINA.

WE are most thankful to announce that the Rev. Walter S. Moule, who has been very seriously ill indeed, is now much better. Writing on Nov. 21st his father, Archdeacon Moule, said, "When it seemed almost certain that the 'Lord had need of him' elsewhere, it was to us an inexpressible comfort to watch the 'ruling passion of his soul' in his strong delirium, preaching and praying in English and Chinese, the constant mention of the beloved Saviour, and scarcely a word escaping those dear weary lips at which when conscious he would have been grieved. The testimony of his fellow-missionaries and of the residents here to his out-and-out devotedness, and the affectionate sympathy of the Chinese Christians, were all very precious to us, and assured us that had his short life closed, as it seemed closing a fortnight ago, it would not have been a wasted life."

MISS LAURENCE, of Ningpo, in a recent letter to her sister, wrote, "I have just finished the translation of the Old Testament. The first rough draft is actually done. Ezekiel, which I kept till last, was dreadfully difficult, and I do not know how much of it will remain after revision; but still it is something to have prepared a rough translation of twenty-six books of the Old Testament. I am doing a little book of Everard's, called 'His Steps.' 'A Wreath of Indian Stories' I hope may soon be printed. It is being examined."

### NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

AN interesting letter has come from the Rev. J. W. Ellington, who is labouring on the Upper Youcon. It is dated June 20th, and was received November. He writes that the Indians among whom he is working are greatly changed, and that a sure proof of their new birth is their desire for strong spiritual food. He believes that if some of the young men were thoroughly instructed in the Scriptures there would soon be the first-fruits of a very interesting Native Church. He writes, "When the Indians return from their salmon fishing I hope the Buxton Mission House will soon be completed, and also the church and school house and Indian room combined."

### Errata.

WE are sorry to say that there were three errors in the January GLEANER. (1) On the first page, Mr. Mackay was mentioned as being alone at "Mamboia." It should have been *Ugambiro*. (2) On page 11 it was stated that the Romanists at Lagos had erected a large building for "converts." It should have been *convents*. (3) On page 15 it was stated that Miss Boileau was appointed to "Hong-Kong." It should have been *South China*, and her station has been fixed to be Fuh-Ning, in the Fuh-Kien Province. (4) There was also an obvious mistake in the December number. Miss Tucker, of Batala, was stated to be a missionary of the I.F.N.S. So she was originally, but in 1880 she joined the C.E.Z.M.S.







untilled and inhospitable land; in winter, ice and snow everywhere. Wild, desolate and remote, the solitude broken only here and there by scattered bands of Indians at long intervals, or "forts" belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, comprising the houses of the Company's agents and a store where the Indians can exchange their furs for blankets, ribbons, beads, guns, and ammunition.

Of this Diocese the Rev. W. C. Bompas assumed the charge in 1874. Prior to his consecration Mr. Bompas had laboured in the same region for eight years. But we must refer our readers to the GLEANER for July last for other particulars of his life and work.

In 1883 a scheme was formed by the Provincial Synod of the Province of Rupert's Land for the separation of a new Diocese from that of Athabasca, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, at the request of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, nominated the Society's missionary, the Rev. R. Young, as Bishop of Athabasca, Bishop Bompas retaining the northern and more arctic half of his old Diocese with the title of Bishop of Mackenzie River.

A reference to the map of British North America in the Society's Report, page 231, will show that the position of the Diocese of Athabasca as at present constituted, lies between the sixtieth parallel of north latitude and the Saskatchewan Diocese on the south, and runs from a line drawn 100° W. long. to the Rocky Mountains. A more recent extension of the Diocese includes the Great Slave Lake, previously forming part of the Diocese of Mackenzie River. The Diocese contains 250,000 square miles, and the scattered Indian population consists of Beavers, Wood Crees, and Chipewyans.

There are five stations at present occupied, viz.: Fort Vermilion (where the Bishop resides), occupied in 1876, and Fort Dunvegan (occupied in 1882), both on the Peace River; Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca (occupied in 1867), and Great Slave Lake in the extreme north. The climate of this Diocese is less wild and cold than that of Mackenzie River, but its severity and the privations and deprivations to which the missionaries are exposed may be realised by the following summary of Bishop Young's work during the first nine months of 1887:—In January he made a five days' trip to visit some Crees suffering from measles. In February he travelled ten days on snow-shoes in search of a fishery. In May he made a dangerous journey of 315 miles by canoe to Dunvegan, whence, by canoe and pack-horses, he went to Slave Lake, 155 miles, and proceeded to the Winnipeg Synod. He had returned with Mrs. Young and their two children to Slave Lake by October. The journey thence to Vermilion, which the Bishop intended making his head-quarters, had to be made in a waggon drawn by oxen, having no springs, and without shelter from the wet and snowy weather, and when reached at the end of October winter had to be anticipated in a new house "twenty-eight by forty feet, built of slabbed pine logs, caulked with moss, and mudded inside and out."

The missionary, too, finds that his efforts are taxed to the utmost. Apart from the necessary journeyings to the distant fishing or hunting haunts of the scattered Indian tribes, he finds himself, when at home, surrounded by work of a diversified character. Within a few weeks of occupying his station, Archdeacon Reeve wrote from his station at Fort Chipewyan that all his time was taken up by his acting as "missionary, minister, schoolmaster, doctor, gardener, fisherman, carpenter, paper-hanger, upholsterer, copyist, accountant, cook, and meteorological observer."

The missionaries engaged in the Athabasca Diocese are, at Fort Vermilion, Bishop Young and a Native clergyman, the Rev. Malcolm Scott; at Fort Chipewyan, Archdeacon W. D. Reeve; at Fort Dunvegan and Slave Lake, the Revs.

A. C. Garrioch, George Holmes, and J. G. Brick. The figures of the last returns from the Mission were:—Native Christians, 304; Native communicants, 17; schools, 3; scholars, 47. So the work is still only in its infancy, and needs the fostering prayers of the people of God.

NOTES ON THE PICTURES.—Richard Young (see p. 24) graduated B.A. at Clare College, Cambridge, in 1868, and was ordained deacon in the same year, and priest in 1869 by the Bishop of Worcester. In 1868–69 he was Curate of Halesowen, and in the latter year became Rector of Fulstow, Lincolnshire. In 1874 he was appointed C.M.S. Association Secretary for West Yorkshire. In 1875 he went out as a missionary of the Society to North-West America. He was consecrated on Oct. 18th, 1884, at St. John's College, Winnipeg. The "combination" picture on p. 25 contains nine subjects. Beginning at the left hand corner, we see the Indian plan of catching wild geese. The geese in front of the snow-mound are "decoys," and made of wood. As soon as geese are seen, the Indian imitates their cry, which he does admirably, and they are lured to within gun-shot distance. The picture by its side, "Travelling on Snow-shoes"; the one just below it, "Crossing a Portage"; the one on the right-hand side of centre, "Encamped for the Night"; and the one in the right-hand bottom corner, "Travelling by Dog-sled," illustrate the missionary on his travels. "Crossing a Portage" needs a word to itself. When travelling by canoe up the mighty rivers in the country, rapids are met with at intervals. As the canoes cannot be taken through these, the missionary and those with him have to alight, unload the canoes, carry the goods and canoes past the cataract until they can again embark in smoother water. The picture in the right-hand top corner shows the *jossakeed*, or medicine man in his *jee suk aun*, or prophet's lodge, exorcising the bad spirit from the sick man. The one to the left of it, under the men in snow-shoes, shows a group selecting their "totem," or guardian spirit. This "totem" may be of any form of animated nature. All who use the same "totem" are linked together in a common brotherhood, even though there is no blood relationship. The picture on the left centre is a scene in the Rocky Mountains. The two just below it to the left and right show the Native customs of hunting the buffalo and spearing fish.

## PEACE RIVER: IN PERILS OF WATERS.

[The following description by Bishop Young, of Athabasca, of a flood at Peace River comes appropriately after our article on the Athabasca Mission. It was sent by the Bishop to his father, who has kindly placed it at our disposal.]



THE winter of 1887–8 had been long and severe. At the end of April the snow lay deep on the land, and the river was still ice-bound. Then spring burst suddenly upon us, full of sunshine and warmth, and all was changed. The snow melted, the river was flooded, and the ice broke up.

On Sunday morning, 6th May, the river was very high; we felt little alarm, but a watch was kept, and the service at church was commenced as usual. We were in the midst of it, when word was brought that the water was over the bank and close upon us. Closing with a short prayer we all hastened to our several homes, and having removed all that could be carried into the upper floors, and collecting what was necessary to take with us, we passed in two waggons through the water, the oxen in our waggon having nearly to swim to some rising ground at a little distance.

That evening and night will not soon be forgotten by us. The ground being too hard with frost for tents to be put up, we had to shelter ourselves as best we could. The school-children were covered with blankets, and a large fire was kept burning; while daylight lasted we stood watching the scene before us. The vast expanse of water, the violent rending of the ice into great masses and blocks, which, glistening in the sunshine, were whirled, crashing and grinding against each other, down the swift current, or thrown heaped up upon the banks. It was a scene of exciting interest, and but for our anxiety as to what might happen, we should have fully appreciated the grandeur of the sight. All through the night the river had been rising, but in the morning it ceased, and soon after was falling so rapidly that towards evening the male part of our little community were able to return to their houses, thankful to find they had suffered very little injury, although they were in a sorry plight.

And now the ice immediately on our side of the river, which up to this time had remained unbroken, began to break up, and was carried impetuously down the stream. The river had fallen so much, and the ice had such free course, that we had no apprehension of danger. We were soon to learn we were mistaken. Later in the evening Burton came running in to tell us that the river was again rising, and more quickly than before. In a few seconds all around us was again under water. My canoe was at once in requisition, and some friends who were with us were taken across to the encampment, about half a mile distant. It was now late, and we who remained had recourse to the upper floor of our unfinished house, laying the boards, which



campaign. Surely the income of the year will be greatly increased, after having the needs of the work so fully and ably set forth.

#### AT BATTLE RIVER.

BY E. B. GLASS.

OUR Indians are encouraged to hitch off to the plains after seeding. Shortly after my arrival from Conference in June, the news spread through the camps on the reserve that Joshua, one of the best hunters, had arrived with a genuine buffalo. A small herd had crossed the boundary, been scattered in the chase, and this solitary one became the trophy of our hero. The domesticated tiger turns savage at the taste of blood. The morbid temperament of the Indian was transformed to blood-heat at Joshua's recital of the chase. Give us buffalo north of forty-nine, and we will have to develop into nomadic teachers and missionaries.

A good sign just now is that many substantial Indian dwellings are going up. If shingled roofs are put on, these houses will be inhabited in summer and in winter, and roving habits will be checked in great part, while schools will be better attended.

Yesterday an Indian called at the mission and made the following ingenious speech: "Eventually you will have a good following here; I like to see your work go on, so I wish to build me a larger house to live in, and to hold the weekly prayer-meeting in. Now I think I shall begin right away, *if you can furnish me with tea.*" He is, like many others, a student of human nature, as well as a promising native citizen.

Two weeks ago I preached against the proposed "Sun-dance" that was to be instituted on the next reserve north. I endeavored to make application of Paul's teaching on eating meat sacrificed to idols. At the close I asked the men to remain in. One old man said: "We who may attend the dance will only look on; the responsibility of the dance is with the men who originated it. If you allow us, we will continue to attend church after the dance, but I know half the white men don't believe in religion, for they teach us to swear, a practice we do not know amongst ourselves." Another apologist declared there was to be no cutting of the flesh, but only a praying to the Great Spirit for the children. When asked if he understood that Great Spirit to be the same as the God of the Bible, he replied that he so understood it.

Last autumn, when away from home, a message was sent me to the mission that a child, four miles away, was supposed to be beyond recovery. I reached home at night, but immediately made ready to obey the summons. Upon entering the tent I was surprised to find a leading Indian, naked, painted white, and

plumed about the head, in company with five or six *select men*, sitting in a circle. Their heathen ceremony was just over. Having given up hopes of my arrival that night, they worshipped the Great Spirit in the old wonted way. After a hymn, a talk and prayer, I rode some distance homeward with one of these worshippers, telling him I was surprised to catch such men at heathen ceremonies. He explained that it was nothing marvellous they had performed, but that medicine was administered, a ceremony of prayer followed, and that they all thought it a proper thing to do.

I shall not undertake to theorize or explain these beliefs all away, but merely state that many of our Indians here maintain that this refined heathenism is not inconsistent with the Gospel and Christian profession.

Will our missionaries in other Indian fields tell us their experience with heathenism? More anon.

#### LIGHT ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY REV. JOHN M'LEAN.

WESTWARD advances the tide of immigration, carrying the flowers and the filth of our eastern provinces and the Old World. Over the fertile fields of Manitoba, the boundless prairies of agricultural and mineral wealth, the massive ranges of mountains, to the shores of the mighty Pacific, friends and foreigners are speeding their way, and we are destined to follow them with churches and schools, to make them a united people in our glorious Dominion. Who shall guide us but the great Master of Life, in whose hands are the destinies of nations and men? God has given to us a blessed heritage in that western country, with its vast areas of excellent land. There is Manitoba, with one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles; Assiniboia, with ninety-five thousand square miles; Saskatchewan, with one hundred and fourteen thousand square miles; Alberta, with one hundred thousand square miles, and away in the north, Keewatin and Athabasca, with their vast areas of land, well adapted to supply the wants of tens of thousands of people. Thriving agricultural settlements and prosperous villages are scattered over the provisional districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and Manitoba as is already teeming with many thousands of wealthy settlers. Nearly the whole of Alberta is underlaid with a thick bed of coal of excellent quality. It crops out of the banks of several rivers, five and six feet in thickness. Over nearly all of this provisional district the soil is rich; the crops for the past three years have been wonderfully abundant, and the people are contented and happy, save in their desire for increased railroad facilities. In the Macleod district of Alberta, the



cattle roam in thousands, summer and winter alike, for they dwell in the land of the Chinook winds, and need not the shelter of colder climes. This is God's heritage for our children, and we must go up and possess the land for our Lord and Christ.

Within these vast areas of land, included under the names of Manitoba and the North-West, there dwell thirty thousand red men, who need our help, as they have given us their land. There are located on reservations under the authority and guidance of the Government in the North-West Territories, Wood Crees, Plain Crees, Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Sioux, Stonies, Sarcees, Swampies or Saulteaux, and Chipewyan or Montagnais. Away far in the north are a large number of tribes belonging to the Tinné family of Indians.

The Indian tribes of our western country are the possessors of a civilization that is fast decaying, and the followers of the mountain, prairie and forest gods, who no longer sway the minds and hearts of these red men, as in the days of yore.

The Indian conjuror performs his incantations, and the people repair to him in times of trouble. The sick children writhe in agony as the medicine-men bleed them with a piece of glass for a lancet, or scarify them with a burnt stick or piece of heated iron. The prairie lodges are still filled with painted men and women, rejoicing in the fact that they do not belong to the race of white people.

These native customs seem strange to us, because they are so near, and point to a period and a people of whom history has told us very little. The history of these people reveals to us many tribes great in numbers, rich in lands, buffalo and other kinds of large and small game, independent in spirit, full of superstition, yet thoroughly imbued with religious zeal in all their ceremonies connected with hunting, war, medicine and social life. The change that must inevitably come to all inferior races, has at last fallen upon them. The advent of the white men, and the introduction of Christianity and civilization amongst them, has affected their whole life. The religious words and phrases existing in the native languages are losing their former meaning, and many new terms belonging to Christianity have found their way into these languages, and are exerting a powerful influence upon their minds and hearts. Many of the Indians do not take kindly to the new life at first, being rather suspicious of the benefits to be conferred by accepting it, and being also somewhat at variance with their own. In their transition state, between losing faith in their native religion and accepting Christianity and civilization, they rapidly decrease. Despondency takes possession of their hearts, the

oppressive feeling that they are a conquered race presses heavily upon them, and, like the wild caged birds, they sicken and die. When, however, they have fully learned the lessons of man's equality, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, as revealed to them by Christian teaching, they become strong and independent.

Christian teachers have rapidly followed the adventurous settler, supplying him with religious teaching for himself and family. Representatives of all the religious denominations have followed the trails into Manitoba and the North-West, pushing each other too closely in their zeal to carry the Gospel, thus retarding each other's progress and spending money in a needless way. In every little village there are ministers of the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. Along with these, the Congregationalists, Baptists and Salvation Army are numerous, and doing good work in Manitoba. But in the North-West, the three largest denominations are working hard to win the country for Christ.

Missionaries have gone into the camps and among the lodges of the red men, and oftentimes have they followed them in their hunting expeditions, urging them to lay aside the war-paint and cease going on the war-path, for the Prince of Peace has come to unite the Red and White races with bonds of Christian love. The English Church has the greatest number of missionaries amongst the Indians. These teachers are laboring amongst the Cree, Blood, Blackfeet, Sarcee and Piegan Indians; and in the northern country, amongst the Linné and Eskimo families. The Presbyterians have workers among the Cree, Sioux and Stoney tribes. The Methodists are toiling among the Cree, Saulteaux, Sioux, Stoney and Blood Indians. Heavy manual labor, isolation, poverty and sickness is the lot of the majority of these workers, but the tales of suffering they do not tell, for they are toiling for God, and He will reward them. The greatest burden is that of the slow growth of success, when compared with that of Japan and other countries. The modern student of missions, and the general Christian public, have raised a wrong standard of success, and by this they judge all missions. Missions cannot all be measured by one standard; and the Indian missionaries who toil for many years and report few conversions, are doing God's work as effectually as those whose lot is cast among a people who are born again in a single day. There may be an apology made for the people, but none is needed for the earnest, faithful toiler in the mission field, and yet his work is sometimes severely criticised by men much inferior to him in learning, ability, self-sacrifice and devotion.

Seldom do we hear or read of those who bear the



heaviest burdens in the missionary work, namely, the women who toil silently and unseen. The religious newspapers and missionary magazines seldom mention their names or their labors, and yet they nurse the sick, teach the Indian women and girls by precept and example, cheer the missionary in his lonely toil, and keep starvation from the door by dint of economy and love. When the missionary returns from his field on furlough, the hardships and suffering are never told at missionary meetings, but the thrilling accounts of victories won are the burden of his song. We have lives of missionaries in abundance, but few of missionaries' wives. Oh! cruel custom, that shuts our mouths and straitens our pens, in giving the women their meed of praise. God shall reward them, if men fail to grant them their due.

Mission work has been successful amongst the Indian tribes. The Gospel has reached the hearts of the dwellers in the lodges, and their lives have been changed. The songs of the medicine-men and the beating of the *tōm-tōm* of the Indian gambler have ceased when Christ has won the heart. The mother's wail for her lost children has given place to the joyous hope of immortal life. Pagan burial rites have been forsaken, and Christian ceremonial has been accepted as a token of peace. Christian civilization has transformed the Six Nation Indians from savage warriors to peaceful and industrious citizens of our Dominion. The wild, roving Sioux of the Minnesota massacre forsook their gods, and became farmers and mechanics, with schools, churches, native teachers and ministers, through the power of Gospel truth. The Sioux Indians of Manitoba received a native missionary through the intercession of the Rev. Dr. Black, of Kildonan, with the veteran Siouan missionary, the Rev. Dr. Riggs; and to-day there is a thriving community near Birtle, rejoicing in the purity and power of the religion of Christ. The Wood Crees, Stonies and Saulteaux have learned to reverence the Sabbath, rejected their heathen practices, adopted many of the nobler customs of the white race, and are advancing toward a life of civilization and truth. The power of Christ saves the aged women from a cruel death, the virgins from a life of shame, the children from neglect, and gives education, cleanliness, respect for others' rights, and love in the home. The words of the Great Teacher have been heralded within the Arctic Circle and along the Great Yukon river, and the hearts of the hardy natives have been made glad with the joyful sound.

The wealth and piety of our churches must be utilized to send the Gospel to the white settlers and the red men. Christians dare not shirk their responsibility in this matter. An hundred-fold will the outlay return to us, in maintaining the peace of our nation, and preparing a people to serve the Lord.

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"And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation.—ISAIAH xxxiii. 6.

THE question of missions among the Indians, their apparently small return for the severe toil and self-sacrifice of the missionaries, and the amount of money expended, has frequently been the subject of discussion, and too often Christian people have yielded to discouragement, and almost allowed themselves to think the work not worth what it cost. But have we, as citizens of Canada, or as Churches, given to this matter the attention it demanded? Have we not rather contented ourselves by letting the question alone, or by supposing that the Government would manage the Indians as they deemed best? Certainly we have treated the Indians like babies, and not like men. We should aim to prepare them for Canadian citizenship. Christianity is the most practical, common-sense fact in the history of the world, and to bring the principles of this great fact of Christianity to bear on all questions involving the status of fellow-beings, is the only way to arrive at correct and righteous decisions. To have the principles of Christianity firmly interwoven into all the laws of our land should be our constant aim.

While the work of the missionary has made us familiar with the life and characteristics of the Indian, while this work has largely resulted in the conversion of Indians, and, in the case of certain tribes, has produced grand results, the sad fact remains, that something more is needed to ensure the permanent growth of Christian civilization among them.

It is probable that the reservation system has outlived its usefulness, that Indians should be dealt with as individuals, and not as tribes, that education should be compulsory. These would be steps in the right direction. Our American friends have at last succeeded in getting a law passed calculated to work the







most beneficent results. We only hope our missionaries and the officers of our own and other Churches may succeed in drawing public attention to this question in such a way as to secure like benefits from our own Government for our Canadian Indians.

## NOTES.

MISS WILKES reports orders received for some six hundred copies of the Japan programme. We would be glad to hear from some of the Bands using it. In ordering copies in future, parties are desired to inclose the amount of postage.

EXPLANATION is due, and is hereby tendered, to those Auxiliaries and Bands whose communications did not appear in the last number. The copy for January was called in earlier than usual, that the number might be issued before the holidays.

WE are very anxious to insert all matter sent us for our department. Our aim is to make each number, as far as possible, report the most interesting work of the month, that all our workers may become familiar with it. That the interest in the work is growing we have most ample evidence, in the increasing number of reports and papers received. We only ask our correspondents and writers to condense as much as possible. And we express the hope that each Auxiliary and Band having anything of interest to our readers will remember the OUTLOOK. We believe new lists of subscribers continue to come in. To work for a large circulation of our missionary paper is a most effective way of promoting an intelligent and active missionary spirit.

PRESIDENTS of Auxiliaries are earnestly reminded of the decision of the General Board, that a collection of not less than one dollar (see Report) be taken up in each Auxiliary for the Publication Fund. This is our new departure. And the Literary and Publication Committee, upon whom devolves the duty of preparing and publishing the leaflets, studies, programmes, prayer-cards, etc., are most anxious to do their work well, and have a balance on the right side at the end of the year. The Annual Reports were reduced to five cents, in the hope that they would find a ready sale. We hope each member of the Woman's Missionary Society will secure one or more, and so aim to keep herself, and at least one other, posted on all the work of the Society.

FROM Canso, N. S., comes sad news. We tender to the bereaved the loving sympathy of co-workers in the Woman's Missionary Society.

"Death has entered the Canso Woman's Missionary Society for the first time, and removed Mrs. Joshua Whitney, aged 42. Early on the morning of the 29th December she closed her eyes on earth's trials and suffering, to open them in the land where 'the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.'" K. C. ELDERKIN, Cor. Sec.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., January 5th, 1889.

AS the ice broke in the river yesterday, I am hoping to be able to send mail to Simpson to meet the steamer, and so give you a little information

that the Lord may lead us, and bless His work. In teaching new hymns. Will all friends still pray interested. Two or three evenings a week are spent with her singing and music the young people are much Miss Savage is earnestly teaching our school, and recover.

We hope and pray that if it is the Lord's will he may at the present time, but is simply trusting in Christ. Charles Russ, one of our native teachers, is very ill help our work.

came and signed them; and we believe these rules will rules for the village were read and adopted, and all was realized in a special manner. New Year's Day, service was a heart-searching time, and God's presence new church for a preaching service. The watch-night shake hands, etc. Then, at 11 a.m., all went to the Christmas morning the whole village marched up to presents of a little food and a warm garment. Early clothing. The old men and women each received and a suitable present—either a book or an article of to the mission-house, and each received apples, candy, dians. On Christmas Eve the school children all came

On, and marked some trees so that they might look for his body. They carried him back to the village, and the house was filled by the Indians, who sang heartily:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc.

And fervent prayers were offered to our Heavenly Father for His mercy. The old man said, "I was not afraid to die; I prayed all the time I was in the woods, and now I thank Him for giving me more than I expected, and I know His Spirit is with us."

On seeing the people scouring the woods in the night for poor, old Noah, I thought of the great change God, by His Gospel, has wrought in the hearts and customs of this people. In the past the old and feeble were either despatched by violence, or taken back in the woods and left with a little dry salmon and a little water, to eat, drink, and die.

Christmas is a great day with the Christian In-

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from ED. SEXSMITH, Native Agent, dated KISH-PI-AX, Feb. 12th, 1889.

I AM very glad to again send you a few words which will give you an idea of how we are getting along. We often prayed that God would send some one to instruct us. Your letter did not afford much comfort, but our hearts were rejoiced, and it has been a feast for us since the white missionary came to us. "God surely moves in a mysterious way." Our labor has been blessed this winter.

Most of the people have started to serve the Master, and one of the head chiefs has cast in his lot with God's people. Several of the other chiefs are very favorably disposed, and we expect soon they will be fully decided.

My work this year has been most agreeable and very profitable to myself. I see the Bible as never before, and many parts dark to me before are now sources of praise and joy.

Our people were truly dead in trespasses and sin, but are being raised to life and liberty by the word of God.

It is hard for my people to believe the simple Gospel



13 story. Hard it is to give up their old customs, instilled into them from childhood. But light is springing up, and soon we hope our whole valley will be resounding with the praises of Christ. I received the OUTLOOK, and by reading what is being done in other parts of the world, I am led to rejoice that I, too, am found in the vineyard of the Great King.

*Letter from GEORGE EDGAR, Native Teacher, dated  
HAG-WIL-GET, B.C., UPPER SKEENA,  
Feb. 16th, 1889.*

WE take pleasure in sending you a few words relative to our work among the Hag-wil-gets.

Since last year, by the advice of our superintendent, we left the old village and moved down about three miles to the junction of the Hag-wil-get and Skeena rivers.

NARY OUTLOOK. *June 1889* 95

fruit. Your letter and the OUTLOOK caused us to feel that, though alone, yet we are not alone in the work.

We cannot report as much improvement as we would wish, but much praise is due from us to the Giver of all good for the kind providences of the past, and precious promises for the future. We feel that the bread being cast upon the waters will return.

Give us your prayers for our dark and benighted people.

In the mission-house, on Sabbaths, we have three services and Sunday-school, also weekly services, and a school, for all who will come, at night.

*Letter from REV. ROBERT STEINHAEUER, B.A., dated,  
SADDLE LAKE, March 8th, 1889.*

I HAVE been thinking for some time about penning a few words concerning the work on this mission. Not having said anything more hitherto than what appeared in the Annual Report, I thought it would not be out of place for me to offer a few more words respecting it.

As you well know, most of these people were originally a portion of the Whitefish Lake Band. They had not made any place as their home, when what are now the Whitefish Lakers did, but wandered here and there, subsisting on what they got by hunting, mostly on buffalo, till either in 1878 or 1879, when buffalo was becoming scarce, they started to break up land and made this their home. They were then placed in such a way as to give a missionary better opportunity of telling them about the glad tidings—not that they were entirely beyond the reach of the messenger of the Gospel previous to the time mentioned above. After they had settled in this location father used to visit them frequently. Subsequently the Church of England used to occupy this place, the Rev. Mr. Inkster being their agent; but he accomplished very little, if anything at all, and left the field during the rebellion, in the spring of 1885, and the place was vacant till the writer was sent here by the Conference of 1887.

Ever since I have endeavored to do my duty in my humble way to the cause for which I am here. As was said before, the people were in an anxious state about their spiritual welfare. I have tried to teach the truths of the Gospel, not only theoretically, but experimentally, knowing that consistency in everyday life does much good in any community. I have tried to live a practical Christian life. Things run smoothly and quietly, yet I believe the people are making some advancement toward the goal to which every follower of Christ is tending. This year has been one of growth and development in holy things. There are two classes which meet regularly every week, always well attended, and a general prayer-

meeting, which is considered by every one of our people as most essential for spiritual improvement and growth.

We haven't much room for growth numerically, as every adult amongst those who are identified with us is either a full member or on trial. We had some hopes of reaching our Catholic friends through their children, who are attending our school every day, and thus add more to our number, but have given up  
ARY OUTLOOK.

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Alexander Musgrave, and the same day died in peace, trusting in Christ. Then a little girl swallowed a nail, and in a few hours passed away. Her friends were in great sorrow, but yet so different from the poor heathens I have seen in heathen villages, who raved and cut their own bodies, not knowing their children were safe with Jesus. But here they all know that He gathers the lambs in His arms. May they follow and meet them in the better land.

Last week I was called, after midnight, to see a young man who had been brought home to die, —Alfred Wood, one of the most intelligent young men in the village, a great student, read a great deal, could write a good hand. When he first began to study the English language it was with a view to become a teacher, but he did not carry this out, and worked for other Indians, trading for them. He expressed great sorrow that he had not done more work for God, and to help spread His work; he was very penitent, prayed much, and enjoyed the presence of Christ as he entered the dark valley. He died just after saying: "Lord Jesus, take my spirit."

We have been improving the church by shingling and painting the spire, and painting the front of the building, at a total cost of about \$300. It had long needed doing, and will greatly protect the building where we have so much rain. We hope to reseal the church, fix up the inside, etc., etc., but the people are poorer than usual this season, and it may delay us in raising the funds.

The building for our Boys' Orphanage and Industrial School is up ready for the roof, and will soon be finished. We are in great need of this. Our boys from Naas we have in the mission house at present, and Miss Knight has four smaller boys in the Girls' Home others are waiting and friends plead for us to take them, but we must take no more till the building is finished. This building is 24 x 36—with a wing 24 x 30—two stories high, and with the intention of putting on the other wing by-and-by. Will some of our Christian friends help us to furnish this, and to take care of those boys and train them up for God and home. Would not the Woman's Missionary Society make a grant to provide for a few boys in this institution. The Indians are greatly pleased in seeing this building going up for such a purpose. We shall only take in needy children, and trust God will greatly bless it to the training of them to be useful men.

Miss Hargrave faithfully taught our day school the past quarter. Mr. Walker arrived by the last boat, and at once entered upon his duties. We pray he may be a great blessing to many. Pray for us.

*Letter from REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated, PORT ESSINGTON, Sept. 10th, 1889.*

IN the early part of February, the people of the surrounding villages began to arrive to get work at the canneries on the river. The men were employed cutting wood and making other necessary preparations for the season's canning, while, at the same time, the women were engaged in making nets. Many of these people, as well as those of our own village, had been greatly blessed spiritually during the winter. This work was mostly among the young people. They formed



## Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

*July 1887*  
*Missionary Outlook*  
 Letter from REV. J. C. SPENCER, dated KISH-PI-AX,  
 SKEENA RIVER, April 2nd 1889.

WE take pleasure in sending you a few notes concerning our work in this far-off place. We do this more readily because the people along this river have held more or less of the public attention for the last year. The call was sounded loud and long for some one to help spread the Gospel among these poor people, but all to no purpose, for word came that no one could be sent, although the people had asked many times for a white missionary. Those who understand the Indian race, how rapidly they are disappearing, and how many of the young people are being led astray, were disappointed and depressed on account of the decision of the Mission Board in Toronto.

It is true the Indians have a little light, but in many cases it only bewilders them more and more. When they see the unkind feeling existing between white men and missionaries, and especially between missionaries of the different societies, a question arises difficult to be understood by the tutored, much more so by the untutored, mind. Every summer, many of the inland people go out to salt water to work in the canneries, where many of them, owing to their own proneness to evil, and their ignorance of the gilded baits placed before them, are led astray by the demoralizing influence prevailing almost everywhere up and down the coast.

Brother Pierce and myself left Fort Simpson, Oct. 24th, 1888, on board the *Glad Tidings*, which left us at Aberdeen.

Aberdeen is at the mouth of the Skeena, and this left what is commonly called one hundred and eighty miles of river to ascend in a canoe propelled in smooth by paddles and in swift water by poles or a tow-line. Water was low, weather was getting cold, and navigation, difficult at the most favorable season, was much more so now. As we proceeded on our way, all nature gradually assumed a more serious aspect, while the fast falling leaves and frost-bitten vegetation told us the climate was changing to a colder, though in some respects a more pleasant one.

As we passed through the Coast and Cascade ranges, the many mountains groaned as the chilling fall breezes swept along their thickly-timbered sides, and frowned down upon us as intruders on the solemn solitude. The variety of scenery is almost unsurpassed, from the beautiful bench land covered with grass and pea vines, to the bold and barren bluffs and rocks raising their rugged brows far above the restless and ever-changing clouds, and in many places terminating in eternal snow. As we passed one village after another, the tall totem-poles pointed out the height of folly and superstition of these people, while the carvings upon them all, in a sitting posture, were to us vivid indicators of the gross darkness in which the Indian race has so long been sitting.

There is much on all sides to enlist the attention of an observing person—the sweeping curves of the

river, the ancient and irregular villages on its banks, with graves around and among their houses, the sad and doleful wail as it arises from those graves, poured out by the friends of the departed who have passed away without the joyful hope of a glorious resurrection; the tattered and neglected appearance of the children, who shun the approach of strangers, especially white men; the uncouth and uncultivated men and women who come out to look at all passers-by; the great numbers of dogs to be seen in every village; these with many other sights and sounds so strike the new-comer as to produce feelings far more easily felt than described.

On our way up, we passed Kitzegucla, the scene of Brother Pierce's labors. The number of small houses erected or in course of erection, as compared with the old heathen houses and changed appearance of the people, show that a great change is being brought about. Sixteen miles farther up is the village of Hazelton, or what is usually called Forks of Skeena. This is the site of the Hudson's Bay Post, and a mission now under the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Field, sent out by the Church Missionary Society.

Mr. Field's experience in both Asia and Africa has well prepared him for his difficult task.

About three miles from here is the village of Hugwil-get, a tribe in many respects very different from any or all on this river, especially in language. It is an abandoned Roman Catholic mission, consequently not the same as dealing with heathen people. Brother Edgar is laboring among them, and we hope his efforts will be abundantly blessed, although the work so far has not been so encouraging as we would like.

Passing on from Hazelton, three miles above is a large canyon; here the river was frozen over, and we were obliged to land, unload our supplies, and bid farewell to the kind friends who had accompanied us, they returning to their homes, while we pushed on to our mission still farther up.

At the time of our arrival, the village was a scene of great activity, people coming in from all directions with wood on their backs, others going to and fro with articles of merchandise preparing for the evening potlatch, which, with its accompaniments, is the curse of all these tribes, because it impoverishes and degrades everybody.

The sun had just taken its last glance at what struck us as a strange sight, and the western sky blushed as the stately mountains, capped with snow, reflected the genial rays of the parting king of day. Soon as the evening shades prevailed, the moon took up the wondrous tale, and when night fully set in, sounds of singing, shouting, music and dancing, floated out upon the cold, still air. Mingled with these were the doleful wail of the widowed mother at the grave of her loved one, the gleeful shout of the children in their evening sport, and the solemn whoop of the owl in the neighboring wood, these sounds mingled with the sullen roar of the river, and the strange sights presented to the eye, caused impressions never to be forgotten. Here we are now in a heathen village with the most glaring evidences of superstition and ignorance on all sides, even to the pile of blackened wood which shows where the last body had been burned according to the tribal custom.



We turn from these saddening scenes to the lofty mountains, whose stately forms proclaim Almighty power and snow-capped peaks point to purer things on high. Let all who read this praise God that there is something better than the social life of the heathen, and let all girls and women feel most grateful that the Gospel frees and elevates those who have been enslaved by the demoralizing and abominable influence of the potlatch and all such social evils.

We have endeavored to set the Gospel before them in all its fulness, and our labors have not been in vain. Those who attend services are attentive and respectful. Some of the young people see the evil of heathen houses, and have built, or are building, houses suitable for one family. We have tried to impress them with the necessity of helping themselves like men, and not to depend on any society; this, too, has had its result.

Special Scripture lessons have been given, with a view of putting them on their guard against temptations, and gilded bait placed before them at the fishing stations during the canning season, which is really their worst time of year.

Some of the chiefs and old people have resolved to give up heathenism, and before going away for the summer to hunt, they came and asked for a paper and pencil, so they could tell when Sunday came.

School was kept open four hours daily for about five months, and those regular in attendance progressed favorably. Sunday-school was well attended by young and old; we dwelt largely on the duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, rulers and people, bodily cleanliness and moral purity. All of these lessons were listened to with close attention, and brought forth many strange questions.

Our first Sabbath spent in Kish-pi-ax was seasoned with much sadness. Sabbath desecration prevailed to a great extent, but by words of advice, constant teaching and exhortation, it was given up. The football was left in the mission house, and wood was, in most cases, provided on Saturday.

We would like to explain the potlach, heathen dance, doctoring, giving back the souls of individuals, child life, and many other things, such as fire-eating, dog-eating, sacrificial offerings, as practised by the people with whom it is our lot to labor, but time and space will not permit now. But those who wish to know more about life among the Indians can find out by writing to us.

And now, ye men and women of wealth who have a longing to do good, but hardly know how, and who wish to have some one at the beautiful gate waiting and watching for you, lend of your luxury to our necessity. We wish to teach these poor people properly; this we cannot do without means. To establish a healthful, social life, there must be an example. We cannot teach them to sweep without a broom; to bake without a stove; to write without a pen. The Missionary Society is overburdened already, while thousands of dollars are spent annually in sumptuous suppers, brilliant balls, and thousands more in firecrackers and other useless display, while our brothers and sisters in the flesh groan in abject slavery to man and to sin.

Think of your only daughter sold to a life of shame, and then think of the poor Indian girls, for

there are many such within ten minutes' walk of us at this moment.

THE FRENCH WORK.

**Chatham St. West, Point St. Charles.**—I am happy to state that I am much encouraged by the growing spirituality of my people on this mission; the fervent, earnest prayers and testimonies in our prayer and class-meetings, and the clear conversions rejoice my heart, and I thank God and take courage. Some who were formerly dead and silent in our meetings have had their souls revived and blessed, and are zealous now in trying to bring in their relatives and friends to partake with them of the rich blessings of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we are looking forward for a goodly ingathering into the fold of Christ of these poor benighted, deluded people in the near future; for this we will earnestly labor and pray. May God pour out His Spirit upon us, for we know that Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase; we know, also, that God giveth the Holy Spirit to them that earnestly ask it, and "When Zion travails she shall bring forth." I do believe that the Jesuit Bill affair will do great good, after all the clear, outspoken speeches of the leading men of Montreal, together with the earnest, active and prominent part and speeches of the leading men of Ontario, translated from the English press into the French press, which are opening the eyes of French-Canadians; and very many tell me that the English-speaking people are right, and some are afraid of a war of races; and acknowledge the Church of Rome, and especially the Jesuits, are too exacting, and need the check-rein of Protestantism to curb them. On the whole, the country is deeply agitated.

MITCHELL SADLER.

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## FOURTH DAY.

The session opened with devotional exercises, Mrs. Gooderham presiding. The forenoon was chiefly occupied with unfinished committee reports, etc., and discussions thereon.

At the afternoon session it was moved and adopted, that a committee composed of one lady from each Branch be appointed to revise the whole constitution. The appropriations for the ensuing year were then read, and are as follows: For the Japan work, \$10,900; French work, \$3,373; Chilliwhack Home, \$1,750; for the construction of new buildings at Crosby Home, \$2,900; Chinese work, \$1,500; Newfoundland Home, \$200; McDougall Orphanage, \$1,200. It was then moved and carried, that the Committee of the French Institute be empowered to act as they think best as to the opening of a day school and the selection of Bible-women. The officers elected for the coming year are: President, Mrs. Gooderham, of Toronto, re-elected; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Carman, of Belleville, Mrs. Wilmot, of Toronto; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Willmott, of Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Strachan, of Hamilton; Treasurer, Mrs. Dr. Rosebrugh, of Hamilton; to edit column in *Guardian*, Miss Wilkes; to edit column in *Wesleyan*, Mrs. Whiston; Editor *OUTLOOK*, Mrs. Dr. Parker.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

ON Wednesday morning, October 2nd, a large number of delegates, representing twenty-five Auxiliaries and seven Mission Bands, assembled in the Truro Methodist Church, to join in the varied exercises of the sixth annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Branch.

The meeting opened at 9.30, the President, Mrs. (Rev.) A. S. Tuttle, leading the devotional service of the first half-hour. After the roll call, the Recording Secretary read the minutes of three executive meetings held during the year. The President, in a comprehensive address, recalled the signal blessings of the past, and touchingly referred to those who, since last annual meeting, have

"Reached a fadeless coronet  
Up through the gates of death."

Rules of order were submitted and adopted, and reports from Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer were received. An encouraging advance proved that the efforts made to extend the influence of the Branch had been crowned with success. Present number of Auxiliaries, 46; increase, 20; number of Mission Bands, 19; increase, 5; number of annual members, 921; increase, 320; number of life-members, 46; increase, 5; number of Mission Band members, 656; increase, 249; income, \$2,865.05; increase, \$570.83. The remainder of the morning was devoted to routine work, the monotony of which was relieved by interesting letters from Misses Elderkin and Leake. In the afternoon, words of welcome and response were given. Cordial and sisterly greetings from representatives of the Presbyterian and Baptist Societies, and also from the Maritime Women's Christian Temperance Union, were presented. After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," Auxiliary reports were taken up. A very effective reading brightened the proceedings of the afternoon.

Thursday morning was mostly taken up with Auxiliary reports. These gave evidence of quiet prayerful effort, and cheerful, though humble, giving; but just such giving as merits the approval of Him who is "worthy to receive power and riches." The report of the Branch Organizer was a word picture of the trials and triumphs of a six weeks' campaign through the eastern part of Nova Scotia.

Discussions on plans of work, reports of committees, and announcements completed the work of the second morning. The afternoon was chiefly taken up with the election of officers, resulting as follows: President, Mrs. A. S. Tuttle; Vice-Presidents, Mesdames Huestis, MacCoy, Ainley; Recording Secretary, Miss Silver; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Whiston; Treasurer, Miss Mary Ray; Auditor, Miss Louise Ray. Mission Band reports followed, which were bright and cheering. It augurs well for the future of Nova Scotia Branch that so many in the springtime of life are bringing their youthful enthusiasm to the work. Resolutions, acknowledging the hospitality of the Truro ladies, the thoughtful kindness of the pastor, Rev. E. B. Moore, and favors granted by railway authorities, were read and accepted. The fact that Nova Scotia Branch has again had the rare honor of giving to the cause gifts more precious than silver and gold, namely, of consecrated lives, was a special cause for thanksgiving.

The public anniversary meeting was held on Wednesday evening. The audience was large, and fully appreciated the varied and interesting programme. An exercise by the Truro Mission Band, in which music and recitations were happily blended, was heard by a delighted audience. Miss Cartmell's presence on this anniversary occasion was a source of real pleasure to many, who have learned to love her for her work's sake.

On Thursday evening, after disposing of unfinished business, an hour was devoted to a consecration service. After the worry and anxiety of the business hours, this season was one of sweet rest and peace. The "Master of Assemblies" was manifestly present, and at the close of this hallowed hour, every energy seemed quickened for better and truer service.

M. WHISTON, Sec. Gen.

## Missionary Readings.

## TESTIMONY OF LORD NORTHBROOK (LATE VICEROY OF INDIA) TO MISSIONS.

IT may surprise some, who have not had an opportunity of looking into the matter, to learn that Christianity is spreading four or five times as fast as the ordinary population, and that the native Christians now number nearly a million souls. One of the most hopeful results of mission work, is the lesson which it is silently infusing through native society and vernacular literature—ideas of integrity, honor, philanthropy, truth, purity, and holiness, that are distinctively Christian. In every movement for the welfare of the people, too, Christian missionaries have led the van. Their services to education are recognized even by their enemies. The advanced schools of modern religious thought in India, are the outcome of Christian teaching. The missionaries were the first to awaken an interest in the welfare of the women of India, and even in the magnificent work of philanthropy with which the name of Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin is imperishably associated, missionaries were the pioneers. In a thousand ways preparation is being made for the coming of the kingdom, and the blessed influences of Gospel teaching and preaching are manifest to all who have eyes to see.

A number equal to the population of Toronto and its suburbs is passing into eternity in heathen darkness every forty-eight hours.



## NOT LOST ON THE AIR.

We turn  
mountains,

power and **T**HIRTY years ago or more Mr. Spurgeon was in-  
on high. I vited to preach in the Crystal Palace at Syden-  
is somethingham. Would his voice fill the immense area? Resolv-  
and let all ing to test it, he went in the morning to the Palace,  
the Gospel and thinking of a passage of Scripture to repeat as he  
enslaved byreached the stage, there came to mind, "This is a  
ence of the faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that  
We have Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Pronouncing the words he felt sure that he would be  
Those who heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone.

ful. Some More than a quarter of a century later Mr. Spur-  
houses, and geon's brother, who is also a pastor, was called to the  
for one famibedside of an artisan who was near his end. "Are  
the necessityyou ready?" asked the pastor.

to depend o: "Oh, yes," answered the dying man, with assurance.

Special So "Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of  
view of putyour soul?"

tions, and gi "It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant  
stations durwith joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years  
their worst tago I was working under the dome of the Crystal

( Some of tPalace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was  
give up heawithout God and without hope. All at once I heard a

I summer to hvoice coming from heaven which said, 'This is a faith-  
pencil, so theful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ

School wJesus came into the world to save sinners.' By these  
five months, words I was convinced of sin, and Jesus Christ ap-

gressed favo peared to me as my Saviour, and I accepted Him in my  
Let by young anheart as such at the same moment, and I have served

husbands anHim ever since.—*Christian Treasury*.

I people, bodil

these lessons

brought forth

## TO THE POINT.

Our first S **A**T a Woman's Missionary Meeting, while the ques-  
with much sa tion was discussed, "How to interest the  
a great extendughters," an old lady, after listening to what the  
ing and exh others had to say, finally related the story about the  
was left in tfarmer hitching up the colt with its mother. When  
cases, providasked why he did so, he replied, "Oh, it's the way I

We wouldtake to break him into the work. Trotting by the  
dance, doctorside of his mother, he soon learns to do just as she  
child life, an does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone,  
dog-eating, sI have no trouble with him." This certainly was to

people with the point, and we believe that if all the mothers in  
space will ncour Church would get into the harness, and let the  
know more adaughters get in, too, that when the time comes for  
by writing tothe daughters to take up the work, they, too, would

And now, go right along, and the Church would have no trouble  
longing to dewith them. "Well," says one, "what of the boys?"

wish to haveWe would recommend the same rule, and say, "Fathers,  
and watchin;get into the work, and hitch the boys up by your  
necessity. Aside, and let them do some lively trotting, while you

properly; thare yet with them, and when the time comes for the  
establish a hboys to carry on the work, why, they will be so  
ample. We accustomed to it, that the Church will have no trouble

broom; to bewith them. *They will go right along.* As a rule,

pen. The Mthe children will follow their parents.—*Missionary*  
while thouse *Messenger*.

sumptuous st in firecracke A SCHOOL of theology is to be established by the  
brothers an Methodists in connection with the Denver University,

slavery to m \$150,000 having been given for that purpose by the  
Think of wife of Bishop Warren, and her son, Mr. Will Iliff.

shame, and t Ex-Governor Evans also contributes \$25,000.

## Along the Line.

## ST. CLAIR INDIAN MISSION.

**O**WING to the death of my predecessor, Rev. J. A.  
Iverson, this mission was somewhat disorganized;  
but early in the autumn revival services were held with  
good results. Valuable assistance was rendered by  
Rev. W. A. Elias, of Walpole Island, Bro. John Chicken,  
of Muncey, Bro. John Wolf, of Kettle Point, an Indian  
brother from Michigan, and others. The services were  
full of spiritual power; the members were greatly  
revived, a few backsliders were reclaimed, and ten  
persons were received on probation. We hope the  
revival may not prove to have been simply a spasm of  
excitement, but that we may have a steady increase  
of spiritual power, and frequent accessions to the  
Church.

The people have shown a kind spirit in furnishing  
the mission house. The Indians put in fifty dollars'  
worth of furniture, and a white appointment twenty  
dollars in carpets.

A. S. EDWARDS.

## NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

*Letter from EDWARD EVES, Norway House.*

**O**N Friday morning, August 2nd, we left home for a  
visit to Island Lake, God's Lake, and Oxford  
House, a trip of not less than 900 miles. Of course,  
no one knows the exact distance, as these water  
stretches have never been surveyed. We had two  
strong men, well used to the paddle, in a canvas canoe  
of our own manufacture, after the Peterboro' model,  
and if you will pardon the digression, we will tell you  
the men tell us it is one of the best that has travelled  
these waters. At early dawn the paddles broke the  
smooth, glittering waters, and seldom ceased their  
measured stroke until nearly sunset, excepting three  
times to eat, which is always done—fire lighted, food  
cooked, eaten, and everything in the canoe, with a  
despatch that almost sets one's head in a whirl. Two  
days, and we are nearly 100 miles on the road, and on  
a rocky point we spent our Sabbath. We never travel  
on the Lord's day; the reasons are plain to every  
thoughtful reader. But we speak the truth, though  
we commit ourself, when we say, that one of the hard-  
est things we find to do, is to call the Sabbath a delight  
that is spent in the solitary wilderness, far away from  
the communion of saints. I look at my notes, and I  
find this written: "In the wilderness, away from the  
usual services, Sabbath seems long, though we endeavor  
to keep our heart right with God." After morn-  
ing service, we read seven or eight chapters of St.  
Matthew's Gospel with great comfort and delight,  
after which we read an early June number of the  
*Guardian*, new to us (August 4th), and exceedingly  
sweet in this lonely spot. We read a letter from a  
brother missionary in India, and some others, the  
tone of which assured us that their hearts are in the  
work. Some may say, "The missionaries are always  
pleading for money." I have only to say, Send the  
closest-fisted man that ever contributed a cent to the  
Missionary Fund with us on one of our long trips, let



him rub his heart against the bleeding, anxious heart of this poor people, and hear the pleadings for a missionary that have more than once brought the choke to our throat and the tears to our eyes, and I feel assured that he would shove his hand into his pocket deeper than he ever dreamed of before.

The dawn of Monday morning came, and with it the dip of the paddle and wake of our canoe, and for six long days up the roaring rapids, along the winding rivers, across lakes, and over portages of steep hills, swamp, marsh, and mud up to the knees for half a mile at a stretch, with a pack of a hundred pounds on our back, our course lay toward the people we had often lifted to God in prayer and were so anxious to see. As the sun was sinking toward the tree-tops in the west on Saturday afternoon, nine days from the time we started, we could see the tops of buildings comprising the Hudson Bay Co.'s fort at Island Lake. Soon we reached it, and were met at the gate by Mr. Linklater, the fort master, and his wife, who showed us every kindness. We were soon after introduced to Mr. Campbell, a clerk, and an excellent young man. To our great delight we saw a goodly number of Indians standing around, some of whom came and shook hands with us, but many seemed strange and distant. Mr. Linklater told me afterwards that most of them were heathens, pure and simple; that they were going away soon; that they were curious to know what we came for, and were half-inclined to flee for fear of me, but that he told them we would not hurt them, and he would tell them soon what we came for. Sabbath morning they all came into the front yard, and we took our place on the platform. The dream of our youth was realized. We told the wonderful story to many who heard it for the first time. We cannot describe our feelings on that memorable day. The shortness of their stay, the story of love to be told so wondrous, the tremendous importance of the impression left, our own inability to do justice to the occasion, together with the probability that many there would never hear it again, all conspired to deepen our feelings of sympathy, and throw us upon God with implicit reliance. We talked of God, His character and His laws; had our interpreter read the ten commandments; proved we had broken them, and dwelt upon the consequences. This opened the way for the story of Jesus and His death in our stead, and His invitation to all to come to Him for salvation. We preached only twice on Sabbath, though we know some might say we should have preached oftener. We, however, think it wise to give fewer truths, and give the people time to ponder them, than to overcrowd the mind, with the chance of the weak mind tangling the new and wonderful truths. At the close of the day evident impressions for good were visible in the quickened flash of the eye, and the increased sympathy in the grasp of the red man's hand as they bade us good-bye. Several were baptized into the Christian faith, but not all. Most were men who had left at home two and three wives each, and we had spoken plainly on this point. In their hearts they would have embraced Christ, but there was the difficulty. Their eyes were bathed with tears when we bade them *watcheeer*, and they promised to tell their friends, far away in the forest, the wonderful things they had heard. Until

the next Sabbath we remained, while the same scenes were over and over enacted, until on Monday morning we took our leave.

During our stay, one of the men we had with us on our trip, Frederick Apatakim, a man full of zeal for God, gathered around him a number of the younger people, and taught them to sing some of the familiar Christian songs, and soon everywhere we could hear the strains of "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

(Conclusion next month.)

*Missionary Outlook Dec 1889.*  
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. W. H. PIERCE, native Missionary, dated KIT-ZE-GUCLA, B.C., October 8th, 1889.

BY the last mail I have learned of the death of my good friend and father in Christ, William Gooderham, Esq. I feel like Joseph, when he wept on his father's face. But when I think of that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which God our Saviour has bestowed upon him, my heart rejoices instead of sorrows for him. I only got his last interesting letter eight days ago. It fills my heart with joy unspeakable, and tears flow unbidden, when I read it to my people. Oh! how he prayed that the heathen may accept the Gospel which he loved so much. I will give you part of his last letter:—"My Lord, shake the slumbers from the souls of Thy professed followers, and let there be such a missionary movement in the Churches as will make the devil tremble and angels rejoice." This good instruction through his letters has been a means of grace to my soul; often when I feel cast down I receive and feast on his letters; but I am not discouraged, although I miss his prayers and cheering words of comfort; I know I will only meet him with more joy in the kingdom of our Saviour. God has taken him, I trust, for the conversion of others. There are some who refused to hear Christ while His servant lived. Oh! may they hear Him now, when He speaks by taking away their best friend. Mr. Gooderham will welcome many of his Indian Christian friends at the beautiful gate, who have been brought from darkness unto light. Won't it be grand when we all meet above, when we shall see in the presence of the King those who have been converted through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel.

I am glad to say that the work is spreading; many of the heathen have been converted in the special meetings which the Band workers held down the coast during the summer months. They still have Jesus in their hearts and belong to Him by faith. This makes them rich; though they have not a dollar in money, yet they have something that is worth ten thousand times more than all the gold in the world. Our daily prayer is that God would bless the work on this Upper Skeena, and may many be saved through His name. The old chiefs are working hard against us; but Jesus shall conquer, and not the devil. We expect to have a large band of converted men and women this winter to take the light to those who are still in the darkness of their sins. Thank God for the great change! In the older times these tribes used to move by bands, fighting and cutting one another's heads off, but now bands of Christians are







moving to save their benighted brethren from sin. I hope you will beg all the dear friends in your city that they will not forget to pray to God that He may send His Holy Spirit to guide us.

### FRASER RIVER INDIANS.

*Letter from the REV. C. M. TATE, dated CHILLIWHACK, B.C., November 5th, 1889.*

OUR Annual Missionary service was held at Skowkale, on Sabbath, November 3rd, Rev. E. Robson, Chairman of the District, and Brother Amos Cushman, native agent from Nanaimo, being our deputation. A good deal of enthusiasm was displayed by the Indians, and many of them gave liberally of the meagre sums at their disposal. Our Indians are not moneyed people, and their opportunities for making money are very limited. Quite a number of them have been at the hop-fields in Washington State, this fall, but most of them came back with little more than they took, on account of the large number of pickers. Then their little plots of from five to ten acres of land to a family scarcely give them a living. However, we are glad to report an increase of over fifty per cent. above the givings of last year.

After the subscriptions were taken up, we spent an hour in fellowship meeting, when a large number, out of the fulness of their hearts, gave praise to God for sending them the Gospel.

## Facts and Illustrations.

IN Damascus drunkards are called victims of the "English disease."

THE Scriptures have been translated into sixty-six of the dialects of Africa.

BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into the Chinese dialect of Amoy.

THE Methodist Church in Brazil has lately been reinforced by the arrival of nine additional missionaries.

OUT of eighty-five graduates of the Training School for Nurses in connection with the Toronto General Hospital, seven are foreign missionaries.

IF the present population of the heathen world could be equally apportioned to our present force of workers, lay and ordained, each would have over 165,000 souls.

MEXICO is called a Christian country, yet Bishop Hurst, of the M. E. Church, says that in Mexico 8,000,000 Mexicans have never seen a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

THE Ramabai Association of the Pacific coast has collected \$5,638 for the child-widows in Poonah, Western India. This association is composed of twenty-two circles, with 851 members, each of whom is pledged for the next nine years to pay one dollar per year.

9,000 MILES

14

By Rail and Water to  
Alaska.

SENATOR MACDONALD'S TRIP

By Way of the Northern Pacific  
Railway.

HOME BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

said, "Excuse me; I want to call your attention to Mount Baker, which can now be seen. You can have now the best view you will probably get of it."

How thankful I felt to him as my eyes rested upon its magnificent white cone, rising 14,000 feet above, mellowed and softened by the golden light of the western sun, and appearing even to greater advantage with the broad and placid waters of the Fraser River between it and our carriages.

We had it in view for hours. A rare and a wonderful sight it was. At this point the Fraser was navigable, a beautiful and majestic river. Soon the canyon of the river is reached. It would indeed be difficult to describe the wild beauty of this canyon; different from anything which I had seen in any part of the journey, and, in its way, quite as wonderful. Yawning cliffs; the

river now and then greatly narrowed and dashing, with increased force, through great rocky mountain gateways. On either side the river was literally black with salmon, forcing their way to the quiet upper waters for the purpose of depositing their spawn.

To talk of billions or quintillions, or any other numbers known to statisticians would seem to be useless.

Leuenhoek counted in a middle-sized cod 9,304,000."

While upon this subject we note that the Canadian hatcheries will this year gather about 12,000,000 salmon trout eggs.

One could not but wonder at the twofold aspect which this amazing sight suggested: The marvellous instinct which impelled the fish to find their way to the quiet head waters of the river for the purpose of depositing their spawn, and the countless difficulties and dangers which met them in seeking to carry out this instinct of their nature, so powerful as to cause the destruction of millions. It was pitiful to see along the whole course of the river the efforts they made (having for a while rested in the bays) to breast the

angry and surging waters which in some narrowed bend came sweeping with immensely increased strength, bearing them away by its resistless force, or dashing them against some huge boulder.

What marvellous wealth did this river contain—sufficient, one would think, to pay the nation's debt.

We had entered the canyon at Yale, the head of navigation. Its population is 1,200.

Here the number transcended the ability of human calculation. Within sight at any moment from the cars, it is no exaggeration to say that a million of fish were visible, and when it is considered that this same thing continued for not less than fifty miles, how difficult the very conception is of the life with which the river abounded.

"Let the waters bring forth abundantly" were words uttered in connection with the creative work of the fifth day. What an illustration of that creative work did we witness in the scene before us, and that but one of the many illustrations which might be furnished.





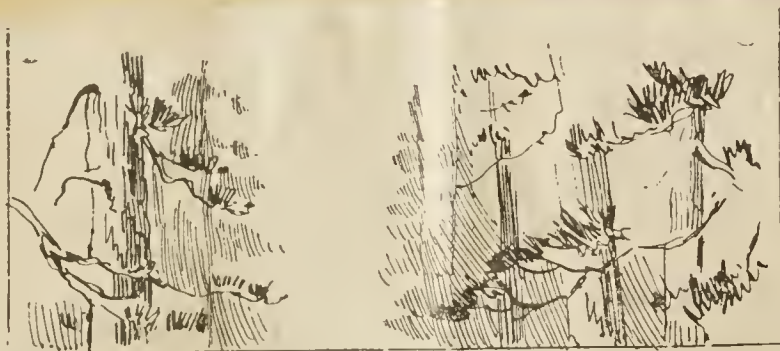
THE VILLAGE OF YALE, B.C.

Dr. Adam Clark, the eminent Biblical commentator, in his notes on this passage of God's Word, referring to the fecundity of fish, adds:—

"A tench lays 1,000 eggs, a carp 20,000.

It is situated at the base of the mountains, and is an outfitting place for miners and ranchmen northward.

We have skirted the Government road for a great distance. At Spuzzam it



VANCOUVER.

crosses the chasm by a suspension bridge, and attracts attention along the Fraser and Thompson Valleys. Six miles below Cisco it is forced to the height of a thousand feet above the river, and is pinned by apparently slender trestlework to the face of the frowning precipice.

One shudders at the very thought of what might happen should a horse become restive or a lynch-pin give way.

The road in the old mining days was said (though so fearful looking) to be perfectly safe and a marvel of engineering skill, but when the difficulties of such travel are considered one is led to ask, What dangers are there which men will not readily face in quest of gold?

But here we are at the Albert Canyon, at an altitude of 2,845 feet, 2,645 feet above that of Yale.

We were anxious to see the Loop under the most favorable conditions. W— seemed very anxious to witness it from the cowcatcher (a mode of travelling rendered famous by Lady Macdonald's charming story of her trip across the Continent). Well guarded on either side, she took her seat at Revelstoke, and there remained until our arrival at Glacier House. Less adventurous, I took my seat with the engineer in the rear engine, and thus had an admirable view of it behind, and am inclined to think that from that point it is best seen.

Of the Loop we cannot do better than quote from the guide-book, which, referring to it, says:—"Here the line makes several startling turns and twists, first crossing a valley leading down from the Ross Peak Glacier, touching for a moment on the base of Ross Peak, then doubling back to the right a mile or more upon itself to within a biscuit's toss, then sweeping around to the left, touching Conger Mount on the other side of the Illicilliwaet, crossing again to the left and at last shooting down the valley parallel with its former course. Looking back, the railway is seen cutting two long gashes, one above the other, on the mountain slope, and farther to the left

and high above the long snow shed, the summit range near Rogers' Pass is yet visible, with Sir Donald overlooking all."

Glacier House sounds through the car, and soon we are at the office registering our names. We had telegraphed for rooms, and so secured them. Not so with the great bulk of our fellow-passengers, who, so far as rooms were concerned, were unprovided for. A large number of the Medical Association were on board, but as one or two Pullmans were switched on to the siding they obtained accommodation there, and were by no means badly off. The hotel is a picturesque building, admirably suited in style for the wild mountain scenery amid which it is nestled. The rooms and everything about them are sweet and clean, the attendance good, the table all that can be desired by reasonable people. Of it the guide-book modestly says:—"No tourist should fail to stop here for a day at least." We would say that any tourist loving the beautiful, having an eye for the grand and majestic in Nature, delighting in an invigorating atmosphere, rejoicing in healthful walks, and relishing the purest and freshest of mountain air, would find a week spent here time most usefully employed. Of the glacier a splendid view is had from the hotel.

Coming as we had done from the Muir Glacier, I had not the same strong desire to walk to what is here called the Great Glacier as I would have had under other circumstances, but the day was pleasant, the glacier within reasonable distance, we

were feeling well, others were going, and so we gladly joined their company.

Our way lay through a charming stretch, thickly wooded at the base of the mountain, with the Illicilliwaet, turbulently finding its

way from its glacial source, skirting our path, and which we crossed upon a rude bridge. We had taken no guide, a great mistake on our part, for had this been done we would have saved ourselves much weariness and would have been able to speak from personal observation of that which now we have to take upon the testimony of others. Everything went on very well until we reached a point where the road forked. Which shall it be, was the question, the





VIEW OF LOOP SHOWING RISE OF TRACK.



FOREST SCENE ON THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

right or the left? The right, said one, and onward we went. Had we taken the left in a few minutes we would have been at the glacier. As it was, the way gradually became more difficult, the moraine thickly overgrown with heavy grass and hiding the stones, which made walking tiresome, and so, after plunging over a rocky, grass-grown bed for an hour or more, during which we ought to have been at the glacier, we sat down and rested, abandoning the idea of going further, and realising that before we reached the hotel the sun would have set. Most of our company had provided themselves with alpenstocks at the hotel. I had not. A gentleman noticing this said to me, "Will you take my stick? You are older than I am." A glance at the speaker showed me that he was greyer at least than I was, though being grey is not always a sign of age. Yet I was somewhat puzzled then, as I am still, to find out upon what he based his remark, but I remembered the old adage, "Never refuse a good offer," and being perfectly willing that he should consider himself the younger if it pleased him, took the proffered stick with many thanks and found it of great service.

Beside all this, who but silly people are fearful to have others fancy that they are growing old?

Two things this effort to see the glacier taught me, which I now give for the benefit of others:

(1) In going to see the glacier take with you from the hotel an alpenstock. (2) When you reach the point where the way forks, take the road which leads to the left.

Our journey was not fruitless, however, by any means. We had a magnificent view of some half dozen mountain glacial streams dashing down a great height with terrific force, the foamy waters appearing to greater advantage as they found their way through

the thick belt of the forest; and then, though not reaching the glacier, there we were at the source of the Illicilliwaet, which, ere it reached the hotel, had greatly widened and deepened. Our walk was so long and wearisome that every one returned bathed in perspiration, and found a good rubbing, rest and supper most acceptable.

It would be a waste of time to attempt a description of the wild mountain scenery which has become so familiar to Canadian readers. I will not therefore trespass upon their time, but push on rapidly upon our homeward journey.

It was dark when we reached the





THE OLYMPIAN MOUNTAINS, FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Field station. We were ready for our supper, which is well served in the hotel managed by the Railway Company. We had but a dim outline of Mount Stephen, which we would have been glad to have seen under more favorable conditions, but this was denied us.

On to Banff.

Of Banff I will only say that it is all that its most ardent admirers claim for it.

The park is a national reservation 26 miles long, northeast and southwest, and 10 miles wide, embracing parts of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade Rivers, Devil's Lake and several noble mountain ranges. So says the guide-book.

The hotel itself is modern in style and ample in accommodation. Its internal fittings are of white pine, stained and varnished. It is lighted with incandescent light; the table and attendance are good, and at the time of our visit there was a fair number of guests.

The view from the promenade of the hotel is magnificent. At its base can be seen the fine falls of the Bow River, and also the Spray River where it forms a junction with the Bow. The drives are very fine, and these will undoubtedly become more attractive year by year.

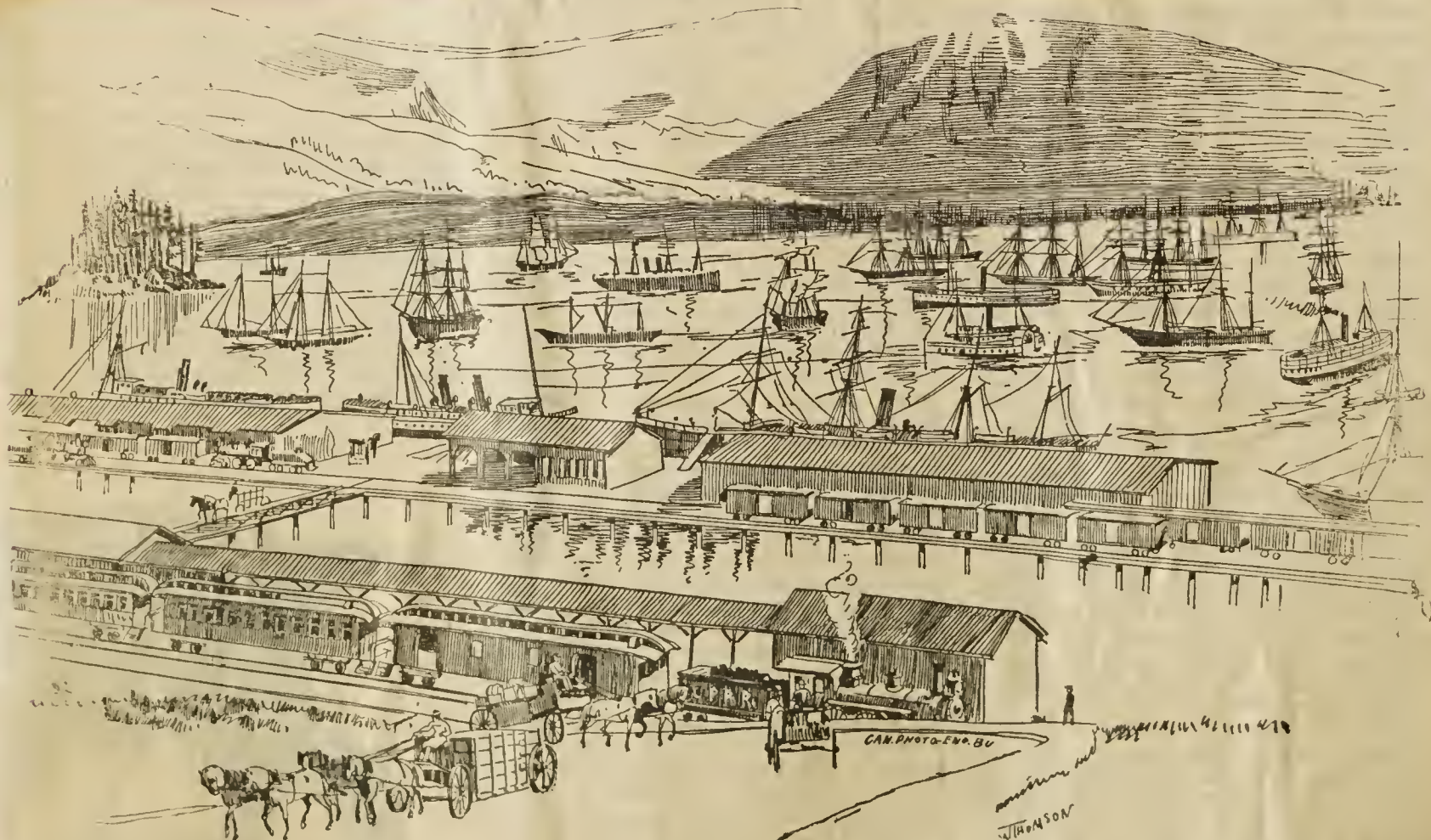
Excellent arrangements exist for seeing the park. There is a good livery establishment and the charges are moderate. The time of arrival from the West is at midnight, and it takes about an hour before one gets a room and is settled for the night. Possibly this is the best arrangement which could be made, but it is inconvenient in many respects.

Forest fires had for many days before our arrival obscured the view of the mountains. Yet we were determined to see all that could be seen through the smoke haze, and accordingly ordering a carriage, were soon on our tour through the park. Rain began to fall before our return, which

seemed to dispel the smoke, and towards sunset we had a splendid view of the mountain range, which we would have been sorry to have missed. I cannot speak of the qualities of the hot springs, but I have conversed with several who claim to have derived great benefit from them, and a number of the guests at the hotel (some from Toronto) were loud in praises of their virtues. At the hot springs there may be seen a crutch suspended, and above it are these words, "The owner has gone home and needs this no more." "To his long home," said my driver. It struck me that he was a poor advertising agent. As a set-off to his tale, which may be true, I received for reply from a gentleman in Toronto whom I had met there and who was suffering from



LUMBERING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE HARBOR, VANCOUVER, B.C.



rheumatism, when I asked him, What did the waters do for you?—"They took the rheumatism entirely away!"

The station, which is about a mile from the hotel, is a miserable, broken-down, shed-like building, nor is there any place where one's luggage can be placed under shelter. It can only be left on the platform, where we found ours next day.

We commend this criticism to the attention of the Company, and at the same time would say to them, by all means let there be erected a neat and commodious and picturesque station; one where ladies at least can rest while waiting for the train, and which will be in keeping with the importance of the place. We commend the Banff Hotel to those who would like to spend a week or more amid the most beautiful scenery, and where they can at the same time be made exceedingly comfortable and find the charges reasonable. JOHN MACDONALD.

**Vancouver — The Chinese and the Church — Generous Contributions—Hudson Bay Company Officers—The Park and the Hackmen.**

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic—  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest.

—Longfellow.

It is Sunday morning and we are steaming into the fine harbor of Vancouver.

The Islander is a magnificent steamer, and if this trip represents an ordinary one, she must be a valuable source of income to her owners. An excellent breakfast is served on board, for which 50 cents is asked, which is very reasonable.

While standing at the stern of the steamer, taking in the beautiful view which is being opened up as she nears the wharf, my attention is fixed on a small steam vessel ashore at the extreme end of the park. A gentleman said to me: "That is the first steam vessel which navigated these waters, her engine being the old Watt engine. She went slow consequently, but did excellent work for many years. Her name, I think, was the Beaver."

The speaker was Mr. Roderick Finlayson, a retired chief factor of the Hudson Bay Co.

What wonderful men the old Hudson Bay officers were! What marvellous constitutions they had! How green and vigorous their old age. Mr. Finlayson, although he must be well advanced in life, was the very picture of robust health, and looked as though he had before him many years of enjoyment and usefulness.

He remembered well when upon the spot where Victoria now stands there was but one house, when the sound of axe had never echoed through the forest, when the sight of a solitary Indian approaching in his canoe was hailed by him with delight, as making a break in a life which was rarely marked by the sight of any one from the outer world.

Speaking of Alaska, Mr. Finlayson told me that twenty-six years ago, knowing as he did the resources of Alaska in fish, fur-bearing animals, timber and minerals, he strongly urged upon the Hudson Bay Company the desirability of purchasing Alaska, which had been offered by Russia to the Company for £800,000, or about one-half the price which Russia received for the territory from the United States. But the Company, while fully admitting all that Mr. Finlayson claimed as to its value, were unable to see their way clear to make the purchase. Mr. Finlayson felt that in neglecting such an opportunity a grave error had been committed.

While on the subject of the Hudson Bay Company, I told him of an incident in the life of one of the chief factors, still living, and which I had from his own lips, which to many, I have no doubt, may appear very

heartless on the part of the father. The gentleman of whom I write had been twenty years in the service. Separated from each other by long distances, he had not seen his father, who was his superior officer, and a chief factor of the Company, during that long period. He was seized with a strong desire, a perfectly natural one, to see him, and wrote to him for permission to visit him. The father, in reply, stated that he was astonished at such a request being presented, and hoped that no further reference would be made to the subject again, so long as the service needed his presence and attention. I was much amused at Mr. Finlayson's reply, which was:

"Very like the Hudson Bay Company!"

Mr. Finlayson's story about himself was not unlike this:—

He felt that his promotion was slower than he could have desired, and wrote to his uncle to secure his influence in bettering his condition.

In reply he was advised that "promotion must come through his superiors, not as the result of application of friends, but upon the ground of personal merit."

Have we not in these two instances the secret of the success of the Hudson Bay Company?

In the first instance, hard as the answer of the father to the son might appear to some, is the lesson which it teaches, not one of the most important in life, and which may be summed up in these two words, "Duty First."

And if the principle which Mr. Finlayson's uncle presented to his nephew were the one upon which all appointments were made, what efficiency would we not have in every department of business life, as well as in the State!

What man is there who has not been asked for any influence which he may possess, on behalf of some one utterly destitute of self-reliance or manly ambition, to secure for him some situation which, if he lived to be as old as Methuselah, he never would be able to secure for himself? Hence there are not hundreds only but thousands of offices filled by men who do not possess the first qualification for the efficient discharge of their duties—whose only aim has been to secure the office for what it would yield them. What man is there in public life who does not understand the embarrassment which arises every day by the application of injudicious supporters on behalf of men whose only qualification is that they happen to be friends or relations of the party applying for them, but who, apart from this, cannot bring any qualification which would make them in any measure a source of strength to the department? Golden words these of Mr. Finlayson's uncle, such as could be uttered only by a thoroughly honest and upright man, a hater of all subterfuges, by one who says what he thinks, regardless of the impression it may make upon the mind of him to whom it is uttered:—

"Promotion must come through one's superiors, not as the result of the application of one's friends, but as the result of one's own merit."

This reply was more valuable to Mr. Finlayson a thousandfold than if his uncle had secured the position for him, and this he had the good sense to see. It led him to look to his own efforts alone; to abandon all hope of preferment from outside pressure, and, as a consequence, in after years in London he met his uncle, having reached the same position held by him, that of chief factor, and this largely from having the good sense not only to receive but to follow out the excellent advice which his uncle had so timely tendered.

But here we are at Vancouver. The omnibus speedily lands us at the hotel, a very fine, large building, well equipped and of modern style of architecture. A great rush is made for the desk, and passengers quickly register their names. I heard the clerk say to each that the hotel was full. I had telegraphed from Victoria for rooms, and felt some degree of confidence that these had been reserved. Yet, although our telegram had given us precedence over those who had not taken that precaution, we were told, as the others had been, that the hotel was full.

This great pressure upon the hotel space could be accounted for in some measure because of the advantages offered by the C. P. R. to the members of the Medical Association, whose meetings had

been held at Banff, to visit Vancouver, many of whom availed themselves of the very pleasant trip thus afforded.

We found ourselves therefore among many members of the profession, several of whom we knew, and were in some measure compensated for the loss of rooms by meeting old friends and hearing the latest home news.

No difficulty was there in finding one's way to church; for from the verandah of the hotel some four or five were grouped together, three of them, I think, being in course of construction. In this respect the place compares most favorably with American cities of the same area and population.

We found our way to the Methodist Church. The preacher for the morning was the Rev. Mr. Betts, who after the service came and spoke to me, for, although I had not remembered him, he knew me.

The church was a new building. The congregation struck me as being very small. I was told that in the evening the house is generally full.

In the evening we went to the Presbyterian Church—Rev. Mr. McLaren's. The building in which the service was being held—for the congregation are erecting a new church—was packed to the door. I have no doubt that when the new church is opened it will speedily be filled. After service Mr. McLaren, W— and myself went to the Methodist Chinese mission. This we found in the Chinese quarter.

The church, which is a commodious and tasteful building erected by the Missionary Society, was quite full, one side being occupied by Chinese, the other by the white population. The Chinese missionary, Mr. Chang, was in charge of the service. Mr. Chang has but recently come from China (of which he is a native) for the purpose of taking charge of this mission. He wore the Chinese costume and spoke in his own language. He is a man of fine presence, a pleasant and fluent speaker, with graceful action. It was evident from the effect manifest upon his hearers that he was deeply interesting them. They listened with great earnestness, and occasionally a smile would pass over the faces of many of them. I should think he had a vein of dry humor in him. In inquiring from Mr. Cumyha, the interpreter, as to the cause of their occasional amusement, he told me that this arose from the exposure of the folly of those of his countrymen who worshipped dumb idols. I addressed them, Mr. Cumyha interpreting. Several of them related their Christian experience. The meeting closed about 10 o'clock. The white portion of the congregation were very devout. The next day, while on board of a large steamer in the Chinese trade, the Port Augustine, a gentleman, a local superintendent on a section of the C. P. R. in the Northwest, spoke to me, referring to the meeting, at which he said he was present, and added that "it was the most deeply interesting meeting he had ever attended."

I learnt that the entire furnishing of the church, organ, etc., had been undertaken by the Chinese themselves, each of them for that purpose contributing \$40, one of their number, though distant at a cannery, cheerfully sending down his \$40.

We commend the large-hearted liberality of these Chinese to the many congregations in this rich Province of Ontario, who seem to take a pride in being regarded as domestic missions, who when they want to build a church, or a parsonage, or manse, or when they wish to furnish either or pay off a debt, make straight for Toronto, and this often for amounts so insignificant as to lead one to ask, What has Christianity done for such congregations? and when will robust Christians be developed out of a system which aims at getting others to do for them that which they ought to do for themselves?

Is it not true that there are congregations in Canada to-day receiving missionary aid which have been receiving it for the last twenty-five years, and if it is extended will continue to receive it for the next twenty-five years? And this remark applies to no one section of the Church more than another, but will be found to exist among Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists. To all such I repeat, I commend the action of these Chinese converts in Vancouver as being in every respect worthy of imitation. Rev. Mr. McLaren also spoke to them, and we left with an undoubted conviction that an excellent work was being done by the



mission. Much of the credit of this is due to the daughter of Rev. Mr. Robson, who had so much to do with its inception, who has given so much time and attention to it, and who is greatly respected and beloved by its members.

Next day we took a carriage and drove through the park, visited the Hastings mill and had a general view of the city.

In many respects Vancouver is the most remarkable place we have seen since leaving Toronto. Vancouver as it is now had no existence three years ago. Where great, wide streets exist to-day was then a dense and unbroken forest. How dense that was and how magnificent were the trees is manifest by the number and size of the trunks which have not yet been removed. Streets now are being opened out, on either side of which the forest remains as it has been for the past hundreds of years; yet, as we drove by these we were told that the price of a lot of 50 feet on one of these forest streets ranged from \$300 to \$1,200.

Great blocks of substantial brick and stone buildings were being rapidly erected, such as would not be out of place in any city on this Continent. A beautiful range of mountains rises grandly, enclosing the bay. The crest of one presents almost an exact representation of Landseer's lions at the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar square.

We rode through the park. How readily do Longfellow's words rise to one's mind in taking this beautiful ride:—

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.

When we came to the big trees and stepped round them, getting as near to them as the roots would allow, we found that we had walked between sixty and seventy feet, and as we looked at them,

Bearded with moss and in garments green,  
Indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic—

we could hardly help fancying that this had been the scene of Longfellow's description and not Acadia, so perfectly did his words describe the picture before us. And again, as all who have looked at these trees will realise, the description is not less striking:

Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Well may the people of Vancouver be proud of their park, upon which I trust no encroachments will be made, however strong the pressure may be, for commercial or other purpose.

The beauties of the park are not seen by many who visit Vancouver, because of the unreasonable and exorbitant charges of hackmen. Many instances of this came under my own notice, while the subject was one of general remark among all the visitors.

One of the medical party was followed to the station by a hackman who had driven him through the park, and claimed that he would take measures to prevent his leaving

by train. The driver refused to take the amount for which he had arranged and insisted upon an extravagant fare.

An American gentleman whom I strongly urged to visit the park, and who, at my suggestion, decided upon doing so, told me when I met him on the train that rather than submit to the extravagant charges of the hackman he had decided not to go. This was no trifling loss to him, because it is a sight which every stranger should see—such a sight as it is difficult to see elsewhere. Surely \$1 75 an hour would be a fair price for any driver, and one to which no one would object; but when \$5, \$6 and \$7 is asked to drive through the park alone, the most generous people are led to hesitate. The Corporation in the interest of the city ought to regulate the fare, and thus put it out of the power of the hackmen to levy extortionate rates.

We visited the Hastings mill, and here were the largest logs that we had ever seen at any mill. The mill seemed well equipped and capable of turning out immense quantities of sawn lumber. We found our friend the Chinaman here, as elsewhere, steadily and diligently attending to his business.

On the opposite side, at Moodyville, were the Moody mills, and at the works of the Company were several large vessels loading square timber for the European markets.

Business, I gathered, was very much overdone, and several assured me that they found

it no easy task to make a profit. What the future of Vancouver may be it is difficult to say. It is the terminus of the C. P. R., which is of immense advantage to it, and with anything like a reasonable development of the many resources of the Province it can hardly fail to become a place of considerable importance.

I found here a most active Y. M. C. Association, with its earnest General Secretary, G. A. Charnock.

I found them actively engaged in prosecuting the work of the erection of a new building, and from their Monthly Review I make the following extract:—"Vancouver expects to commence building April 1. The amount needed for lot, building and furniture is \$36,325. Our assets are \$16,425. We expect to open the building free of debt." No other such effort in any city of the same size on this Continent, it is safe to say, has been put forth by any Y. M. C. A. In the evening I had a pleasant visit at my hotel from the Rev. Mr. Robson, brother of the Premier, who gave me much useful information, and among other things told me how he and others had been successful in rescuing from the Highbinders young Chinese girls, who had been imported for immoral purposes, and how these girls were now in the Chinese Rescue Home, in Victoria, with every hope of a happy future.

And now we are through with Vancouver, and have nothing to do but to get a few photographs of the many lovely places which we had seen in this magnificent Province, arrange for our Pullmans, and commence our journey eastward on the C. P. R.

JOHN MACDONALD.

## The Weekly Times

Victoria, Friday, Oct. 10, 1890.

### A WIERD STORY.

Two Citizens of Seattle Give Their Experience in the North.

Gen. Lyman Banks and John Hutcheson, two citizens of Seattle, have just returned from a two months' cruise of the northern part of British Columbia, and they tell some thrilling stories of sights they have seen and dangerous adventures they experienced during their cruise. The old Hudson Bay Company's trappers all unite in calling the past winter the worst that has been known in that part of the country in the last forty years, and a leaf or two of their log books show that the cruisers found that fact to be only too true.

A reporter happened to meet Gen. Banks on the street, and at his request the general recited the story of his most exciting and interesting cruise. The story is interesting and it is given below in the language of Gen. Banks himself. He began his narrative as follows:

"We started out full of great expectations and pleasant anticipations, and we did not realize for a moment what trials we would have to go through, and I tell you at times it required a great deal of Western grit and push to get ahead. Those who are acquainted with the difficulties of traversing in summer a coast forest, with its thousands of uprooted trees and still worse upheaved foundations, can readily imagine how much greater a hardship it was for us to travel over three feet of snow on a level, and occasionally strike drifts much deeper, and a great deal too much tangle of salal bush for snow shoes. But to add to all our difficulties our half breed guide and the Indian packers refused to go with us as soon as we had penetrated a short distance inland. We had just sighted some hills which they said we could never pass over, and they alleged that no human being had ever succeeded in the attempt.

"They strongly urged and prayed us not to proceed any further, but we had started out with a determination to accomplish a work, and we were not to be baffled so easily in the beginning of our journey. So we packed up a couple

of weeks' rations and an axe in our blankets, and shouldering our Winchester we pushed on alone. Oh, what a journey that was! I shall never forget it as long as I live.

"Where the snow was too soft and deep we managed to make progress by crawling on our hands and knees, and at times we were obliged to lay down and roll to get out of the snow. It was hard struggling by day, but the snow made a soft bed at night. We eaned over 300 miles of our journey, and some of it was in very rough water. But the most startling experience we had, and the one that would interest you most, happened one day just as we were running into a cave to avoid a storm. We got into the cave all right enough, but imagine our horror and disgust when we found ourselves in the midst of the Nahwitti Indian tribe at their cannibal orgies. Cannibalism is prohibited by the Dominion Government, but only a monthly visit from vessels, and the nearest port being miles away, they carry on the horrible practice with impunity.

"We watched the heathens during the day at long range, but under assurance of safety, we ventured after a while into their circle at night and watched them. I can only describe the sight this way: There was a high fire of logs in the centre of the circle, which was constantly attended by two men, and occasionally there was an extra hiss and flash as some uneaten fat was thrown on. The entire tribe encircled the fire, dressed in blankets of many various hues. There were naked dancers, and a dozen or more lusty savages with clubs in their hands beating an accompaniment to their wild songs and dances, and the whole sight made a weird scene that is not soon forgotten. Their feasts consisted of the bodies of their dead. They seldom kill strangers to furnish food for these horrible orgies, as they were all the time quarrelling between themselves and generally had enough dead bodies of braves to satisfy their appetites.

"I had been told in Victoria of the possibility of this, and warned that when wild with the dance the braves rush out and bite a piece out of the first person they come to. Now, I have no objection to be eaten after I am dead, but to be bitten by one of those wild fellows would be as undesirable as the bite of a mad dog, and lest in their excitement they might forget their promise of immunity, I held my hand under my overcoat and grasped a 44-calibre revolver that would have furnished rations fitting the occasion.

"Our sense of security was not increased by one of them making a speech, noticing our presence, and berating the white man's government for trying to deprive the poor Indian of the pleasure of being a cannibal occasionally, especially if he only fed upon his own dead.

"The boy crawled behind the older people and hid, men were bitten, or simulated it, and I was afterward shown scars where they claimed to have been bitten. But we were not molested. One brave, however, probably to test us, made a dash in our direction, but others caught him and turned him another way. It was an all-night session; no one was allowed to leave till all was through, which was five o'clock next morning. We had seen enough, though, and were glad to leave. We proceeded on our journey and came back again without any more exciting adventures, arriving in Seattle only a short time ago. But I never in my life put in such a night as I did the time of those frightful orgies, and I candidly confess I don't want to soon again."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



## CANNIBALS' WILD FEAST.

Repulsive Orgies by the Indians in  
British Columbia.

### THE PROHIBITED DEVIL'S DANCE.

It Is Still Practiced by the Natives—  
Men Who Hide in Caves and De-  
vour Human Flesh—The Dog-Biters.

[Special to the EXAMINER.]

OTTAWA (Ont.), October 14.—Mrs. Tate, who has just returned from work among the Indians of British Columbia, says that among the heathen Indians of the province the women are slaves and are always degraded. They have their heathen feasts still. A short time ago she came across a feast where there were 800 people engaged. A short time before this they went to their northern station, where a cannibal feast was held, in which the cannibals bite dead bodies, and also bite living people.

#### BITE RAW FLESH.

Some of the children who came home had been cruelly bitten in this way. The devil's dance, which is prohibited by legislation, goes on about the same. There are four "religious biters," or dog-eaters. These men hide in caves, where they fast for days and then come out in a frenzied state. Sometimes they bite raw flesh out of human bodies. When they cannot get human flesh they will seize a living dog, tear it up and devour the flesh. This is done to appease angry devils. Disease and sickness is spread by cannibals.

They have whisky feasts, for the purposes of which the tribe gets whisky from Victoria sufficient to fill a canoe. Men, women and children dip into the canoe until they are all mad drunk; then they fight and stab each other, and the friends of those who have been murdered, when they become sober, slash their own bodies with knives.

#### CRUEL TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Mrs. Tate relates a shocking story of the superstitions of these Indians. When an infant is brought into the world they kill a crow, tear out its heart and put it palpitating on the child to ward off disease. Deformed or puny children are killed or allowed to die. Girls are married at eight or nine years of age. In one case a girl of thirteen was forcibly taken away from home to be married to a man who already had two wives. They heard the child screaming as she was kicked and scratched by the man who was carrying her off. If the child is pretty and the other wives are good natured she has not a bad time, but generally she has to work, and when she becomes useless they take her out on a little islet and leave her to die there. One of the most horrible stories was about the devil's cane, a poisonous shrub with which old women are beaten. After the castigation the body swells up to an immense size and the women are left to die in awful agony.

NOVEMBER 5, 1890. *Christian Guardian*

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Oct 23, 1890*

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was opened in the Queen's Avenue church, London, on Wednesday, the 22nd ult.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION. *Oct 23*

Letters were read from A. E. Green, of Wellington, B.C., and from Rev. C. Bryan, President of the British Columbia Conference, and others, in reference to a site for the Crosby School for Girls. These letters almost unanimously expressed a preference for Fort Simpson, rather than Bella-Bella. It was decided, on motion of Mrs. Dr. Carman, to retain the institution at Fort Simpson, where the Boys' School is now located. Mrs. E. S. Strachan moved that Rev. T. Crosby be requested to purchase a suitable site for the new home for girls, at as reasonable a price as possible, subject to the approval of the ladies of the home, the property to be deeded to the Woman's Missionary Society. On motion, this proposition was laid over for further consideration.

An interesting letter was read from Miss J. Cartwell, of Coqualeetza College, B.C., giving an ac-

count of her visit to the schools of other denominations in the Northwest. At this juncture, the Treasurer announced having just received from Rev. Mr. Tate, of the Chilliwack (B.C.) school, a letter enclosing a cheque for \$1,000 from the Government.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION. *Oct 24*

The afternoon session began at 1.30, and steady application alone accounted for the conclusion of the business of the Executive in such short time.

Mrs. Dr. Briggs, of Toronto, continued the reading of the Appropriation Committee report. For the Crosby Home, \$7,100 was appropriated, \$5,000 of which goes towards the new building. In connection with this it was decided that an application be made to the Government for an amount towards building and furnishing the new Crosby Home, and that the plans, etc., be prepared at once, so as to be presented with the application.

## GUARDIAN.

### NOTE FROM REV. MR. CROSBY.

DEAR DR. DEWART,—Please let our friends know that we are still remembered by good people. We called at Nanaimo on May 19th, on our way to Conference, and a Mr. W. M. Langton, who had heard us speak the night before, made us a present of a very good pair of field-glasses, so much needed on our ship; also some zinc, bullets, nails, files, paint, and a set of flat-irons and bread-pan for the Home. It was really very kind, as we need help so much. I hope others will see that we have a good set of dishes; we also need mattresses in our bunks, besides a good set of tools in the engine-room, and as our charts were damaged some years ago by getting wet, we should be glad to get a new set, which would cost only about \$20.

Yours truly, J. CROSBY.  
*Glad Tidings, June 21st, 1890.*

### *June 4* INDIAN WORK. 1890

It will be remembered that at the last annual meeting an appropriation was made for the erection of new buildings for the Crosby Home. The committee decided that land should be secured, to which the society would have a clear title rather than risk the contingencies which might arise from occupying a part of the Indian Reserve. It was the opinion of some of our workers in British Columbia that possibly a more suitable place than Port Simpson might be chosen for the new home. It was, therefore, thought best to consult the British Columbia Conference as to location, and to defer action until the annual meeting. A committee was appointed who shall, in the meantime, make application to the Government for a grant of land and a sum of money sufficient to erect the new buildings. The faithful, self-sacrificing matron, Miss Knight (now Mrs. Walker) having been married recently tendered her resignation of the position she has filled so efficiently. A resolution expressing appreciation of Mrs. Walker's services in the past, and kind wishes for her happiness and usefulness in the future, was carried unanimously. A successor was chosen, conditionally, from the candidates whose applications were considered.

### *Christian Guardian* THE BIBLE IN THE LODGES.

*March -12, 1890*

The aborigines of America have ever been impressed with religious influences. Looking out over the broad sea of the Infinite, the great questions of life have arisen in their hearts. In the stillness of the forest, and amid the immensity of the prairies, they have asked, "Whence came we?" and "Whither are we going?" Impressed with a sense of their dependence upon some higher power. They have sought him in the sun, moon and stars, in the strangely-shaped stones that have dotted the prairies, and the contorted trees upon the banks of the rivers. But alas! in many instances they found him not.

Devoted Christian men, filled with enthusiasm for the welfare of their fellow-men, red and white, followed in the footsteps of Champlain in their aspirations after the salvation of the souls of the Indians. From the shores of Spain and England, honest-hearted teachers of righteousness found their way across the stormy Atlantic, to the shores



of the New World, where the natives of America greeted them as friends, and made them welcome to their hearts and homes.

Las Casas, the Roman Catholic protector of the Indians, followed the adventurous Columbus to the homes of the red men, and taught them zealously the way to life. When unable to enter the camps of hostile Indians, he taught the Indian traders the story of God's love, from the creation's primal day to the ascension of the Son of Man, and translating it into the tongue of the natives, and setting it to music, instructed the traders to sing it in the camps. When the day's trading was over the traders sat upon the ground and sang the wondrous song, keeping time upon native instruments of music. As the Indians listened with intense earnestness, they urged the singers to sing it over again, and continuously they repeated it every night for a whole week. The Bible, song and story had done their work, for the chiefs requested Las Casas and his brother missionaries to visit them, and teach the people more of these spiritual truths. Obedient to the call, they went and won the hearts of the natives for Christ and his religion.

John Eliot, the Protestant apostle of the Indians, left his English home and came to Massachusetts eleven years after the *Mayflower* landed with the noble band of Pilgrim Fathers, and upon beholding the seal of the colony, which was an Indian holding a label in his mouth, with the inscription, "Come over and help us," a deep impression was made upon his mind. Earnestly did he labor among the Natick Indians, translating the Bible into their language, preparing a grammar, primer and other books for the use of the people; and thus, although strongly opposed in his work by many of the colonists, did he continue his ministrations, rejoicing in the salvation of many of the red men. The Bible in the Natick language was the first Bible printed upon the American continent, and it remains a sad relic of a tribe no longer in existence, swept away by unrelenting fate, leaving not a single descendant to tell the story of tradition as related by the aged men in the camps. Only eight copies of this Bible are in existence, and one cultured philologist is the sole member of the human race able to read the book in its native garb.

David Zeisberger, among the Delaware Indians, prepared hymns, grammars, dictionaries and religious books, and translated portions of the Word of God for the use of his Indians. The study of these led the Indian mind away from the superstitious reverence of the heathenish deities, and gave them a love for truth and God. David Brainerd in later years toiled among the Delawares; and when after four successful years among the Indian camps he went home to God, his brother, John Brainard, took up his fallen mantle, and for twenty years he taught the red man the way of life.

Our souls burn with a holy enthusiasm when we read the wonderful story of Hans Egede's labors and life among the Eskimo of Greenland. Again the Bible led the way in civilizing the natives, and many trusted in the Crucified for life and light.

Peter Jones (Kahkewaquonaby) translated for his Ontario Ojibways the New Testament and portions of the Old, assisted by James Evans and Thomas Hurlburt, and the truth read around the camp-fires in the forests touched the hearts of these swarthy sons of the forest province, constraining them to live for God. Touched with the holy fire that fell upon their souls, they travelled long journeys to attend camp-meetings and to listen to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

For fifty years Dr. Stephen Return Riggs toiled among the Sioux Indians, passing through the terrible period of the Minnesota massacre, and living to see schools and churches established among the people. He gave the Bible in the native language to the Dakota Indians, and by its teachings the people have been sustained and guided in many trying hours.

For a long term of years Dr. Silas T. Rand labored among the Mic-Mac Indians of Nova Scotia — a learned man, wholly self-taught, anxious for the good of men and devoted to God. A very extensive dictionary of the Mic-Mac, which he compiled, is now being printed by the Dominion Government. Translations of parts of the Scriptures, hymns, and other religious books were given to the Indians, and these brought hope, peace and salvation to the members of the tribe.

When Chief Joseph, of Oka, was cast into prison, he spent his prison hours translating the Gospels and some hymns into the Iroquois language.

James Evans, in the North-West, invented the wonderful syllabic system of the Cree lan-

guage, and H. B. Steinhauer and Mr. Sinclair translated the Bible into the Cree language. Archdeacon Hunter and wife, and Archdeacon John H. McKay, have left important translations in the Cree language, which have been as guiding stars to the native intellect and soul.

Bishop Horden, of Mossonee, and Archdeacons McDonald and Vincent in the far northern region of Athabasca, have blest with portions of the Word of God, in the native tongues, the people

*Missionary Outlook*  
THE INDIAN WORK.  
Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., March 9th, 1890.

SINCE writing you last, I have been moved from the mission on the Naas to my old mission on the Skeena. While on the Naas I came in contact with much rank heathenism within easy reach of the head-quarters of our mission work. The three heathen villages adjacent to Grenville I visited every week that the ice in the river would allow me safely to cross over. I was greatly blessed in carrying the Gospel to the heathen. It was almost impossible to get them to congregate in one house. In order to reach them, I had to visit from house to house. In that way I was able to tell each household the way of salvation by faith on the Son of God. Some families would give great attention to the Word spoken. In some cases the men would reply to what I had said, would thank me for coming, and invite me to return. Sometimes I would find the houses newly swept, the children's faces washed and their hair combed, in anticipation of my visit, when it was known that I was in the village. One Sabbath after one of my visits, a heathen came as near to the Christian village as he dared, while the bell was ringing the people to church. When the tolling ceased, and the man thought the people engaged in prayer, he was seen to kneel down on the snow as if he, too, wished to offer prayer to the Christian's God. This man was not far from the kingdom of heaven.

Public opinion is very strong in heathen villages against going over to the Christian side. It takes a man of no ordinary strength of mind to take a stand for Christ among the heathen. The taunts and jeers he is subject to seem more than he can bear.

Much kindness was shown me at those heathen villages. On some of my visits I found the people making great preparations for their dances, having their singing schools, carving objects for their tricks of legerdemain. Yet at my request, they would suspend their exercises and listen to the word I would preach to them. While engaged in prayer for the salvation of these people, my faith has been much strengthened. I believe they will yet come to the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. I loved those people on the Naas, and had not my influence over them been undermined, I should have been pleased to have dwelt among them.

Grenville is a small village, having a population of seventy-eight souls. By request I went from house to house, and wrote down the names of every member of every family. The members of the Church were widely scattered, living in as many as ten different villages, from Alaska to Kishpiax.

The church at Grenville is an excellent substantial building, but too large for the population.

Kit-lac-tamux has had no missionary since the early part of 1888, then only for a short time.

In 1889-90, a native agent spent three months only at Kit-wan-silth. The people at this village are almost wholly given up to heathenism, the potlatch and the dance occupying their time through most of the winter months, either at home or at the neighboring villages. I was only able to visit Kit-lac-tamux

and Kit-wan-silth once during my stay on the Naas, which I described in a former letter. A missionary should not be trammelled with business affairs.



We reached our old mission on the Skeena on the 12th of October, found most of the people away from home. Our Sabbaths since that time have been times of refreshing. Our week-night services have been well attended. Our class-meetings have been highly profitable. Our Bible-class has been well attended, and much interest has been taken in the study of God's Word. We have seen the hearts of the people stirred by the spirit and power of that word. Our band of Christian workers has rendered us valuable aid. A week ago, quite early Sabbath morning, one of the band went through the village singing, "O brother, be faithful," etc. After singing he would give a word of exhortation and offer prayer for the spiritual welfare of his countrymen. We had a good early prayer-meeting that morning, though the weather was very cold.

My predecessor, Brother Hopkins, had well finished the church which was in building previous to my leaving Essington in 1888. We have much to be thankful for on this mission. We have a good day-school well conducted by Miss Tranter, late of Chesley, Ontario, also a good Sunday-school, divided into classes, some of which are taught by native teachers. Our Church catechism translated into the Tsimshian, is committed to memory by the scholars, as well as passages of Scripture.

Though we have much to cheer, yet we have also foes to fight. There has been much illicit traffic in intoxicants, for which some Indians have a strong appetite. As in every other place, so here, the excessive use of intoxicants produces its long train of evils. I am glad to say that we are putting a check upon this illegal ruinous business. The government of British Columbia is affording us great help in this matter. Were I to relate what has come under my notice during the last few months, as the effects of intoxicants on both Indians and whites, your deepest sympathy would be quickened for the victims of the traffic, and your greatest indignation would be aroused against those illegal, heartless vendors, who care not if both body and soul of the Indian perish, provided they can profit by his loss.

During the holiday season, there was but little feasting and revelry. The spirit of the people has been Christward.

We think the past winter in many respects has been one of the best seasons we have experienced since our coming on the mission field.

Our people are already on the move, and strangers are coming in to share in the labor of curing the salmon.

We ask an interest in the prayers of all God's people.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.  
*Missionary Outlook*  
Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT ESSINGTON,  
(December 8th, 1889) *Feb 1890*

FOR some time I wished to give you an account of our last round trip of two months, steady running, which included 2,427 miles and 55 or more public services. On our way south I took my family to Bella Bella, to help Bro. Beavis at his work for a short time, and we made a visit to Kimsquit, Taliome and Bella Coola. Our friends at Bella Coola, as well as at Bella Bella and Kit-a-maat, are earnestly desiring to build a church, but from want of lumber and financial help they are not able to go on, although they have given well of their poverty to help to build, and we ought to go on. At Rivers Inlet a small place has been put up, mostly by Brother Bretts' own hands, and we must build at the Warnock Cannery in the spring, if possible. The Canning Co. gave \$100 and a piece of ground toward the project. We spent two Sabbaths among the logging camps in the vicinity of Seymour Narrows. There is a grand field for a live man to take these logging camps in the summer, and the Indians at Cape Mudge in the winter. The men

received us kindly, and mostly came to the services.

The boat had to be inspected in Victoria, which took several days, and then we were off again. Spent one night at Nanaimo, had a good service with Miss Lawrence and her people. Our return trip took in missionary meetings at Bella Bella and Kit-a-maat, which were blessed times, and the people did well in collections. The next Sabbath was spent at Naas, and although the people were not all at home, they were ahead of last year in their missionary givings at the meetings. The following week we started for the Queen Charlotte Island, but it was so stormy we turned back and spent a Sabbath at Port Simpson, and we took the missionary services. Collections, \$37.

Then Monday, moved my family down here, as Brother Hopkins is gone on a furlough, promised him for some time, as you know; so, as it seemed impossible to get a supply, it was thought best (although I should have to forego much of my work) that I should come here.

Our trip to Skidegate, Gold Harbor, etc., was a little better than the one last year at this time, still it was rough enough. We had good missionary meetings at Skidegate and Gold Harbor. We left Brother George Edgar at the latter place, sorry we had to leave the church without an efficient supply.

It will be hard for us to go over last year as a district in missionary subscriptions and collections, as our people are not nearly so well off as they were a year ago.

We rejoice to tell you we are now in the midst of a blessed revival at this place. All the people have been stirred, and numbers have been converted. A party has gone off to Simpson to tell their brethren there about it; we trust by this and the blessing of God it may spread all over the coast.

Last Sabbath over eighty testified in the meeting to the power of God to save; and yesterday was a day of power, many souls were saved.

Pray for us that this blessed work may spread everywhere.

#### LETTER FROM PORT SIMPSON.

DEAR SIR,—A word about our Boys' Boarding-school. You will remember that this building was put up by the assistance of friends, mostly in this country. At the end of the year we closed with seven boys, all in good health and doing well. At our Conference the matter came up, and it was thought we might take in more boys, as we had to turn many away for want of funds. At a committee meeting several of our friends proposed to each keep a boy, until the number ran up to ten, at \$50 each. Of course, we shall have nothing to spare at this rate; but if we could have twenty or thirty, we might keep them much more easily. It is to be hoped the General Board of Missions may do something towards this. We give them a building costing about \$1,500, free, and hope they will make us an annual grant.

The Chatham boys keep one. Mrs. Nash (Vancouver, B.C.), President Betts. Rev. Mr. Green, Rev. J. H. White, and Mr. Pierson (New Westminster), each promise to support a boy—not forgetting our good and tried friend, Mr. G. Robinson, North Toronto, who is providing for one. Now, who will take another, as a thank-offering, this centenary year? Let all help that can. We must have the boys trained up for work. Of course, we shall be glad of any small donations, and some of the Sabbath-schools will no doubt take up the support of a boy. Do all you can to help us with these dear boys. They are being trained to work and help themselves.

T. CROSBY.  
Port Simpson, July 24th, 1891.

#### A Steamer Wrecked.

VICTORIA (B. C.), January 3.—Intelligence has just been received from Kitkatlah Harbor, in the northern portion of the province, of the probable total loss of the Methodist missionary steamer Glad Tidings. She was lying at anchor when a heavy gale sprang up and drove her ashore. She had not sufficient steam to keep her off the rocks. The details are meager and it is not known whether there was any loss of life. She was valued at about \$10,000.



## ACCIDENT TO THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

*Missionary Outlook April 1891.*

THE following letter from the Rev. Thos. Crosby, under date of February 13th, gives some details of an accident which befell the *Glad Tidings* during a heavy gale in November last. The severity of the gale may be inferred from the fact that steam up and two anchors out were powerless against it. It is to be hoped that help will be promptly forthcoming, so that the *Glad Tidings* may at once resume her missionary trips. Mr. Crosby writes :—

The *Glad Tidings* has come to us again from Hartly Bay, where she was detained all winter by a serious accident she met with last November. She was ready to start for Queen Charlotte Island, with a load of lumber and a teacher for Clue, and while at anchor a gale came up and blew so strong, that although two anchors were down and steam up, she was drifted ashore. One anchor was lost and the other dragged, and she struck a rock and broke a hole in her side. Just then the wind calmed down, so Mr. Oliver steamed out again, although she was filling with water, and ran her ashore on a beach. The same night the wind came up again as bad as ever, and there she lay on the shore battered and bruised by the high sea, amidst pebbles and boulders. If she had not been well built, she must have gone to pieces. As it is, her keel is chafed and bruised, and one side of her planking very much injured. She is full of water, hence the cement covering is all off the boiler; bunkers went down; lockers burst out; doors broken; skylight broken; clock, weather glass, compass injured or gone; lamps, dishes destroyed; charts no good. I think it will take from \$500 to \$700 to fix her up in good shape again. I have spent a week at Georgetown mills, getting a place prepared for her. We have her so we can get at her keel. She will need a new keel and some planks. We shall have all the ballast to take out, and shall have to put in some machinery, and indeed she needs a great deal of fixing up. I hope our friends will come to our help in this our time of need. We shall go to work and fix her up, expecting their help.



picture where He hung on the cross. The old lady sighed deeply, and said, "What a pity for such a good man to be so cruelly used by those wicked people!" The Chinese are full of wonder. For years it has seemed impossible that a knowledge of Christ should ever penetrate to the haughty, imperial palace of China, or reach the heart of one seated on the Dragon Throne. And to think that the tiny edge of this wedge was pushed into place by a *tailor*, of all people! The Christians have prayed with a new faith for those in authority.—Mrs Emma D. Smith, in "The Pacific."

#### DESTROYING THE IDOLS.

I DO not know if I told you of a woman who came here some months ago too ill to walk, who lived some distance outside the city. On Fridays she always stayed, as others do, for the women's class. Gradually she recovered, and is now quite well. About two weeks ago she asked if I would go to her house and preach. This, unfortunately, I cannot do, but I was willing to go with the Bible-woman, and do what I could. Then we found she wished to make our going the occasion of disposing of her idols, and owning our Lord as the true God. Rain hindered our going once or twice, but at last the Bible-woman and I started off with the woman who came herself to escort us. It was a long, hot walk. We found her house was one of a cluster, out of which quickly streamed old and young men and women. After I had made some arrowroot for her little girl, who was just recovering from a severe attack of illness, some little stools and a small table were brought out into the open space, and thirty or more of the neighbors gathered round us. I showed them Scripture pictures, sang a hymn, and then showed a card on which had been written that there is only one true God who made heaven and earth, and all the idols of men's making are useless; and that there is one true saving Lord, Jesus Christ, and whosoever believes in Him has forgiveness of sins. Then I ask who believed it, and said I did, and that the Bible-woman did. Then the woman said she did, too, so I made her a present of the card.

She then asked us into her house, or hovel, as you would call it, with its mud floor, mud walls, and no window, with one door opening into the open air, and another into the next compartment, which was in fact a cow-shed. Opposite the main door, as usual, was the altar, where there was a red paper with the inscription that heaven and earth are our gods, and we ought to worship them. In front of this was the incense stand, and stumps of candles remained, which had been burnt to the gods. Up got the woman before us all, as we crowded in, and tore down all the paper. Then she called for a vegetable-knife, and with this great chopper she cut down a board which hung over the top, and represented a part of their old idol worship, scraped down the wall, and got all the characters off the board. She next took away the incense lamps and bits of candle, and brushed the whole place free from dust, and then with a lighted bunch of straw she set fire to all the scraps of paper, etc., inside the little hut, without either chimney or window. It seemed as if the place would either be burnt down, or we should be quite smoked out. But the event was

too sacred to leave room for fear or feeling of discomfort, so we stood still till all was consumed that belonged to the old belief. Then in the best words I could find I prayed for a blessing on this confession of the true God, and asked that those around who had seen it might be lead to believe in Him, too; and the Bible-woman poured out an earnest prayer in the same strain. After this we gave text-cards to all who were there, and left with much expression of hearty kind feeling.—M. J. DAVIDSON in *Friend of Missions*.

### Along the Line.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., November 26th, 1889.

AFTER the two months' leave of absence granted me by the Conference, I returned to the Port Simpson District, and at once repaired to my new field of labor on the Naas River, the first week in August. The people belonging to our mission were widely scattered, and a considerable time elapsed before I could make their acquaintance. From the first the Lord was present with us at our services. We felt that if these seasons of grace were a forecast of our work on the Naas, then good times were in store for us. As the Sabbaths passed our meetings grew in interest. I have seen many weep on account of sin, but never saw one weep so bitterly as a strong, intelligent man wept at our principal mission station on account of his sin. He wanted, he said, his repentance to be deep and genuine. It is being followed by the fruits. The fourth week in October Brothers Crosby and Green paid a visit to the Naas. We quote the following from a note made on their visit: "On Sunday, the 27th October, 1889, the new church at Lach-al-tsap was opened by the Revs. A. E. Green and Thomas Crosby, the former preaching the first sermon on Psalm cvi. 15, in the morning. In the afternoon the latter preached from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. In the evening a missionary meeting was held, the Rev. Mr. Crosby being the chief speaker. The collections and subscriptions amounted to \$81.20. It was, indeed, a profitable day. The Lord was present with us. We were glad to meet those brethren and to have their valuable assistance." The church is not finished. The subscriptions now due, when paid, will meet all necessary outlay to complete the work. We have day-school now, in charge of Mr. Gibson, Sunday-school and all the services of the church in full operation.

The mouth of the Naas is in latitude 55° N. The course of the river is from north-north-east, passing through the Coast range of mountains, which rise in many parts directly from the edge of the water. Here and there are low flats suitable to the growth of roots and the hardier vegetables. On entering the mouth of the river the mind is struck with wonder and admiration by the sublimity of the sight. It appears as if one was in a small land-locked sea, surrounded by lofty mountains, the peaks of some being thickly mantled with enduring snow. It is a scene one can always delight in whenever it presents itself. On the



right bank, just above the mouth, is the Indian village of Kincolith, under the care of the Church Missionary Society. Directly opposite, at a distance of about four miles, is Naas Harbor, where we have a church and mission house, and which is the centre of our summer work with the natives of the Naas, called the Niskah tribes. A short distance from Naas Harbor, over a trail, brings us to Echo Cove, where many Indians and others reside during the fishing season, a cannery having been recently erected there. About two miles up from Kincolith, on the same side of the river, another cannery was erected last summer. At this place many Indians reside in summer. About sixteen miles up the river, on the right bank, is Fishery Bay, where we have a neat church, occupied by the natives during the oolachan fishing in spring, and in summer by the salmon fishermen who work on that part of the Naas. Four miles above Fishery Bay, on the same side, is the village of Lach-al-tsap or Greenville, our headquarters on the Naas. Taking this village as a centre, about a mile on the opposite side is the heathen village of Kit-eeks. Nearly two miles above, on the same side, is the small heathen village of Ilh-kistimt wilwiligate—about a mile from which, opposite, is another small heathen village, called Angitagh. Nearly thirty miles above Greenville, on the right bank, is the village of Kit-wan-silh, where we have a small church now in charge of our native agent, Jonathan Mercer. Over ten miles above Kit-wan-silh, on the same side, is Kit-lach-tamux, said to be the largest village on the Naas. Below this village, about two miles, is Iyens. Here for years the Church Missionary Society has been trying to build up a Christian village, gathering the people from other places as they grew tired of heathenism. Here ends the peopled part of the Naas. The second week in this month I started to visit the upper Naas in company with three Indians; strong, faithful men they proved themselves to be. By taking a long day and working very hard, having to use poles to push the canoe against the strong current, we reached Kit-wan-silh the first day. There were but few people at home. By the noise we heard we felt we were in the midst of heathenism. Accompanied by our native agent, we visited every house where people were found at home, preached to them the Lord Jesus, and, of course, sang and prayed with them. In one of the houses we met a man and his wife from our Christian village. We could not but mark the great difference between the civilized and the heathen Indian.

Early next morning we started up the river for Kit-lach-tamux, visiting on our way many fish camps, where the people employ themselves in catching and drying salmon. We preached the joyful tidings of salvation at each camp we visited. At the last camp we visited there were as many as fifty people, some Christians, but the majority were heathen. At one of the camps we found a medicine man practising over a sick old man. The old doctor was physically and spiritually blind. He had a spherical box containing shot or small stones, which he rattled over the sick man, almost nude, uttering his weird incantations. When the sick man saw me, he gave a piteous look, as much as to say, Help me. As the doctor rattled, I gave the sick man good medicine that made him better by next

day. It was laughable to see the old doctor finish his practice. He rattled near the sick man's mouth with great force, put down his rattle, put his two hands on the sick man's head, and with too much friction to be comfortable, drew them down over his face, grasping the mouth and pretending to take something away; then placing his two closed hands together as people do when looking at a distant object, he blew into them with great force, and thus took the disease away from the sick man.

How I pitied the blindness of those people. The doctor said to the sick man, "Has he given you medicine?" when he was told I had, he said, "Good! good!" The doctor then asked me to give him some medicine. I replied, "You are a doctor, take your own medicine. But doctors don't like to prescribe for themselves." I gave him medicine, and told him and the people with him of the Great Physician of souls, and recommended them to put themselves into His keeping. We reached Kit-lach-tamux, at nearly dark; entered an Indian house in which to spend the night. When we were at supper two Indians came in, stood in a stolid manner, then or began to speak in short, rapid sentences, announcing a big potlatch to be given, to begin that night, to which all were invited. Soon the people got ready, putting on their best, and went to the great gathering. Many three Indians and I also went. Before entering, I was told that I was at the door and that I wished to go in, having something good to tell them. They invited us in. We went in, and preached to them the blessed Gospel of Christ. As we spoke, men were seen to draw nearer that they might the better hear the Word of Life. After singing and prayer, they went on with their heathen rite, giving away property in honor of two dead children. They had a great many large bales and boxes of blankets, marmot skins, and piles of prints, besides immense quantities of biscuit, rice, etc., to distribute. About one hundred and fifty people were present. The house was a very large one. In the centre was a huge fire of resinous wood, in which was thrown handfuls of candle fish, which gave a most brilliant light; but it was a great waste of good things—all for "honor."

Kit-lach-tamux is practically without a missionary. We can only occasionally visit it, owing to natural obstacles. Apparently very little good remains of the work done by the native agents. A few years ago two young men of Kit-lach-tamux promised to go to school and to aid in building a house if a certain teacher was sent back; he was sent to another field. Since scarcely anything has been done for those people. The last agent was there in January and February 1888. Many of the people say they would like to have a school for their children, while others are very indifferent. It is true the C. M. S. has an agent at Iyens, a short distance down the river; but while he is waiting for the people to come down to him, the children of Kit-lach-tamux are growing up to manhood, becoming confirmed in heathenism, with the chance of being lost to Christ. This should not be. The work should be carried on with greater vigor. If an active white man could be got to take hold of the work there with plenty of adhesiveness under great trial, so good would be done, and a large village be won for Christ.



The law against potlatching is not enforced. The Indians regard this as a sign of weakness. The law has been fully explained to them, the penalties for its violation have been made known, yet the officers whose duty it is to maintain the dignity of the "Queen's law," seem half-hearted about it. This is a misfortune, for the potlatch is a curse to the people, and a great barrier to their advance in civilization and Christianity.

*Letter from REV. J. W. WINSLOW, dated NICOLA LAKE, B.C., January 29th, 1890.*

[T] is now one year and five months since I entered the work on this field. I cannot help mourning the littleness of the apparent good accomplished, and the not very encouraging prospect ahead; however, I have cause to thank God that my labor has not been "in vain in the Lord." I have known the hearts of Christians and sinners melted to tears by the power of the Gospel at two or three of the appointments. Two souls have been converted to God, and we hope to receive them into full connexion in a few weeks. They are a young husband and wife from Ontario. May God sustain and guide them, that they may be faithful witnesses for Christ in a place where such are very much needed. One aged backslider arose in fellowship-meeting, and, in accents broken with weeping, declared his determination to meet his family in heaven. Two or three others have been in a state of conviction for some time; but the enemy is strong and popular, and the work very slow, and you will not be surprised at this when the following facts are considered. The character of the people is well hinted at when we say that the generality of them are here, to a great extent, because they have set gold and popular freedom from moral and religious restraints far above more noble "goods" that are to be found in the homes left behind in the places from whence they have come. Therefore, to a large degree, "God is not in all their thoughts."

Including all that can possibly be reached in this valley (*i.e.*, whites), I think one hundred and ninety-nine is the population. Nearly four-fifths of this number are by birth or membership adherents of other denominations and the congregations, for whatever denomination, range between five and thirty. Of course, Sabbath-breaking, drinking and card-playing are common, and dancing has the support and countenance of the members of other churches. Several of our members, though they will not dance themselves because of discipline, yet virtually uphold dancing. Then our membership is so small, that after account is taken of the number of young people whose characters are yet forming and looking for example, and of those heads of families whose religious principles are elastic, there are so few scattered through a valley sixty miles long, that revival meetings seem out of the question, and we are shut up to the regular services and a couple of prayer-meetings, with difficulty kept up, besides private working with individuals.

About two months ago, four young people connected with one of our families here, who had been converted at Owen Sound, Ontario, came among us,

and it is pleasant to see their faithfulness so far amidst so great temptations.

I trust the Church may continue to send a laborer to this field; one who is faithful in reproof and opposition against sin, and lives an earnest life consistent with his profession; for though such work is against the tide, yet I believe it is the Lord's work, and that He will yet visit this people and do a great work among them.

For some years back the valley has been decreasing in population and in prosperity, and the past summer, with its grasshopper scourge, and this winter, with its steady severity, are very hard on the people; hence finances are a pretty hard question. However, the parsonage has been furnished and improved to the value of about \$140, about half of this amount being received from some liberal Christians of Ontario. My salary will be a little short at the best; the missionary and other contributions, I trust, a little in advance of last year.

#### MANITOBA CONFERENCE.

*Letter from REV. W. P. MCHAFFIE, dated FISHER RIVER, Dec. 15th, 1889.*

ACCORDING to instructions received from Bro. Rutledge, I visited our people at Beren's River on December 8th. Held service, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There is, I am pleased to state, a marked improvement in the general condition of affairs in that quarter since my last visit in March.

Since the arrival of Bro. West to take charge of the school, Bro. Butler has devoted himself with a will to the work of the Church. The work has prospered. The people have now all they want, *viz.*, a missionary and a teacher, and are contented. Our service was well attended, a goodly number partaking of the sacrament, and many gratifying evidences were shown of a deep spiritual work among the people.

Beren's River is, under our present arrangement of the work on Lake Winnipeg, an important field; and, as is usually the case, in proportion to its importance so is its labor. About seventy miles north on the lake is Poplar River, where we have five families who have embraced the Gospel, and twenty-five families of Pagans. A government school is kept open among them during the year. But what is required is a mission school, with a teacher who will do mission work on Sunday. In my opinion, if we intend to make "disciples" of those Indians, it can only be done by placing a missionary on the reserve. The scattering visits which they are receiving now, on account of the distance and difficulty in travelling, will never do it.

Grand Rapids, one hundred miles up the Beren's River, comprises between twenty-five and thirty families, of which only thirteen persons are connected with the Church. This band Bro. Butler visits when circumstances will allow, which is not often. In summer the trip is made in canoes, and fifty-two times in one hundred miles the canoes have to be taken out of the river and carried over portages. When the missionary takes an active part in those proceedings, as he generally has to do, he is scarcely in the frame of



mind or body for the work of the Church. The people are preparing to build a school, and expect to have it completed next summer. They then intend to ask the Government for a teacher during the summer months. In winter the people are scattered, hunting, so that the school could not be kept open then. This school also ought to be in our own care, and I have little doubt but that we can have it if we make application.

One hundred and three miles from Grand Rapids is another band who last year settled on a reserve, now named "Pekangekum." Sukuske, a head man of this band, speaking for the people, refused to receive the offered visits of Bro. Langford in 1886. Bro. Butler talked with the old man this summer during the time of the Treaty Payments, and found him very communicative and friendly. He said he wanted his missionary brothers to come up and see him and his people, and they would give him plenty to eat.

Bro. Butler describes those people as a fine looking, honest set of men, free from the imported vices of the white man; vices which, I am sorry to say, are the most stubborn and demoralizing with which the missionary has to deal.

*Letter from REV. JOHN McDougall, dated MORLEY, ALBERTA, Feb. 6th, 1890.*

I HAVE just had word from some of our missions in the north. Robert Steinhauer, from Saddle Lake, says, "Our people still show a teachable spirit. They are striving to walk near to God. Our meetings are always well attended, both on Sundays and weekdays."

"The attendance at our schools is good, and we have not to complain of the children being kept away by their parents; on the other hand, these are anxious that their children should attend school."

Bro. McLachlin writes: "I am exceedingly thankful to a kind Providence for restored health. The Master is still blessing us. We can report progress. This is a hard winter. Owing to the drouth of last season, the people are having a hard fight to keep the wolf from the door. We will not be able this year to do anything in the way of missionary subscriptions, as every dollar that can be raised will be needed to keep off actual starvation, and purchase seed for next season. Winter wolves are becoming bold, some of them coming within twenty yards of the house."

At Morley we have every reason to thank God for His blessing upon our work. Our last Quarterly Meetings were seasons of special interest. The people are grasping the truth, a deeper work of grace is going on. Class-meetings, are well attended, and our week-night prayer-meetings are full of power. Slowly yet surely the heaven is working. The change which has come over these Indians for the better in the last ten years is wonderful. They are not one-tenth the trouble and anxiety they were to us then. My wife and myself often talk about this. We feel that we are coming out of the wilderness with these people, and are exceedingly glad because of the pleasant change which has taken place.

The Orphanage is doing first-class work, considering its equipment.

## Facts and Illustrations

THERE are about 200 million Mahomedans in the world.

It is said that five million young people never attend church.

THERE are in all 443 missionaries, 1,000 males, and 266 females.

UPWARD of two million youths of both sexes are receiving a liberal education.

LADY visitors have been appointed to visit the prisons in England and Wales.

TWICE the number of the population are in darkness in China every year.

THERE are 80,000 Jews in Vienna, Austria, and are said to be easily reached with the Gospel.

THE African Methodist Church has done much to publish in Philadelphia home for its aged and infirm, at a cost of \$50,000.

WITH the exception of 30,000 Roman Catholics, a few hundred Protestant Christians, and a few of 800,000 souls, and said to be even more heathen.

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year has been enlarged and now holds four hundred people, and is called the "Martin Luther Church."

There never having been any division of Presbyterianism in Manitoba, there was nothing to complicate church extension in Winnipeg, so that the territory of the city has been fairly covered by these congregations, and undoubtedly the Presbyterians represent an amount of religious force second to no other body. Winnipeg is the seat of Manitoba College, the seminary of our church for the North-West. In this there are this year 22 Theological students, 50 University students, and 40 preparatory. The College is an engine of immense power for the church. In it Rev. Prof. Hart, who was sent out in 1872 as the representative of the Church of Scotland in Canada, labours still, while Rev. Principal King has since 1883 devoted himself most enthusiastically to its interests. We may well say in looking back over the less than eighteen years since our first church organization took place in Winnipeg, what hath God wrought! The orderly character of the city, its quiet Sabbath, which all its visitors notice, its great interest in education as evinced by its excellent colleges and schools, and its high tone of political and general morality, are the evidences that a vigorous religious life is found in it, which the Presbyterian Church has not been the least factor in developing. There are upwards of 8,000 Presbyterians in Winnipeg. The number of communicants is 1,710; scholars in S. Sc. and Bible-class, 1,758; contributions last year for church purposes, \$29,445; average per member \$17.20.

GEORGE BRYCE.

## British Columbia.

BY REV. D. MACRAE.

THE past year has been the best in the history of the church in this Province. From the west coast of Vancouver Island to the Columbia River—throughout the vast bounds of the Presbytery—quiet, steady work has been going on. Throughout the year every pulpit has been occupied and every settlement of any size or importance has been more or less fully supplied with the services of the Church, distant Cariboo, one of the first mission fields occupied by the Church in B.C., alone excepted. Unlike eastern Provinces, population here is largely centered in the cities along the coast, much of the country being wholly uninhabited, and where settlements are found, being generally small and scattered. Outside of the towns and cities, church ex-

tension is in consequence attended by special difficulties. It is, however, found that church life being strong at the centres, it partakes of the same character in the smaller and more remote settlements.

### CITIES.

(1.) *Victoria*.—The two large and influential congregations here enjoyed a year of uninterrupted harmony and prosperity. St. Andrew's has recently completed the erection of the most complete and beautiful church edifice in the Province. The First Church, now free from debt, contemplates moving in the direction of church enlargement at an early date. (2.) *Vancouver*.—The ministers of this city have had their time fully occupied and their strength taxed in the effort to provide for the immense stream of population flowing to that point. The pressure is now very much relieved by the recent completion of the new St. Andrew's Church, a handsome and commodious edifice. (3.) *New Westminster*.—St. Andrew's. This fine old pioneer congregation maintains its position as thoroughly organized and vigorous in every department of church work—its fine large brick church, completed during the early part of the year, affording the necessary accommodation for a rapidly increasing population. The Rev. R. Jamieson conducts regular services as chaplain of the Dominion penitentiary. (4.) *Nanaimo*.—The congregation here, until recently under the supervision of the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland is now in a thoroughly organized and vigorous condition with a comfortable new church. Mr. Miller, who has been in charge for the past two and a-half years, by appointment of the Colonial Committee, found it necessary, owing to the state of his health, to resign at the end of the year. This occasions sincere regret.

### MISSION FIELDS.

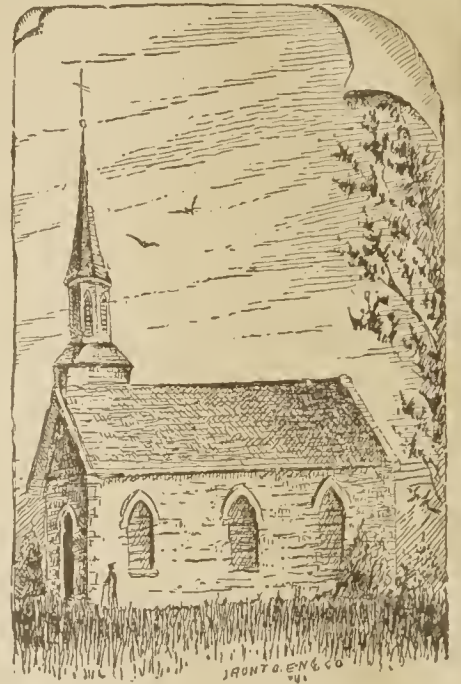
(1.) *Alberni*.—A new, isolated but very important settlement on the west coast of Vancouver Island; vacant during the winter but supplied for the summer by Mr. Lockhart, an energetic student from Manitoba College, and since his return to College by Mr. Pillar, an experienced catechist; the only Protestant service in the settlement; contributions for six months about \$150. (2.) *Comox*.—An important agricultural and coal-mining district; three regular preaching stations; a comfortable church and manse, the latter erected during the year; missionary's labours very arduous; Rev. Alex. Fraser in charge for the past 3 years; progress very marked; \$600 raised towards salary. (3.) *Victoria District*.—An extensive and long neglected agricultural district, along with the Royal Naval Station of Esquimaux; 5 preaching stations; contribute \$600 towards salary; progress satisfactory and prospects encouraging; Rev. D. McRae, assisted during last summer by Mr. Knowles of Manitoba College,



the C.P.R. arrived here from the east. On the 1st of July, 1886, the first through train from Winnipeg departed on its romantic journey across the prairies and over the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver on the Pacific—marking an area in the history of Canada of the full importance of which we can as yet form a very imperfect conception. Winnipeg is no mean city. Its streets are broad and regular—Main street being one of the finest streets in the Dominion. Its educational and benevolent institutions compare favourably with those of any city of its size on the continent. It has seven banks and fifty hotels, two daily and seven weekly newspapers. Steamers ply from Winnipeg, or in low water from West Selkirk, to the northern end of the lake, there to connect at the mouth of the Saskatchewan with others that run 1,000 miles up that mighty river. Winnipeg has its House of Parliament and Government House, a handsome Court House and a number of other very fine public buildings. Affiliated to the Provincial University there are five colleges—four of them well equipped and comfortably housed—the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and the Medical College; while the Wesley (Methodist) College has lately been begun. There are now in the city three Roman Catholic churches, six Episcopalian, six Presbyterian (including Kildonan), five Methodist, two Baptist, two Congregational, one Icelandic Lutheran, a Scandinavian and a Jewish Synagogue. Besides these, two other Presbyterian missions have just been undertaken, one by St. Andrew's church at Point Douglas, the other by Knox Church on Langside street. The Roman Catholics were first in the field in 1818. The Church of England followed in 1820. Each of these has its Cathedral. There are also a vigorous Young Men's Christian Association, a thoroughly equipped Hospital, a Children's Home and a House of Refuge.

It was in 1851 that the Rev. John Black was sent by the Presbyterian Church of Canada to undertake the work of founding the Presbyterian cause in the Red River valley. He took up his abode at Kildonan, giving occasional services in the Court House at Winnipeg. The little church built by him and still in use, may therefore be called the mother of all the Presbyterian churches in the North-West. In 1869-70 a small church was erected in Winnipeg, afterwards known as Knox Church. In

1871, the writer was sent by the General Assembly, as professor, to begin Manitoba College and to have charge of Knox Church which was separated from Kildonan. In 18



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, KILDONAN.

and remained with its temporary supply until Oct., 1874, when Rev. James Robertson was inducted as its first regular pastor. The new church erected during his incumbency was sold in the time of the "boom." In 1881 Mr. Robertson was appointed Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, and in August 1882, Rev. D. M. Gordon, of Ottawa, succeeded him as pastor of Knox Church, and for five years ministered successfully to the congregation, who built for him the handsome church of the present time. In 1888, Rev. F. B. Duval, of Toledo, Ohio, was inducted. In the meantime a peaceful "hiving off" took place from Knox Church, and St. Andrew's Church was begun in the north part of the city. Its first pastor was the Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of Halifax, who ministered with marked success for six years. He was succeeded by Rev. John Hogg, of Moncton, N.B., the present pastor. The North Presbyterian Church, an offshoot from St. Andrew's, was founded about 1885, and now occupies a handsome brick church. Rev. D. B. Whimster first ministered to this congregation, which is at present under the charge of Rev. John Hogg, formerly of Toronto. In 1887, the neat and commodious church, known as "Augustine Church," was erected on the south side of the Assiniboine. Over this Rev. A. B. Baird has been appointed missionary, being also on the staff of Manitoba College. In 1888 preaching was commenced among the Icelanders of Winnipeg, who number about 2,000, by a Presbyterian Icelandic student, Mr. Jonas Johannsen. The church erected last



in charge for the past 4 years. (4.) *Richmond*.—Promoted to the position of supplemented charge; called Rev. J. A. Jaffray, B.A., for three years missionary in charge of Spallumcheen, in August last; comfortable church and manse, latter erected during the year; 2 stations; congregation not large but very spirited; contribute \$700 towards salary; prospects very bright. (5.) *Delta*.—A new field; first occupied last year; a good farming district; 3 stations; \$600 expected towards salary. In charge for past 5 months of Rev. Mr. Warren. (6.) *Langley and Port Haney*.—An extensive and laborious field, situated on both sides of the Fraser River; strength and endurance of the minister severely taxed; difficult, and at times dangerous boating and very bad roads; 3 comfortable churches; one erected during the year, and a house in course of erection by the minister for his own use; \$700 raised towards salary; in charge for the first three years of the Rev. Alex. Tait; complete organization and satisfactory progress. (7.) *Mount Lehman and Agassiz*.—Situated also on both sides of the Fraser River, and partaking of the same character, so far as the difficulties of working are concerned, as the field last noticed. This is a comparatively new field; \$600 expected towards salary; Rev. Alex. Dunn in charge for past year; a promising field. (8.) *Chilliwack*.—An old and important agricultural district; progress here has been very rapid; congregation not large but very energetic and liberal; 2 stations with comfortable church and manse; Rev. W. R. Ross in charge for the past year. (9.) *Kamloops*.—A growing town and an important railway and business centre in the interior; congregation thoroughly organized, liberal and energetic, with a handsome and comfortable church; the outlook very encouraging; \$850 raised towards salary; Rev. John Chisholm in charge for the past three years. (10.) *Nicola*.—An important cattle ranching district; settlement very scattered; until recently under the supervision of the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland; two or three preaching stations and one church. For the past three years in charge of the Rev. Mr. Murray by appointment of the Colonial Committee. (11.) *Spallumcheen*.—An important agricultural district also in the interior; the Rev. J. K. Wright succeeded Mr. Jaffray here in May last; a long neglected district; the people express warmly their gratitude to the church and appreciation of church ordinances; a good foundation has been laid and the prospects are very encouraging; \$600 are raised towards salary. (12.) *Vernon*.—This is a new field subdivision of the one last noticed. It having been found impossible to secure the necessary oversight, without overtaxing the missionary's strength, a grant was authorized and an appointment made by the Home Mission Committee at its October meeting; \$600 are expected to be received towards salary.

By appointment of the Presbytery, Mr. Chisholm visited and thoroughly explored, last summer, an hitherto unknown region, settled by miners and cattlemen lying towards the international boundary. He reported to the Presbytery a most favourable opening for a young man capable of performing the combined duties of missionary, and tutor to the family of a wealthy cattle rancher who promises \$300 towards his support. The Presbytery hopes to avail itself of this interesting opening in the Spring. Certainly, not the least interesting or important event of the year has been the reception, under the care of the Presbytery of the congregations of Nicola and Nanaimo—the former with its minister. This was brought about at the unanimous request of ministers and congregations concerned, and with the cordial concurrence of the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland. Thus the problem of union has been happily solved without the slightest friction and, indeed, with the utmost harmony and good feeling. Six years ago we had in B. C. one congregation and two ministers. In August 1886, the date of the organization of the Presbytery—two and a-half years afterwards—4 congregations and 4 ministers. At the end of last year—three and a-half years later—18 congregations, 16 ministers and one catechist—of these we are indebted to the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland for 5 congregations and 2 ministers—During this time, 12 churches and 5 comfortable manses have been erected.

By the last report of the General Assembly's Committee on Statistics, it is shown that the average contribution per family and communicant in the Presbytery of Columbia, is in advance of any other Presbytery of the church. Calgary—also partly in B.C.—being the next highest.

Average contributions towards stipend, per family, \$17.27; per communicant, \$12.84; average throughout the church, per family, \$8.52, per communicant, \$4.40; towards all congregational objects, per family, \$54.29, per communicant, \$40.26; throughout the church, per family, \$19.52, per communicant, \$10.23; towards the schemes of the church, per family, \$1.77, per communicant, \$1.31; throughout the church, per family, \$3.42, per communicant, \$1.80; towards all purposes, per family, \$56.42, per communicant, \$42.00; throughout the church, per family, \$24.40, per communicant, \$12.86.

Additions to communion roll on profession of faith, 142 and by certificate 245—these figures speak for themselves—they need no comment.

It is proper to state that in addition to the work carried on in B.C. under the direction of the Presbytery of Columbia, the Presbytery of Calgary has the oversight of a number of mission stations, in the Province, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and







southwards towards the international boundary. The work in this mountainous region has been prosecuted with vigour during the year, by the Presbytery and the Superintendent of missions.

Is it too much to claim that these results, merit, in an increased measure, the continuance of the confidence and support so generously accorded by the church through her Home Mission Committee, during the past five or six years, which alone—under the Divine blessing rendered the present of things, in British Columbia, at all possible.

VICTORIA, B.C., 15th January, 1890.

## Household Words.

### HUSHING THE TEMPEST.

He saith unto them, why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. Matt. viii. 26.

The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and he puts his foot on the storm, and it crouches at his feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said: "I had so much bank stock, I had so many government securities, I had so many houses, I had so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible.











# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

Vol. X.—No. 1.]

JANUARY, 1890.

[Whole No. 109

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Mrs. Strachan, Corresponding Secretary, read a general and statistical report of the year's work at the Crosby Home for Indian children at Port Simpson, B.C. Gratifying progress was shown, and gladly recognized. The number of children in the Home at present is twenty-one, only two of whom are boys. The reading of the report was followed by a stirring address by Mrs. Crosby, who has just come East from the scene of labor among the Indians.

The closing hour of the morning session was devoted to a testimony meeting led by Mrs. Messmore, of Brantford.

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INDIAN CHURCH AND GIRLS' HOME, PORT SIMPSON.

Jan 1890



about the women's meeting to be held there bi-monthly, and we have great hopes of that place.

On Tuesday the rain poured down, yet we went to Inazumi, five miles away. When we reached there only about five people had assembled, but in a little over a quarter of an hour there were fully one hundred people gathered. Among them were two blind people, led in by friends. I believe they come quite regularly to church. We had a very interesting service, and arranged for a woman's meeting there also, twice in the month. If you could have heard the singing there. It almost made me hysterical, it was so awful, and glad I am that there is some prospect of its improvement. "Who can sing loudest?" seemed the watchword. We reached home (the school) at about 5.30, tired out, but rejoiced at heart, you may be sure.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Sabashi and I went to Ichikawa, a village about seven and a half or eight miles off. We left here at a little before four and had a lovely ride over the plains. Our direction was principally south, and away in front of us and to our left towered Fuji in all its snow-clad splendor, while to our right rose Shiranizau, another snow-clad peak. The air was clear and cool, and that evening quiet which always seems the type of loveliness to me, why I cannot tell, was all around us. It always seems to me at such times as if the very lights and shadows, tints and shades, combined to praise Him who is over all and in all.

When about a mile from the village, or town, we came to a large river. The bridge over this was broken down and we were ferried across. Mr. Yoshi, the pastor, met us on the opposite shore and conducted us to the hotel. Unless Mrs. Eby has been there, I must have been the first foreign woman many of them ever saw, and the interest was proportional. The people just thronged around us, and I was much relieved to get inside the hotel and out of sight. Mr. Yoshi came over at a little before seven, and escorted us to the church. There fully, if not over two hundred people were *standing packed*, waiting. After opening Mrs. Sabashi spoke for a short time, but she did not speak loudly enough to be heard well, and the people were rather noisy, one man in particular, yelled out every now and then. After her talk we sang again, and if the singing at Inazumi needed improving, what can I say of that? When I told Miss Preston about it on my return, she said, "I did not think anything could be worse than Inazumi," but the fact is, there are degrees in bad singing, most people never dream of. When I had read the Bible, and even while reading, that man kept gradually becoming noisier, and the interruptions more frequent. Every one else was very quiet except when now and then he would provoke a laugh. At last I discovered that the man was inside, not out, and drunk at that, and so asked Mr. Yoshi if nothing could be done. He told the man he must stop, and received incoherent, thick-tongued yells by way of reply. I had to wait and wait every few sentences at last, so Mr. Yoshi sent for a policeman who came, and by main force (for the man threw himself on the floor) dragged him off to the police court, where he would be kept till morning. After he left the order was splendid, and I think nearly every one heard most of what I said.

After I finished I sang a hymn for them, and then Mr. Yoshi gave them a good talk, about half an hour long. I was glad he did, for he could reach the gathered crowd in a way no foreigner can.

Then at his request I sang another hymn, "Is my name written there," in Japanese, of course I was not loth to do so, for after the awful singing in the first two hymns I just ached to show them how, and as in such a crowd that was impossible, I did the next best thing, and sang for them. I

dare say you know I have a very strong voice, and it is no effort for me to sing usually well. I tried to sing so as not to astonish them, but on returning to the hotel one of the church members asked me if it "hurt me to sing." I felt I had failed in my point, and was glad I had not sung loudly, you may be sure (*i.e.*, loud for me).

Next morning we came home, and the road seemed twice as long as the night before, for I was so tired after the strain of keeping quiet when that man was yelling so. I seemed to have no fear at the time, but was so tired after, that I believe it was nothing and no one but Him whose business I was doing, that kept me from being nervous and excited.

(To be continued.)

## HISTORY OF THE CROSBY GIRLS' HOME.

BY MRS. H. A. CROSBY.

(Read before the Central Branch, Toronto.)

THE Crosby Girls' Home is in the little town of Port Simpson, B.C., on the western coast of our great Dominion, about 650 miles north of the city of Victoria, the great seaport of British Columbia.

The Home is named after its founder, Rev. Thomas Crosby, a missionary of our Church, who went out to that country about twenty-eight years ago. Working along the coast, he finally settled down at Port Simpson in the year 1872 or 1874; and as in most every other heathen country, the missionary is the only guide, counsellor or helper the native Christians have, so the Mission House is a resort for all those in trouble, and thus it was that about thirteen years ago a poor Indian girl came to Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, and asked to stay with and work for them. She wanted a home and a protector, and dear, kind Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, knowing the needs and temptations of the poor Indian girls, consented to take her in. So one after another came to be cared for, some staying longer than others. Several stayed until they were married from Mrs. Crosby's house; two or three stayed until they died in the Home. A great many believed in Jesus, and some died triumphant in the faith. The numbers increased until the Mission Home was not large enough, and early in the year 1879 an addition was made to make room for all.

Up to this time Mr. Crosby had made no appeal to any one. The first contribution was a liberal one from Mrs. Tate, the day-school teacher, who assisted Mrs. Crosby so much in giving the girls instruction. Other subscriptions soon followed, making in all about \$500. Still, for two or three years more, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby toiled on, assisted by Miss Lawrence, the new day-school teacher, who took Mrs. Tate's place.

In the year 1882, when Mr. and Mrs. Crosby were in Ontario on a visit, our Woman's Missionary Society engaged Miss Hendry, of Brantford, at a salary of \$400 a year to go back with Mr. and Mrs. Crosby to Port Simpson and act as matron in the Home. Our Society also gave Mrs. Crosby \$400 a year for the support of eight girls in the Home, making \$800 a year from our Society, which they continued until 1887.

The winter of 1882 and 1883 was a very sad time for the Home, through an outbreak of measles. Not one girl escaped, and some died trusting in Jesus.

At the end of 1885 Miss Hendry was married to Mr. Nichols, and Miss Knight, of Halifax, N.S., took her place as matron in the Home. In this year Mr. Crosby received from his many friends in Ontario, and from the Mission Rooms, money to enable him to build a new Mission House, leaving the old one entirely for the Home. That winter they received a very valuable box of clothing from Belle-



ville, and the Young Ladies' Mission Band of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, sent a box of clothing and a large gift of money for the new building. There were then seven girls and one boy in the Home, mostly half-caste children. They attend the village school, and almost all speak English. The older girls do the work, some learning to sew and knit. Others do the cooking or washing or housework. The smaller girls help whenever they can. Miss Knight is very faithful in teaching them the way to God and salvation, telling them whatever they do good and right must all be done for Jesus. Some understand the way of salvation, others seem indifferent; but the good seed is faithfully sown, and we pray that by-and-by the harvest will be great. By teaching the children in the Home and schools it is hoped that this generation will be more civilized, and better Christians than their fathers were. We know that many a poor Indian has been saved, and died happy in Jesus; thanks to our God and the missionaries of the cross. In the year 1886 there were twenty-two girls in the Home. They received from the Woman's Missionary Society \$800; from other sources, \$300.

In 1887 they received \$800 from Woman's Missionary Society; from the Mission Rooms nearly \$800, and from other sources \$178. There were twenty-three girls in the Home, with a little baby, which Miss Knight in her kind heart could not turn away. This new burden, with the other duties and cares of the Home, was very trying to her, still she reports a very good year; some have left us, and others have come back, with three or four new ones. This large house takes a great deal of thought and care; the children have to be kept busy all the time, as they get lonely and discontented if idle. Their wild habits and roving disposition make it very hard for us to train them in any kind of order or quietness. The spiritual results are not what we could desire, but we are encouraged sometimes at the thoughtfulness of some of them. They often ask euri us questions, such as: "Why did God make black men?" "How did white men get their skin so white?" "I thought God did not make the Indians?" "Did you ever go to the country where Jesus lives?" "Were you on earth when Jesus came, if you were not Mr. Crosby was." In a letter received from Mrs. Crosby early in 1887, she asked our Society if we would send a lady to assist Miss Knight, as she was getting nearly worn out with care of baby and the other duties of the Home, and needed both change and rest; and she would recommend the salary for an assistant to be \$350 a year. Mrs. Crosby's request was granted; and Miss Hart of Berwick, N.S., was sent to Port Simpson.

The amount appropriated for the Home from our Society was very much increased. Miss Knight's salary, \$450; Miss Hart, \$350; support of twelve girls \$800.

In 1888 we find twenty-one girls, two having left, and the moneys received from our Society \$1,400; from Mission Rooms, \$114; from other sources, \$140. In Miss Knight's report she says: "The year is very much the same as former years, with its trials and discouragements, but I have great cause for thankfulness. There has been no sickness in the Home, the girls never ill-treat one another, but seem to be doing all they can to please. The older ones are a great help with the sewing and knitting, and house-work. The younger ones take care of the baby and a little boy about four years old, a brother of the baby's, who came to us early in the spring. The girls learn quickly and remember well. I often find the smaller ones learning 'the big girls' verse,' and sometimes they write letters to me. In my absence from them things went on smoothly, and I am quite recovered. Miss Hart does grandly, she has won the respect of the girls, and I am thankful for such a helper. This year the Home received through the Supply Committee, a

box from Berwick Auxiliary, Halifax; a case from Spencer-ville, Ontario; a case from Stratford: a quilt from Kingston, N.S.; a quilt from Streetsville. Mr. Milburn, of Toronto, sent a box of medicine, combs, soaps. During all the years our Society has assisted the Home, there has been many a box of clothing and other useful articles, besides money sent from our Auxiliaries and Mission Bands, as well as from friends who are interested in the Home. May God bless Miss Knight and the Crosby Girls' Home!

## Missionary Readings.

### THE CRISIS IN JAPAN.

THE *Japan Weekly Mail* has a thoughtful article respecting the perils that now surround that people as they pass away from old institutions and adopt those of the Western nations. We give an extract:

"This conflict of two civilizations—that which Japan, deriving from China and India, had modified and elaborated to suit herself, and that which she is now taking almost in its entirety from the West—is nowhere more conspicuous than in the educational institutions throughout the country. There the rising generation is introduced not only to knowledge that throws into strong relief the ignorance of its parents, but also to an iconoclastic philosophy that exposes the errors of Confucianism without setting up any efficient moral code in its place. The reverence that invests the relationship of parent and child is weakened by the superior attainments of the latter, and the ethical cult that might still have preserved that reverence is overthrown by the criticism of science, and has not yet been replaced by Christianity. The latter substitution will surely be consummated in time. Thoughtful Japanese are not incapable of analyzing the circumstances of this unprecedented epoch in their country's history. If their educated convictions compel them to be resigned to the destructive influences of Western civilization, their judgment tells them that its constructive power must also be invoked. On the *debris* of the system that it pulls down, there must be built up an edifice in conformity with its principles. It is here that the way is widely opened to Christianity. Japan must have some substitute for the wonderful chain of family ethics that through long centuries has bound China's hundreds of millions into a homogeneous nation. The creed of Christendom offers her such a substitute, and she will accept it, at first from necessity and ultimately from conviction. But in the meanwhile, her perplexity and embarrassment are very apparent. Troubles from the same source show themselves in every branch of her administration.

### MORE FIELD-WORK NEEDED.

THE Rev. Dr. Ashmore, a missionary of many years' experience in the foreign field, says that while the teaching arm of the service abroad may be none too strong, the preaching arm is too weak. Schools are necessary, but so are outside preaching and roadside talks. Too little of this field-work is done at present, and the heathen need "somebody to keep on



confronting them as Elijah confronted the priests of Baal; to preach in the streets of the city, as Jonah preached in the streets of Nineveh; to tell them of the wrath to come, as John told men in the wilderness of Judea." The grown-up men and women of heathendom can be dealt with at once, and they ought to be dealt with; and he says that he has never seen more effective work done than in outside preaching and roadside conversations. He has seen frivolous priests reel, and the truth come home to many who were present, and who would not attend the services in the churches. He further says that if missionaries do not do this field-work, then neither will the pupils in their schools ever do it, for a fountain never rises higher than its source.

## Along the Line.

KEEWATIN.

*Letter from EDWARD EVES, Norway House.*

*(Concluded from page 191.)*

I RETURN to my notes and transcribe the following. The pitiful superstition, the thick darkness, the horrible crime, the gaping wounds with no one to tell of the balm, are beyond any words of mine to express. They are in constant dread of the conjurer, and believe in him with all their hearts, with scarcely a single exception. The postmaster said, a few months ago a letter came into his hands addressed, "Chachakwa," and, suspicious of its contents, he opened it and read in substance: "I want you to kill Joseph and Abraham at God's Lake, and I will give you a pair of pants, a shirt and a sash." It is needless to say the letter never reached the conjurer. They believe by his enchantment he has power to kill anybody at any distance. Upon a fence surrounding the grave of one not long laid there to rest, as we were looking at the graves, we saw, suspended by a string, a bit of birch-bark. We opened it and found it contained a little tobacco, intended for the use of the departed. Mr. Linklater told me afterwards that he had the whole work to do in connection with the burying of the dead. The friends draw the body to the fort, and leave it there, and seldom ever look near again. It would not be just to say they have no affection for each other. We never saw people whose affection for each other is warmer, or who sorrow more deeply at the loss of friends. For instance, two weeks before we reached Island Lake, one of the camps was stricken with grief at the loss of two boys. One followed the other in quick succession to the grave, and so deep was the grief of the mother that she could not be consoled. She wept unceasingly until insanity dried her tears, after which she made every attempt to end her life. She was carefully watched for some time, but the fatal opportunity came at last. Toward morning she slept, then her watchers took rest and slept also. Soon the boy awakened, but alas! too late; she had gone. Both man and boy instituted a search, walking a distance apart, so as to cover all the ground. Presently the man saw her sitting beneath a tree, her head partly leaning toward her knees. A few steps closer and a sharp look into the face showed the glare of death in

the eyes; upward his eyes glanced, and the string suspended from a limb of the tree told the fatal tale. Yes, she hanged herself. Ah, had she only known of the loving Saviour, in whose presence her darling boys were much happier than they could be amid the smoke of the camp and the frosts of severe winters, her sorrow could not have been so deep. But how could she learn of Jesus and of the "home beyond the blue"? Her companions knew not the story, and the missionary was far, far away. She had no choice but to sorrow unto death. Ah, my young brethren in the ministry, had it been your lot to calm the sorrows of that bleeding heart, methinks your reward when this short life's toils and glories are over, would have been greater than for the sermons of half a life-time among people so familiar with every phase of Christian thought that you have to toil all week and almost split your brains trying to get something to keep them awake for half an hour on Sunday morning. Only two days before we reached the post already named, more than once the relatives of a poor cripple, who was sick as well as lame, paddled him to the shore at the post and put him on land with nothing to cover his nakedness but the small remnant of an old blanket not large enough to cover a spot all the way around him more than two feet long. This was not want of affection, but a superstitious fear that he might turn cannibal if he did not get better soon. A woman was in our home the other day who was insane a few years ago, and whom the people would have put to death for the same reason had not her husband withheld his consent and the missionary been near to prevent it; and she related an instance of a dear boy who, with the consent of his parents, was knocked on the head with an axe by a man who is now one of our best Christians. Not long ago a man took sick at God's Lake. Worse and worse he grew, until the heavy hand of affliction pressed reason from her throne; in fact, he was delirious. In a moment the superstitious fear was aroused. Crossing the river they built a great fire, returned, bound the sick man hand and foot, conveyed him across the river, and threw him into the fire and fled. In the course of half an hour they stole back to see the remains of destruction, but to their amazement the man was not dead; he had rolled out of the fire and was existing between death and life, whereupon his own brother immediately took a gun and shot him dead.

Pleading by me for sympathy in behalf of the poor people in darkness, in the face of all this that might easily be multiplied, is totally uncalled for. These facts have each a tongue that will speak red-hot words to the hearts of Christian people. We know a horse will feed comfortably from his manger without a thought or feeling of sympathy while his mate groans and dies at his side; but I cannot believe my brethren at home will do the same. Don't I know they cannot? They are human. Brethren of means and contributors to the missions of Methodism, under God I feel indebted to you for the blessed privilege of visiting this people and telling them the glad news. Your money hired my interpreter and guide; your money bought the bread and meat we ate, and made the canoe we journeyed in, and purchased the clothes that kept us warm. With the apostle to the Ephesian







brethren, "I give thanks for you," and to you. Now look at this matter calmly for a moment. Around the Island Lake post are 300 people in the darkness we have been describing. An occasional visit from the missionary is all they have ever had, or are likely to have for years, unless something can be done. Don't think for a moment that all this people hear the Gospel when the missionary does go. No, not half of them, or even a quarter of them; because they are far away in their forest home, and no visiting missionary could follow them. Now think, the fur-trader sees every one of them. Mr. Campbell—a fine young man of liberal education, recently from Scotland—will, if he lives, see every one of them this winter. That is just what a resident missionary could do, follow them in company with fur-traders, and hold service at every camp. Now, one more word to you. If we cannot get a young man from Ontario to take this post, I feel satisfied that I can get a worthy man—an Indian—the very Frederick I have mentioned already—if the Church will accept him, that will go and do this work. But you will understand that it will cost more money, as he will have more travelling than is usually given to a native preacher. I think \$400 will do it. What can be done? I leave this to your own Christian consideration. I thought to write the account of my whole trip, but facts and suggestions crowd for a place until already my letter is so long that I am afraid few will read it, and so the whole effort will be lost. For the encouragement of any who would come to the work, let me say: I have been over the hardest trips, and I find no reason for retracting what I have already said about the hardships of the work. If my predecessors think I am not doing justice to what they endured, and consequently related through the press, permit me to say I speak for myself only, and know not what they experienced. People are differently constituted. I will say this, though, that my summer trips without the second man would have been exceedingly dangerous, and we would have been longer on the road.

### *Facts and Illustrations.*

THERE are five evangelical papers and two agencies of Bible societies. Thirty years ago there were hardly any native Protestants in Brazil.

BISHOP TAYLOR has four laborers in Para, Pernambuco, and Maranhao. The churches organized by the late Dr. Kalley are three in number, having a membership of 250 believers.

THE entire Bible in the Italian language is being issued in Milan in halfpenny numbers. And this is meeting with large success, 50,000 being taken. A similar attempt is about to be made at Barcelona, Spain.

It is said that there is a larger proportion of the boys and girls of New Jersey than of any other State in the Union who go to Sabbath-school. It appears by statistics recently taken that there are just about 280,000 children in the 1,997 Sabbath-schools of New Jersey.



they were not in a frame of mind to attend special services, and would not at first admit that they had done wrong.

Some have died happy in faith, and with joy went home to be forever with the Lord. Nine adults were baptized three weeks ago, and during the past week four have come out on the Lord's side. I greatly wish that the land troubles between this people and the government were settled, so that the people would give more attention to spiritual things.

There has been much sickness in the village, and I do not know how I could have got through alone; but early in November, Dr. A. E. Bolton and wife came out, constrained by the love of God, and a desire to work for the Master in rescuing the perishing and caring for the dying, ministering to the body and soul. He has been very busy and God has blessed his efforts. Many have been restored and we are thankful to Almighty God for giving our brother the impulse to leave his eastern home, give up his practice and come here to work in the vineyard.

The school has been fairly attended, and progress has been made in the branches taught.

A band of workers held services on the streets, and have had fruit from their labors. A week ago I was up Work's canal for three days. About seventy-five of our people were camped there; they were much pleased to see us, and we had a blessed Sabbath with them. I shall not soon forget the prayer of one of the old men who had not had the privilege of going to a service for some months. How he thanked God for the sound of the Gospel in his ears again!

We greatly need the prayers of the Church that Satan's power may be broken, and that this people may be united in heart worship of God.

#### QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

*Letter from REV. A. N. MILLER, dated SKIDEGATE, March 31st, 1890.*

SINCE last I wrote you we have been visited by a series of earthquakes. There were in all fourteen shocks. The first occurred on February 24th, about 9 a.m., and was followed by three or four others within an hour. The last we felt was on March 19th. The first shock was by far the most violent. We thought at first that it was a strong gust of wind, but in a moment the noise became like distant thunder, the floor began to shake, the windows to rattle and the whole house apparently to dance. In the mission house books and other articles were thrown down, water was spilled, the top bricks were shaken off the kitchen chimney, the chimney was broken off at the roof (but left standing) and the other chimney was cracked in several places. In the village one stove was thrown down, some dishes were broken and some of the houses left awry. This shock lasted at least thirty seconds, and none of the others longer than three or four seconds. The motion at first was undulatory and similar to that which one experiences on board a fast train when the train is being brought to a sudden stop, but was much much more violent and rapid. Towards the last it seemed to be simply vibratory. It was evidently travelling northward, for

on the west coast of the island (south-west from here the shock was much more violent than it was here causing two land-slides, knocking down an old house and almost levelling the totem poles; while at Nassett on the north end of the island, it was but slight.

It was indeed a means of blessing to our people. Many of them thought the last day had come and some seemed to rejoice, while others felt they were not ready and tried to make ready, and all began to pray. When the first shock came one man rushed out of his house, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, Jesus has come!" A woman said that she, with her husband had been trying for several years to walk in the good way, but she felt she was not good enough yet. Another woman told us that she and her husband thought that the last day had come, and that there was no place where they could go for safety; they could not hide from God, so they went into the bedroom and prayed. A man and his wife had been quarrelling and had even come to blows, but when they felt the earthquake they very quickly became friends and began to pray. Another man and woman who had been living together for years, came desiring Christian marriage. Another man afterwards said that he cried for a whole day. He thought the last day had come and he felt that he was not ready. Here, some of the Christian Band of Workers began to sing and pray and preach on the street. At Gold Harbor the people young and old, flocked to the church, and while they were praying a shock came which almost knocked the Bible off the pulpit. Some of the Clue people tell us that at Clue they had services in the church every day for a week. We trust and pray that the impressions made upon them may be lasting. Never before did we feel so much our utter weakness and how entirely dependent we are from day to day, for life and all good blessings, on a Power and Goodness which are not our own.

#### THE INDIAN WORK.

*Letter from REV. W. P. MCHAFFIE, dated FISHER RIVER, March 12th, 1890.*

AS I have not, since coming to Fisher River, sent you any particular account of our work among the people here, my present letter will be an attempt to embrace the period since the commencement of my labors in July, 1888, till the present time.

On arriving at Fisher River I found, to my extreme satisfaction, a good house, church, school, and other outbuildings. Though the house furniture was rather scanty, still I found sufficient to establish me comfortably in my bachelor quarters. The services, I found, were well attended. The membership rated at 132 full members, with 30 on trial, in the Conference Minutes. This, I may add, embraced all the adults on the reserve and the young people, with one or two exceptions, down to the age of thirteen years. My work was thus altogether among church members.

I first set about trying to urge those on trial to become members in full, as they had been on trial over six months before I came among them. Failing in this, I reported them just as they stood to the District Meeting, which saw fit to strike them off. This, together with losses by death, of which we had



three, and a discrepancy in the Minutes compared with circuit list, gave me a decrease of thirty-two.

The work during the year was not without its discouragements. Being a probationer and totally unaccustomed to Indian life, I frequently found myself inclined to be disheartened; still I struggled on, and gradually became interested in and even fond of my work and people. Having to leave them to themselves in the spring, and knowing I would be absent for some time, I did so with many regrets, but having faith in God, I committed them to His tender care until my return, which did not take place before July of last year. It was no small pleasure to me to find that the two faithful brethren in whose hands I left the church, had continued the two services each Sabbath without a solitary intermission. When one of these brethren took ill (an illness from which he died a few weeks after my return), another came forward and took his place. Still another who had never attempted to preach before, when a disappointment was pending, readily took the pulpit.

Since my return the work has been of a much more encouraging character. Nine of the young people have already joined with us. I organized four classes, but had to organize another, in order to avoid crowding. These things certainly give me much encouragement; but I am learning by dear experience that such evidences must not always be taken for their face value. By them the over-sanguine missionary is too apt to be led astray. One has to get below the surface and understand the domestic life of the people, and sometimes the revelations thus brought to light are not of the best character.

The work is tedious; it takes time to uproot old superstitions and plant the knowledge and wisdom of God, to give virtue the domain where vice and debauchery have so long held their sway. Still it can be done, and we have many evidences of the power of the grace of God to save to the very uttermost; and I do think that, considering the time that has elapsed since the commencement of missionary enterprise, and the many imported evils which have militated against the efforts of the missionary—evils whose power can only be understood by those who have to oppose them—the advancement made along the most approved lines of Methodist doctrine and discipline is marvellous indeed.

Personally I have no complaints to make. I enjoy the work, notwithstanding its many peculiarities. The travelling is at times pleasant, at other times not quite so pleasant. After struggling along with your faithful dogs, through snow and over bare patches of ice on the lake, throughout the weary hours of the days, wrapping one's self up in a blanket or "rabbit robe," under a tree, with the thermometer 30° or even 40° below zero, is not quite so comfortable or cheery as the hospitality afforded by the good farmers of Ontario or Manitoba. Still as long as the good people of Methodism do not compel the Mission Board to throw us on the tender mercies of the people for support, we can with a willing heart and ready hand, do our best for the cause we represent.

THE story of Joseph has been handed down from generation to generation in Beloochistan.

## THE INDIAN WORK.

**Walpole Island.**—You will, I am sure, be glad to hear from us once more. Since the writing of my last letter the cottage revival work of our church has been kept up nightly by our class-leaders, exhorters, and local preachers, and the host of young men who are members of our Church Band workers. The result of those meetings shows the marks of permanent good in the lives of the converts; and many who have lived in a backslidden state, and some who had given way to dissipation, have both been reclaimed and become living members of the Church.

On last Quarterly Sunday, in place of the usual morning service, a love-feast was held, then the fellowship meeting followed, when our hearts were warmly stirred by the experiences of the young people and of well-tried Christians to the praise of the blessed Triune God. In connection with our evening service a sacramental service was held, and the church was completely filled, during which a divine solemnity reigned through the congregation. Many people of the other churches besides our own people, communed with us. A feeling of Christian unity prevails at present in the entire community. We thank God for this reign of the Divine Spirit.

It is with sadness I report that the number of deaths has been very great since I took charge of this mission. I have buried thirty persons, chiefly among children; among the number several members of our church, one an aged woman about 60, who gave a bright experience at our last quarterly meeting. As I pen these words, I call up a glowing memory of that familiar face,—a face that beamed with sacred bliss. While uttering these words: "I will serve my Saviour Jesus as long as my soul shall live," this thrilled every heart in the congregation, and incited us to sing as with one voice, the 15th Hymn of our Ojibway Hymn-book:

"How happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey."

Immediately after three or four at a time rose to their feet, testifying to the blessed reality of Christian experience. Before another Sunday came our aged sister was gone to be with the saints in Paradise. This same woman, in our missionary services last fall, came forward to offer the last quarter she possessed in the world. Let us thank God that our efforts in the mission work are not without success. The outlay on this mission is not a loss to our missionary enterprise when we consider the souls that are safely landed on the shores of eternal rest.

Both the day-schools under our charge and the Sunday-school are progressing very favorably. We pray that God may make us a blessing to those children, and that the influence of the Holy Spirit may be still greater in the heart religion of those Islanders.

**Alderville.**—Perhaps it will interest you to know that our school has been the recipient of another very great honor. The essays written for the *Witness* competition last winter were published in the columns of that paper, with the understanding that the readers should have the privilege of voting as to which three of the same were the best-written stories. For this



Him." He accepted Him then and there, and after a short time he came to my friend to learn more about Christianity. A question was afterward put to him by a native Christian: "What have you done for Christ since you believed?" "Oh!" he said, "I am a learner." "Well," said his questioner, "I have another question to ask you: when you light a candle do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?" "Certainly not," he said; "in order that it may give light." "When it is half burnt down do you expect that it will first become useful?" "No; as soon as I light it." "Very well," he said, "go thou and do likewise; begin at once." Shortly after that there were fifty native Christians in the town as the result of that man's work.—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

## Along the Line.

### THE INDIAN WORK.

*Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., Feb. 19th, 1890.*

AS we expected the steamer to-day or to-morrow, I will give you a little information of the work on this mission. The people having all been at home the past four months, I have been able to see and understand their spiritual condition better than before; and while there is much to rejoice over in the godly lives and upright conduct of a few, and in their earnest endeavor to build up the kingdom of Christ, there is yet much cause to lament that the majority are so careless, and some so opposed to practical religion. The people have too much faith in councils, and too little in the Word of God, always talking of their own great power, instead of seeking power from on high. The leading chiefs want absolute liberty to do as men please; and, from their view, morality and goodness should be limited to what the majority vote as expedient for the well-being of the community at large. It would be better freedom to obey the dictates of a conscience illumined by the Word God. This freedom instead of leading to confusion conduces to order; the Scriptures become its law, every evil passion is restrained, honor is rendered to every rightly constituted authority, and discord is banished by brotherly love.

For several years there has been a backward movement at work in this mission. This is especially so in three ways: First, the Sabbath is not so well observed as formerly; then much drinking is going on in the village, and a taking to the old feast again, with some of the potlatch features, which they gave up when the missionary first came among them. In December Shakes, chief of "Kit-kahtla," invited the Simpson people to his feast. Over fifty of the principal people went. I advised them not to go, but they said they pledged themselves two years before to go. It was a great feast; Chief Shakes potlatched over \$3,000 worth, even sending \$100 to "Queen Victoria." The people who listened to us and remained at home were greatly blessed in the special services we held; many were quickened and some sinners were saved. Of course when our friends returned, from the potlatch







purpose there were coupons sent out to every reader, on which they were to record and return their votes. This week the result is announced as follows: Highest vote, Miss Catharine Franklin; 2nd, Arthur Lawrence (both of our Alderville Indian School); 3rd, Miss Lizzie McKay, Woodstock. Those three writers were each presented with what is called "the subscribers' prize," a copy of a beautiful gilt-bound volume, "Songs of the Great Dominion," selected and edited by William Douw Lighthall, M.A., of Montreal. Of course, we feel highly honored that in our Alderville Indian School we should obtain two out of the three prizes offered to competitors of the whole Dominion.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

**Alderville.**—Though not a reader of your paper myself, I would like to beg the privilege of saying a few words in its columns concerning our Alderville Indian Mission, or rather that part of it known as the work done in the day-school. Our present missionary and teacher, Rev. John Lawrence, is very successful in every department of the work, and our children all prize him as a teacher of marked efficiency. During the past winter he has had fifty-four names on the school-roll, many of them large young men and women of the band, from twenty to thirty years of age. On the opening of the spring and summer work, however, many of them have to leave the school for the present, which they very much regret. Before doing so, however, they felt they must in some way express their appreciation of their teacher. This they did by getting him up a genuine surprise party, on the evening of Thursday, 17th April, at which they presented him with a beautiful address, read by one of his Indian scholars, accompanied by an excellent new watch, an Appleton-Tracy movement in a silver case. The evening was spent in singing and social conversation, at the close of which all left, feeling they had done an act which afforded both them and their teacher much satisfaction and pleasure.

WM. LUKES, *Sec. of Indian Council.*

## Facts and Illustrations.

GAMBLING is almost universal in China, especially among women.

THE Greek Church has in Japan 150 organized churches, with a membership of 17,025.

OUT of 11,507 pupils enrolled in the Christian College at Lucknow, India, 2,027 are Christians.

"BLESS the missionaries, and do not let them think our hearts are too hard to change," was the touching prayer of a little African girl.

THE Cherokee maidens of Tahlequah, Indian territory, are reported as taking an active and successful interest in the temperance Demorest medal contests.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED Jews are said to leave the synagogue every year—for Christianity, or infidelity. There are now 3,000 Christian Jews in Great Britain.

THE prayer of a Japanese senator, who afterwards gave his life to evangelistic work, before conversion was, "O God, if Thou dost exist, reveal Thyself to me."

GET A SUBSTITUTE.—A young man in Union Theological Seminary, New York, said he could not go to the foreign field, but would pay \$500 a year for a substitute.

KOREA has only twenty-four missionaries, including new comers, or about one to every 500,000 people. Some of the missionaries there are praying for twenty more during 1890.

THE power to hate truly what is evil must be involved in the power to love truly what is good, and must, indeed, usually precede the growth of the highest kind of love.—*Newman.*

"ONLY three things to keep men from the mission field: first, ignorance of the need; second, selfishness, and third, exemption." Reader, if you are not excused, you had better go or send.

THE Gustavus Adolphus Society, to carry the Gospel into Catholic countries, last year received \$230,000, or \$5,600,000 since 1832. The Society has had 1,144 applications for aid from Roman Catholic countries.

PROF. LANSING, of the Reformed Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N.J., who is a fine Arabic scholar, has offered to associate himself with three of the students of that seminary, for the purpose of doing missionary work in some Arabic-speaking country.

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missionary in its origin, character, and work; it must follow that a knowledge of its history, doctrines, polity and methods will greatly stimulate to heroic missionary zeal and activity.

I cannot close this paper without a reference to the proposal made by our Missionary Secretary, asking the Leagues to set apart a week of self-denial, and devote the proceeds towards the establishment of a hospital in China. This proposal meets with my hearty approval, and I am thankful to say that both branches on the Circuit which I represent have concurred in the request. In this department we can do much by systematic self-denial, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty might become rich."

#### THE SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

RETURNS are beginning to come in from this special effort. We hope to hear from many more in the near future. The following have been received to date:—

Cowansville, Fordyce Corner Y.P.S.C.E. ....	\$4 00
Carleton, Epworth League .....	2 12
Hamilton, First Church C.E.S. ....	5 25
Bowmanville, Epworth League .....	2 50
Elmira, Y.P.S.C.E. (in part) .....	75

### Along the Line.

#### THE INDIAN WORK.

LATE last autumn the Rev. J. F. Betts, President of the British Columbia Conference, paid a visit, at the request of the Committee of Finance, to the Indians of the Naas, and some other points on the Port Simpson District. A pressure of official and other duties prevented an immediate report, but letters have recently reached the Mission Rooms, giving details of the journey, from which we make a number of interesting extracts:—

I left Victoria on the *Barbara Boscowitz*, on the 24th of October, in company with Mr. Crosby and Mr. Buker, the latter a young man who was going to Port Simpson to relieve Mr. Stone at the school, so as to let him be free to go to Greenville. The voyage was somewhat tedious, as the boat had to call at several intermediate ports to receive or deliver freight. It gave us a very good opportunity to see several of our mission stations, which we would not otherwise have seen. We called at Bella Bella, and had about an hour with the people. The men were mostly away, but at the ringing of the bell a small congregation assembled, mostly women and children. We had a few minutes to spend in visiting the school, and in looking about the premises. There seems to be a general appearance of prosperity, and an atmosphere of spiritual life and growth. Bro. Hopkins was busy with the new church, and seems to be doing a good work generally. He is well liked by the Indians. The new church will have a very good appearance from the water, and will add much to the strength of our work in that part of the north. Miss Ross, who is in charge of the school, is an energetic, and, I should judge, a successful teacher.

At Kitamaat the frame of the new church is up, and partly enclosed. When finished it will supply a want which the teacher and preacher have felt very much in the past. Re-

turning to Hartley Bay the same day, we held a service with the people, and had the pleasure of receiving, in a very neat and earnest speech from one of the Indians, expressions of thanks for our visit, and words of encouragement, also of high appreciation and deep gratitude to the Methodist Church and the Missionary Society for the blessings of the Gospel sent to them, and a special request was made that I would convey the same to you when I returned. Geo. Edgar is the native teacher at Hartley Bay, and is a most earnest and indefatigable worker.

We arrived at Simpson on Friday, 30th October, and remained over Sunday. As it was getting late in the season it was hard to get any means of going to the Naas River. The boats had all stopped making regular trips to the far north, and the *Glad Tidings* was laid up for the winter. The only chance remaining was to get a crew of Indians to make the trip with a big canoe. On Tuesday, November 3rd, we got away, and had a good run. We camped that night on the beach, and the next night we stopped at Kincolith, and succeeded in reaching Greenville on Thursday, about 2 p.m. We made a run through the village, and called at every house. We found the people quite willing to receive us, and, indeed, many of them were greatly delighted that we had come. As we were a few days later than the time they had set for our coming, some of the disaffected ones were disposed to make a handle of the fact, and at a meeting held on the Monday previous to our arrival, they had tried to get the people finally to abandon us, and to go to a heathen feast, that was to be held at the head of the river. The advice was not accepted by the people, however, and only some three or four were induced to go. Charles Russ and Job Calder maintained that I had promised to be there, and that I would be there, and thus they held the people. We had a service in the church, and then a council-meeting in the mission house, which lasted till four o'clock in the morning. Bro. Crosby acted as interpreter, and I took notes of everything that was said.

[In the conversation which followed, the various speakers rehearsed the circumstances "where things began to go wrong," as they said. Mr. Betts reports the speeches as delivered, which are too long to reproduce here, and resumes his narrative as follows:—]

After they had finished their statement of the case, I took up the several points raised, and dealt with them as clearly and faithfully, and at the same time as kindly, as I could. I told them it was impossible to promise that missionaries would not be removed sometimes, but that the whole Church was of one mind that they should not be removed oftener than was found to be really necessary. I pointed out that their former missionary was taken away only when the requirements of the work demanded his services in another field, and when it was necessary to move a missionary in the interests of God's work, all God's people should be willing for him to be removed. I told them how deeply their friends in the east, who gave the money to carry on the work there, would be grieved to think that they should not be in harmony with the Church in trying to do them good, and to reach the rest of the people who had not yet heard of the Gospel. I also read to them parts of your letter with regard to your subscriptions to the new church, and said if they did not try to act in harmony with the Society and the Church in carrying on the work, our people who gave the money every year would soon begin to feel that the Indians did not want the Gospel, and their hearts would soon get weak toward them; but if they were faithful to God and the work we were trying to do among them, the Church would be true to them, and be their best friend in everything that was right. They seemed to be pleased with the interview, and are disposed, with perhaps two or three exceptions, to go on in harmony with the missionary and the Society.



Letters received since from Mr. Stone give us reason to believe that the worst is well over, and that it only remains for the missionary to be judicious, and the lost ground will soon be regained.

We left again for Simpson on Friday morning, and succeeded in reaching there on Saturday, about noon. I was detained at Simpson for nearly a week, during which time I was enabled to see a good deal of the work there. The Boys' Home was occupied by eight or nine boys. The school was not as well attended as it ought to be, owing, I suppose, to the fact that the Indians were just getting back from the hop fields, and to the further fact that whooping-cough was in almost every family.

I cannot speak too highly of the noble work being done by Dr. Boulton. The amount of work he does is almost incredible, and his influence with the Indians, which is very great, is used most wisely for the help of the work in every regard.

Miss Hart is a heroine. She was entirely alone, with all the care and work of the Home on her hands.

I need not speak particularly of Bro. Crosby's work. It is well known how he and his noble wife have toiled, and watched, and prayed, and pleaded, for the work on this interesting field, and it lies upon their hearts still as it did in other days. As I saw Bro. Crosby and his daughter visiting from house to house, among the poor and sick Indians, often where it could not be very congenial to the tastes of a refined young lady to go, I saw how "the love of Christ constraineth," and that the mantle of the parents was falling upon the children. Indeed, the whole family seem to be imbued with the same spirit.

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*Letter from GEORGE EDGAR, native teacher, dated HARTLEY BAY, B. C., January 25th, 1892.*

WE are well, thanks to the Giver of all good. We have been very busy since we came here. Brother Crosby landed us here on the 26th of August last year, and a mission house was put up. We found very few people at home, so I went up to where they camp, about twenty miles from here. First the people were not quite satisfied because I was not a white man, but after a while they turned and thanked God for having answered their prayer, for this people have been asking for a teacher for a long time. The school did not commence till the 1st of October. My wife has eighteen children who attend day school and Sunday-school as well. The Sabbath services are well attended, and also weekly meetings, and Bible-class on Saturday night. Thank God for sending me to this people, for I can use my own language to them. We had only one death this winter. We do not forget the day when our brother Mr. Betts visited us here; it warmed our hearts to hear him telling of the love of God. Sorry to tell you that our church was nearly blown down this winter, for it was weakly built. Now our people made up their mind to take it down, and build a stronger one. I went out with all our men, and we got some logs and took them to the mill, and Mr. Bouner cut them for us, and the lumber was divided; we took half and the saw mill took half, for our people have no money to buy the lumber. We had a very good day on Christmas day; \$20 was collected on that day, and \$8.12½ on New Year's day. This is for lights in the church. This church is still in debt.

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*Letter from the REV. D. JENNINGS, dated Port Essington, B. C., February 3rd, 1892.*

We are pleased to report a gradual growth of the cause of Christ on this mission. The present aspect of the work is reason for gratitude to Almighty God. We have amongst

us many truly healthy Christians, anxious to see sinners coming to the Saviour, and to hear the cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

During the past few months your missionaries have been greatly encouraged by the zeal so manifest for Christ, and by the growing piety of the people.

Some time ago we were called to visit a man, suffering intensely, apparently unconscious, and unable to speak. At length consciousness and speech returned, and he cried, "Give me water!" One in attendance gave him water; then in the most striking manner he exclaimed, "Jesus! Jesus! give me the water of life." This man evidently felt his need of more of Christ. This man has a large acquaintance with the Word of God. Although he cannot read, yet he can open his English Bible, and from marks to him familiar, he can repeat in his own tongue many passages in both the Old and New Testaments. Most of the incidents in the life of the Saviour, his parables, etc., he is familiar with, and the contemplation of them affords him much comfort. We have been cheered to hear the well formed resolutions of many of our members, and more to see these resolutions carried out in their daily lives.

Our services have been well attended this year. During the holidays there was no undue feasting and revelry, for many of our people are setting their faces against these relics of by-gone days.

What a grand step Christianity will have made when her votaries see eye to eye in the great moral questions which lie at the very foundation of our heritage. Some—too many—can see no harm in the dance, the card table and the social glass, heeding not the harvests of evil yearly reaped from these sources.

We have had no liquor cases to try since last summer. The vigorous efforts then put forth have had a salutary influence on the illicit vendors and their poor dupes.

Our week of prayer was a season of deep interest which has continued almost unabated up to the present. It pays well to continue preaching the distinctive doctrine of our Church, complete submission to the will of Christ and an entire consecration to His service, that "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

The whooping-cough has lessened the attendance at our day and Sunday-schools, yet we rejoice to say the epidemic has been mild in type, without serious complications, excepting two or three cases brought down the river, which proved fatal. Yesterday a splendid boy of four years died of membranous croup.

Now is the time for active work among the Indians in this part of British Columbia. In conversation with one who took, in 1881, the census of the Kitikshans (the people on the Upper Skeena, speaking a dialect of the Tsimpshanean language), I was told they then numbered 1,600 souls. In 1890, according to the report of the Babine Agency, there were only 1,079 Kitikshans left. In the previous nine years not only a number equal to all the children born in that period died, but 521 people besides.

One who ought to know, used to tell me that the population of Kit-lac-tamux, on the Naas, numbered a few years ago 400. In 1890 the Indian agent reports the population of Kit-lac-tamux to be 219.

In regard to the Tsimpshaneans, I have no reliable data on which to make a statement. This people was greatly depleted by the exodus of Mr. Duncan's followers to Alaska. The Tsimpshaneans proper now number about 1,200 souls.

The Hydahs, numbering thousands a few years ago, now number only 730. The present condition of the Indian, in this part of British Columbia, calls for serious and prayerful consideration on the part of the friends of the aboriginal race—a race possessing good intellect and excellent mechanical skill. Those with whom I labor I have learned to love



# The Missionary Outlook

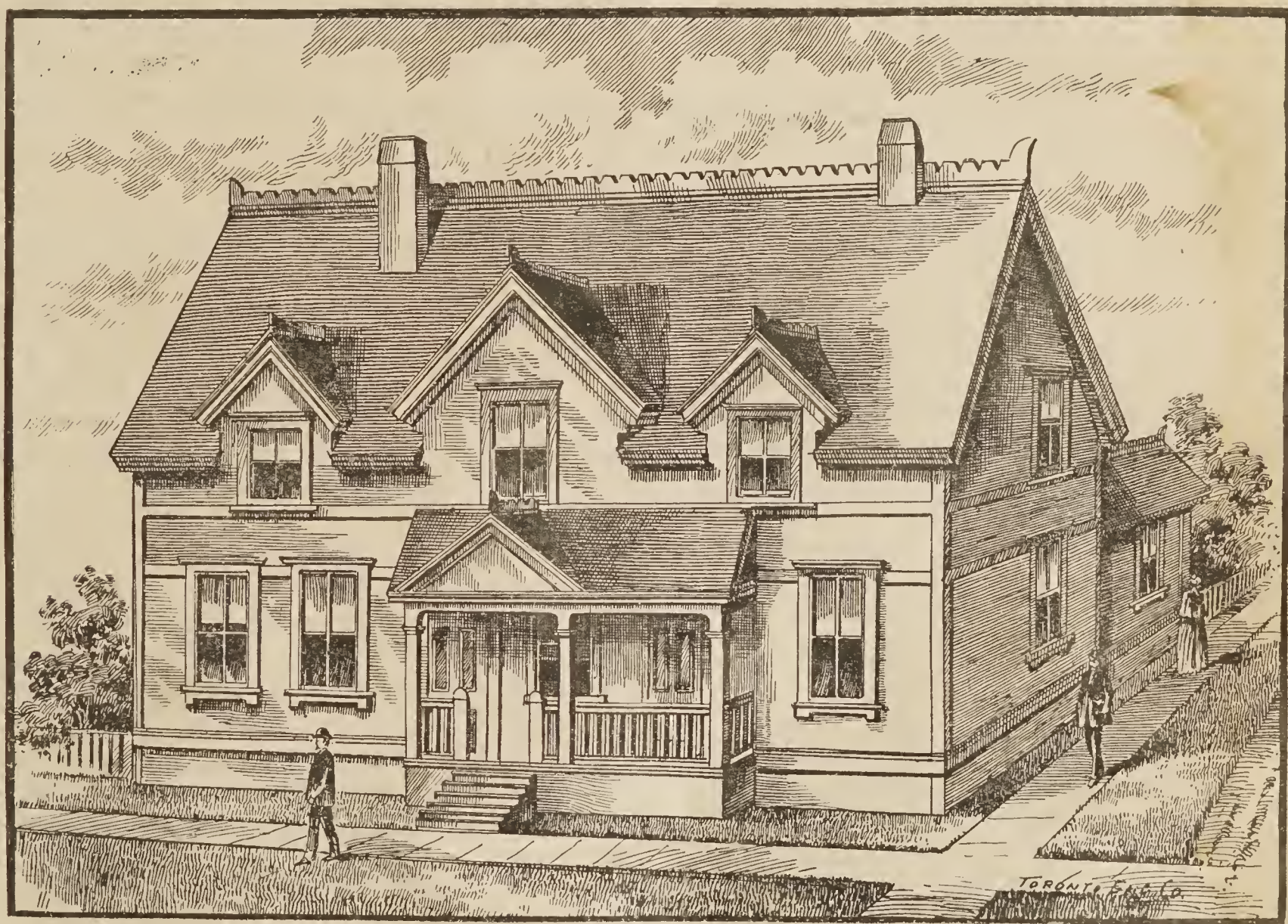
"The Field is" "The World" "is my Parish."

A Monthly Advocate, Record and Review.

VOL. XII.—No. 4.]

APRIL, 1892.

[WHOLE No. 136]



PROPOSED PUBLIC HOSPITAL, PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

(See Article on page 50.)

## Field Notes.

THE Department of Public Works, (Ottawa) has advertised for tenders for the erection of the new Indian Institute buildings, at Brandon, Man. This will be good news to the Church and to all who are interested in the uplifting of the Indian tribes. We trust the work will be rapidly pushed forward.

WE have received a number of interesting letters from different parts of the mission field, but cannot make room for them in this number. Also several well written papers on missionary topics, which will appear in due course. Correspondents will please exercise a little patience.

MRS. MAGGIE BATTY, teacher of the Indian School at Saddle Lake, Alta., writes as follows:—"There are



to Communion vessels at Saddle Lake. Perhaps some of your benevolent friends who have money to spare would send us a set. We were glad to receive some Christmas cards from Miss May A. Hannon, Guelph, Ont., donated by the Mission Circle. The Indian children are delighted with the bright pictures, and it encourages them to come regularly to school.

A BLESSED work of grace has been in progress for some time among the Indians of Walpole Island. A great many have been savingly converted, of all ages, from the child of six years up to advanced manhood, and harmony prevails through the entire work. Bro. Elias writes that a richer outpouring of the Holy Spirit he has never witnessed.

MRS. DR. MCLEAN, of Moose Jaw, writes:—"We are not strong enough to form an Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society, but have started a missionary prayer-meeting, which is held once a month. We have got up a club for the OUTLOOK, that we may be supplied with missionary matter. Glad to see the OUTLOOK so much improved."

WE are glad to chronicle another "forward movement," as witness the following in a letter from Mr. Wm. Johnson, the able and successful Superintendent of Bridge Street Sunday School, Belleville:—"We commence a new era in our school. After the February Quarterly Official Meeting, the school is to be supported by an appropriation from the Church, and all our collections on Sunday are to go to missions and missionaries. I have been trying to get this principle adopted for years. "Forward Movements," however, go slow, even on the eve of the twentieth century. But to patient faith (with works) the prize is sure."

*The Wesleyan Methodist Church Record* is a new penny monthly of 32 pages, published at the Wesleyan Book Room, London, and edited by the Rev. G. Patterson, Bristol. The contents are varied, and constitute a most readable paper. A page or two of "Missionary Notes" is by no means the least interesting feature of the *Record*. We wish it a long and successful career.

*The African News*, organ of Bishop Wm. Taylor's work in Africa, is a large quarto of 16 pages, published at 210 Eighth Avenue, New York, and full of interesting information respecting mission work in the Dark Continent. It is under the joint editorship of Bishop Taylor (better known in this country as "California Taylor") and his son, Rev. Ross Taylor, the latter of whom resides in New York, and attends to the publication department, besides being Treasurer of the Africa Fund. The *News* is published at \$1.00

a year, to ministers half price, and those who desire to keep abreast of movements in Africa, cannot do better than subscribe for a copy.

*The Missionary Review of the World* for April opens with a fitting tribute to Charles Haddon Spurgeon, by the Editor-in-chief, Dr. A. T. Pierson, who had been supplying Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit during his illness. Rev. James Johnston, of London, England, reviews "A Generation of Christian Progress in India," picturing graphically the advancement made in the last forty years in that country. Other articles of timely interest fill the department of Literature of Missions. The "General Missionary Intelligence" Department as usual sums up the work in all fields. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. Toronto, 11 Richmond Street, West. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, \$1.50.

## Editorial and Contributed.

### THE PORT SIMPSON HOSPITAL.

FOR several years past Dr. A. E. Bolton has been laboring as a medical Missionary among the Indians on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at Port Simpson. He has seen the urgent need of an hospital at the latter point, and has striven hard to get a suitable building erected. The hospital will not be in any sense denominational; but in view of its great importance to the Indians, the Missionary Society makes an annual grant in aid of Dr. Bolton's stipend, and the Woman's Missionary Society has undertaken to support a trained nurse when the hospital is ready. The British Columbia Government has granted \$500 in aid of the building, business men on the Coast are also giving some assistance, and donations of bedding have been sent by many persons. Still, at least \$1000 more is needed for building fund and furnishing. An application is before the Dominion Government for aid, which it is hoped will be given. The following letter from Dr. Bolton gives further information:—

PORT SIMPSON, B. C., February 3rd, 1892.

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—I enclose drawings of our proposed hospital. They were prepared by Mr. T. Hooper, of Victoria, from sketches that I sent him. They have been shown to the Provincial Government, which expressed approval, and handed over the five hundred dollars granted last session of Parliament, toward building expenses. We have lumber and other material in hand, but have not commenced building yet, as the arrangements are not completed about the site.

In this scheme I have asked the co-operation, not only of the missionaries in the district, but also of most of the business men, and nearly all have taken an interest and aided substantially in getting it on a good footing. We have



thought it best to make the hospital in every sense a public one, and hope for continued assistance from both Local and Federal Governments. The W. M. S. is pledged to the support of a trained nurse, and we hope to have one installed by May, when we expect to open at Port Essington, as last year, for the salmon season. From various parts of the country have come donations of bedding, etc., so that in that line we are pretty well supplied.

But we yet need about five hundred dollars to complete the building, and as much more to furnish it, besides some of the running expenses which are not assured. We are looking to friends of missions to make up these sums; and I trust there are some who have not yet helped who will see their way clear to do so at this crisis. I am sure the cause is a worthy one. No call from across the sea is loud enough to drown the cry of those of our own land who need healing for body and soul. The Indian may be numerically vanishing, physically degenerated, and morally non-aspiring—he is still our neighbor scripturally and geographically, and as such shall we give him a few crumbs from our table? Nay, the good Samaritan's way, the Saviour's way, is to make real self-denying sacrifice for his good. Who will give us five hundred dollars to finish the building and have the privilege of naming it?

It is reported that la grippe is prevalent among the tribes scattered along the west coast, and about the north end of Vancouver Island, and that in some parts they are dying by scores without any missionary to alleviate their suffering, or brighten their dying hours. It is painful not to be able to extend aid to them. La grippe has not visited us up north this winter, but we have had an unusually severe epidemic of whooping cough, which in the Indian children has been accompanied in many cases by capillary bronchitis, which often proves fatal in weakened constitutions, and in subjects of inherited disease. Fifteen of these cases were fatal, including two in the *Girls' Home*.

My total attendances in 1891 amounted to 7960, the number of different cases was 2905. About one-half of these were residents of Port Simpson, the others having their homes all the way from Alaska in the north to Bella Bella in the south, and from the Q. C. Islands in the west to as far east as Babine Lake. We never lack here for opportunity to do good, there are so many suffering ones to relieve, ignorant to instruct, heathen to enlighten, young to teach and warn against temptations, and tremendous evil influences to oppose and repress. All in the field need the prayers and sympathy of those at home. May God enable each one to see that it is his duty and privilege to help in this work.

### *April* NORTH-WEST AMERICA. 1892.

**North Pacific.**—Bishop Ridley in a recent letter refers again to Sheuksh, the chief of the Kitkatla Indians, whose public confession of Christ he related so touchingly in the letter which we published in February. Dr. Ardagh had just visited the Rev. F. L. Stephenson, of Kitkatla, and from his report the Bishop writes:—"Sheuksh, the chief, learns a translated passage of Holy Scripture every day, and its meaning, and every night gathers a class round him for instruction. A casual look in showed over twenty adults round this now most powerful chief in the country (and he but a catechumen himself), all listening eagerly, and learning the verses by heart. Dr. Ardagh says that the new church is so thronged that they erected a western gallery, and yet many must stand because they have no space to sit."

#### A BLANKET OFFERTORY.

THE annual letter of the Rev. C. Harrison, of Massett, in Queen Charlotte's Islands, is a record of hopeful and important work. Besides the services on Sundays, every night of the week, except Saturday, was taken up with classes and meetings of various kinds. Eighty Hydahs, adults and children, have been baptized, making a total on the baptismal register of 178. There are thirty members in the catechumens' class; and twenty-three have been confirmed by Bishop Ridley. No less than 100 blankets, value five shillings each, were contributed on one

Sunday by the congregation toward a new church. Mr. Harrison has compiled a Hydah vocabulary, written some easy Old Testament lessons, and translated a large portion of the Prayer Book.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer*.



For I suppose that the readers of the *OUTLOOK* will not need to be told that it is only within the last decade that this same village shook off the vices and superstitions of the darkest and most cruel heathenism, and by many they had been previously regarded as among the most incorrigible and blood-thirsty of northern tribes. At least that was what the writer heard of them thirty years ago. Whereas now, their missionary has not as much need to lock his door at night as our ministers have in Victoria or Toronto.

The day mentioned at the heading of this paper was yesterday, Sabbath, January 27th. It is selected, not for any especial feature of mission work, but as a sample of average winter Sabbaths at Bella Bella, so as to give missionary workers and subscribers in the east, a fair view of how some part, at least, of mission work is being done at one of their stations in the Far West. Parenthetically it may be said that the day itself was exceptionally fine. Indeed, like the two preceding days, the air was genial and balmy as though it had been the month of May. What will our ice-bound brethren in the eastern provinces think of British Columbia weather at this season, in  $52^{\circ}$  N. Lat., when we say that your missionary at Bella Bella might have been seen sitting on the platform in front of the mission house yesterday at 9 a.m., conning over his preparation for the forenoon service. And further, that his good wife had fuschias and crocuses blooming in the windows. But a truce as to the weather, as that was not in our thoughts when we began to write, but being so unusually fine even for British Columbia, we thought it might serve to show of what its climate is capable. In other years the harbor has been covered with ice at this season.

The following is the programme of yesterday's religious work, and is similar to the routine of ordinary Sabbaths at Bella Bella during the winter months, when the people are mostly at home:

At 6 a.m. the church bell rang out loud and clear on the morning stillness, to arouse the people for the early prayer-meeting at 6.30 o'clock, when the bell was again rung by one of the watchmen who patrol the village at night. The bell is rung for every religious service. But one can well imagine the query being interjected just here by some city Methodist, who thinks it no trifling act of self-denial to attend the first Sabbath service at 11 a.m., "Did any one attend that early morning prayer-meeting of yours?" Yes, about 25, men and women; and that was a smaller number than usual. Sometimes, as was the case yesterday, the meeting includes some who have not yet experienced a change of heart. The women pray, too, as a matter of course. A few Sunday

mornings ago, one poor woman with her babe in her arms was present, who had left her husband at home in delicate health. She attempted to pray, but some one else got ahead of her, but she tried again, and plead so earnestly as not only to bring out a chorus of sympathetic amens from those of her own tongue, but also to convince those of us who could not understand her words, that she was no stranger to the power of prayer. Perhaps the most powerful prayer yesterday morning was offered by a good sister who was converted under the ministry of Rev. W. Pollard, at Victoria, several years ago. For although they pray in a strange tongue, yet their prayers make one feel that their lips have been touched with the fire of the Holy Ghost, and that they possess the simple faith of real old-time Methodists.

At 10 a.m. a congregation of say eighty or eighty-five persons attended the first preaching service. Their appearance and dress were such as to do credit to the faithful teaching of former missionaries, who evidently have not only inculcated godliness, but also that which is said to rank next to it, viz., cleanliness.

The singing of "Arise, my soul, arise," at the opening, to the time-worn tune "Lennox," first in English and then in their own language, would have cheered the hearts of any lovers of missions could they have had the privilege of being within sight or hearing. The service then proceeded according to Methodist usage, the discourse on the text "What think ye of Christ," being interpreted by one of our local preachers, who also repeated the text to the congregation at the close until they had learned it; so that the text is remembered, although the sermon be forgotten.

The Sunday-school met at 2 p.m., being attended by young and old; indeed, it is usually the largest gathering of the Sabbath, being conducted by the missionary, who, with the aid of a colored illustration of the Sunday-school Lesson (kindly furnished by the Dundas Street Centre Sunday School, London, Ontario), employs this pleasant method of imparting Scriptural truth. There were about 100 present; sometimes there are many more. The teaching is wisely interspersed with plenty of lively singing, which helps to make the service attractive as well as useful.

The evening preaching service began at 6 o'clock. Upon this occasion the missionary preached, although sometimes the appointment is taken by a local preacher. Owing to local circumstances, the particulars of which are not necessary to give, the text was one but seldom used, viz., Matt. v. 27-32. The use of such portions of Scripture are particularly applicable among people but recently rescued from a state of heathenism, and the sermon on this occasion was an attempt to speak in thorough harmony with the



Saviour's teaching. This was followed by an after-service which, as usual, took the form of a meeting for testimony and praise. The volume of song that broke forth ever and anon was an evidence that this people have learned St. Paul's directions for singing in Eph. v. 19: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," etc. As to the testimonies, the speakers were ready and soundly evangelical; no sooner had one spoken than another was on his feet. They thanked the Lord, among other things, for what they had heard that night from their missionary. It was better than the old heathen superstition, because it was the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom they believed to be God's Son, sent into this world to teach them God's word and to remind them of truth (referring to marriage, etc.), which had been forgotten or perverted by the traditions of their fathers through the long course of ages. They also repeatedly announced their uncompromising renunciation of all heathen notions and customs, and their determination to stand out bravely on the Lord's side.

One old man, in particular, spoke, who used to carry on quite a business as a native carpenter in carving images, masks and other superstitious trinkets and paraphernalia in the former dark days of heathenism, and who, according to the testimony of his neighbors, bears on his body the marks of his pagan antecedents; but now with a face radiant with Christian hope, he arose and told us how much he rejoiced in God his Saviour, and how warm his heart was with the Divine love, and at the close he was one of the first to go up to his pastor and shake hands with him in token of his love and gratitude for the Gospel message he had heard.

But some one will ask as to the quality or quantity of practical religion among this people? Is this fervor of theirs, or their religious enthusiasm, anything more than skin-deep? Well, these queries can all be fully met and answered. Their present missionary, who has seen pretty much all the phases and manifestations of religious character that may be found on the Pacific coast, confidently declares that, considering the short religious history of this people, the gross darkness in which most of them have been raised, and the indescribably wicked example of many white men whom they have known, their present improved condition, and the strict observance of the Sabbath, will enable them to bear comparison with far more favored communities.

A vote for the penitentiary of \$5000; Victoria military buildings \$21,250; and improvements to Nanaimo buildings \$1000. The removal of Nicol Rock, Nanaimo, \$5000; Fraser river \$10,000; Victoria harbor, \$6000; removal of Coulder Shoal improvements between Revelstoke and Arrow lake, Columbia river, \$6000, and removal of snags in Skeena river, \$2500; to connect Bonilla Point with Victoria, \$4000; to provide for steamship communication between New Westminster and the city of Victoria, \$7,500 for a wharf at Victoria, \$2,000, and to provide a small steam launch for the use of the Indian department in the waters of the province, \$5,000. Another vote was made of \$7,500 for the erection of an Indian industrial school at Kamloops, Kootenay and Kuper Island, and to supplement the Metlahatla Industrial School, \$3,170. The total amount of the estimates asked for is \$1,813,757, of which \$131,554 is chargeable to capital and \$1,482,203 to income.



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Oh, for more and more of generous giving, of quench-  
less zeal in this missionary cause, so noble and so  
divine. My sisters in Christ, do not hesitate to break  
on your Master's feet your alabaster flask of grateful  
love; though it may seem but a waste to some, the  
house of God and the cause you love so well, shall be  
filled with the odor of your consecration, and your  
unselfish deeds shall remain as a fragrant and beauti-  
ful memory when you shall have passed away.

#### A NIGHT AND A DAY AT BELLA BELLA.

THE night referred to was last Christmas Eve. The  
missionary steamer, *Glad Tidings*, in charge of  
Captain Oliver, with his Christian crew and passen-  
gers on board from Victoria, steamed into the harbor  
at eleven p.m. As soon as they hove in view of the  
village they were cheered by a sight which is not to  
be seen anywhere in British Columbia, perhaps, but  
at the mission stations of the Port Simpson District.  
The whole village, which skirts the shore of the bay,  
was illuminated. Every house belonging to the In-  
dians had its windows lighted up, and in some cases  
lanterns were hung outside the doors. A band of  
carol singers, who had learnt several hymns and Gos-  
pel songs during the previous weeks from their mis-  
sionary, were going from door to door throughout the  
entire village singing their inspiring pieces, aided  
partially by a brass band, the performers having only  
been in practice for about a month, and without the  
luxury of a teacher or the knowledge of musical  
notation. As Captain Oliver afterwards said, to hear  
the strains of those Christian songs wafted across  
the harbor as they cast anchor, was enough to fill  
one's heart with joy; especially when the character  
of both singers and songs were taken into account.  
It might be of interest to mention the title or first  
lines of the pieces sung. They were as follows:  
"My heart and voice I raise, to spread Messiah's  
praise," "Are you coming home, ye wanderers?"  
"Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?"  
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" "Why  
do you wait, dear brother?" etc.; and another which  
they had learnt before, "How beautiful upon the  
mountain," etc.

The night, being fine and clear, formed a fitting  
prelude to the religious services of next day, when  
Brothers Oliver and Robinson preached to large con-  
gregations. To witness such a scene brought forcibly  
to one's mind Charles Wesley's beautiful rendering  
of Isaiah xxxv. 1:—

"Hark! the wastes have found a voice,  
Lonely deserts now rejoice,  
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,  
All around with praises ring."

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gest kind?







the music of heaven to hearken to the fervent prayer of one of His little ones. It is the experience of many a timid believer, that by constantly taking up this cross, it does become lighter, the burden of it less, and the joy of it greater.

We find, in Holy Writ, many who were specially sent by God Himself to do certain things. Moses was thus commissioned to lead Israel, Elijah to warn and then save Israel, Nathan to warn a king, Jonah to warn a city, a little captive maid to direct her master to the place of healing for body and soul. Some of these went willingly, some not; but what of those who went not at all? Their names do not appear, but there were, no doubt, then as now, messengers sent by the Master to do certain things who said, "I go, sir," and went not. Are we willing to be among that sorry company by-and-by?

It seems to me that the trumpet-blast blown by the old prophet Isaiah, and re-echoed by John the Baptist, is ringing yet in the ears of the women of this generation, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." Let us prepare the way for the Lord's work and workers. Our daughters and those who succeed us will, no doubt, be much better qualified to use pen and tongue in the great work than we. Let us leave the way as plain for them as we can. Let us clear away the stumbling blocks of prejudice, the rubbish of ignorance, the dust of indifference, out of their way, that they may not have to use their precious time in removing them. The time is short, let us be up and doing, for we know not when our Lord doth come.

#### INDIAN PROGRAMME.

*Large map of Dominion in the foreground.—Band seated on platform or in suitable place.*

Hymn, 715.

Scripture readings, Gen. iv. 9-12; 1 Kings xx. 39-40; Luke x. 26-37.

*President*—I am glad to see so many of you out this evening. How is it that I meet with so cordial a response to my appeal at our last gathering?

*A Voice*.—You said you could not do *all* the work; we had a share in that and the responsibility too. And here we are; each one to help a little.

*Pres.*—Oh, I am so glad you have such good memories. I suspect you must be interested.

*2nd Voice*.—We are to talk about Indian missions, you know.

*3rd Voice*.—Yes; let us learn what we can about the heathen in our own country.

*1st Voice*.—Oh, that's too bad to call Indians heathens.

*Pres.*—But don't you know they have been, and many are yet heathen; as much so as any in Central Africa?

*4th Voice*.—Oh, but they don't do the things a real heathen does, and they are not at all interesting. They build no curious temples, weave no shining silks, have no grotesque idols, no weird and fanciful ceremonies. They just sit around in blankets, and beg. Now, I am all aglow with sympathy for the *real* heathen, who sit amid spicy groves and brilliant birds; their large, soulful dark eyes glow with inward emotions, and their accents sound like far-off music. Oh, I'll work in such a cause as that!

#### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

I am very glad our little talk has taken this turn. I dare say the ideas just advanced express the feelings of not a few present. Well then, let me tell you that the few Indians whom you may have seen no more represent the natives inhabiting this continent at the time of its discovery and

subsequent settlement by the whites, than do the oriental women, pictured by your imagination, illustrate the actual condition of the mass of female humanity outside the pale of Christianity. The Indian nation, however, has to be looked at differently from any other. The Indian picture is viewed in a white frame, whose purity and beauty magnify the unsightliness of many points in the scene, but in nowise helps to remove them.

Then the fact of their being so near to us proves a hindrance instead of a help. There is no flavor of romance pervading our ideas concerning them. It appears very plain and homely business, and we are not aware that any other savage nation would appear the same if brought equally near. But if you *mean business* (and if you *don't*, you need never hope for success in this or any other undertaking), you will be very glad to know just what there is to do.

The tribes living near us or among us have become at least nominally Christians. Those of the maritime provinces are Roman Catholics; those of Ontario either Protestants or Catholics. The Crees and other tribes on the eastern side of the Rockies, have abandoned their tribal wars, and live in comparative peace and semi-civilization. But the Indian in his native state is as veritable a heathen as any living in the heart of Africa. And there are still those living in some parts of British Columbia and Alaska who are to-day following their heathen practices and dying in their heathen belief.

The things we abhor in their lives and customs are not distinctly *Indian*. They are the inevitable accompaniments of *heathenism*, and only serve as evidence that Indians were such. Filth, noise, want of principle, lack of intellect, greediness, inordinate desire for revenge, will always exist where paganism does, and while it does. It is part of it.

Singing—Tune, "Zion."

Hymn—"British Columbia White to the Harvest."

Who but Thou, Almighty Spirit,  
Can the heathen world reclaim?  
Men may preach, but till Thou favor,  
Heathens will be still the same,  
Let Columbia  
Witness to the Saviour's name.

Lo, these hills for harvest whiten  
All along each distant shore,  
Seaward far the islands brighten,  
Light of nations lead us o'er.  
Lead Columbia,  
Let Thy spirit go before.

Let us haste and spread the tidings,  
Wide to earth's remotest strand;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings  
Rise against us when we stand  
For the North-West,  
In the judgment for this land.

Let the Indian see salvation;  
Let Tsimsheans, Haidas, Cree;  
Let these souls, redeemed a nation  
In a day, be born to Thee.  
Hail, O brothers!  
Christ has come to set you free.

#### THE CATECHISM.

(By one elder and several younger members of Band.)

*Leader*.—Now I will hear your Indian catechism.

*Several together*.—Of course, you will give prizes!

*Leader*.—Oh, you rogues! You will not win any. All stand in a row—so. Where did the Indians come from?

*1st Voice*.—There is no history to tell us. We have no certain reliable way of knowing. It is supposed they crossed from Asia over Behring's Strait.



*Leader.*—Are they an ancient people?

*2nd Voice.*—Yes. The changes in language that have taken place among them prove them to be a nation which must have existed a very long time.

*Leader.*—Have they many languages or dialects?

*3rd Voice.*—There are several languages and many dialects.

*Spectator.*—I suppose they have very few words. I have an idea they express themselves in the briefest manner possible, and fill up all blank spaces with a grunt.

*4th Voice.*—That is a mistake. They do end their sentences abruptly. They have a fondness for expressing as much as possible in one word, but that very reason gives their language astonishing variety and richness. It gives rise to a very curious way of adding to the same word, which is found in none of the languages of the Old World.

*Leader.*—Have they written languages?

*2nd Voice.*—No; they have evidently used hieroglyphics. Thus the Hurons were represented by a beaver, the Senecas by a spider, the Mohawks by a bear, etc.

*Leader.*—Are there many of them?

*1st Voice.*—A hunting people can never be very numerous, but it is supposed that the number of Pagan Indians in the Dominion of Canada is not less than 100,000.

*Leader.*—What is their religious belief?

*3rd Voice.*—In one Supreme Being, many lesser ones, and a host of invincible spirits. Their priests are also doctors, and, if possible, jugglers. They believe in a material heaven.

*Leader.*—What are their principal customs?

*4th Voice.*—War dances, national councils, great feasts, called, in British Columbia, "the potlach." At this last, magnificent presents are given to the guests by the chief, to provide which the tribe is obliged to assist, and the savings of years thus go in a single night. They have many rude and grotesque customs, which it would take too long to describe.

*Leader.*—You say they are a nomadic or wandering people. How do they travel?

*5th Voice.*—In winter, on snow-shoes. In summer, only moccasins—shoes made from the skins of animals.

*Leader.*—How do they cross water?

*6th Voice.*—In canoes hollowed from the trunks of cedar trees, also in canoes made of sheets of birch bark about a quarter of an inch thick. These are lined with very thin flakes of wood.

"Thus the birch canoe was builded  
In the bosom of the forest,  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews,  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily."

*Leader.*—How do they treat their women?

*3rd Voice.*—They are regarded as slaves. They do all the work, except hunting, fishing and fighting. The men look on, while they erect tents, plant corn, haul and carry wood, and other burdens. They are transferred as property. The fathers or mothers sell them or exchange them for horses, rum, blankets, etc.

*Leader.*—Can they be happy?

*5th Voice.*—Oh, no; a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society says, "Many a poor mother assured me that she had killed her child to save it from suffering the misery she had herself endured."

*6th Voice.*—And a clergyman from another Missionary Board tells that "an Indian killed his wife and brought her body into the village for burial. No one could interfere.

According to their customs, he had bought her as he would buy a dog; and if he chose, he could kill her as he would kill a dog."

*Leader.*—How do they treat their aged people?

*Ans.*—In some tribes the old and feeble are put to death by placing a rope around their necks and dragging them over the stones.

*Leader.*—Do not tell us any more, we are quite convinced that we should be up and doing. We know, by the light of Gospel truths, that there is judgment for *national* as well as individual sins. What are we doing to avert such evil from overtaking "this Canada of ours?"

#### PAPER I. —OUR INDIANS, AND WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR THEM.

(Read by a girl of 14).

Ever since people got to know about the Indians in the great North-West, they felt they ought to help them, for they were bringing great riches to the white man; so it was only right, and what God meant, to give them the Gospel in return. The Methodist Church has been trying to do this ever since 1824, when the first Missionary Society was formed, to help some Indians in Ontario. That was sixty-five years ago. That year the Society had less than \$300. Well, the Society, the interest in missions, and the income, have been growing ever since, until last year the Woman's Missionary Society alone raised \$19,000, and the motto of the General Board is, "A revival in every congregation, and a quarter of a million for missions." Of course, all this is not spent for the Indian work, but a good deal of it is. About 12,000 Indians are under the care of our Church, in forty-seven different places.

We take the most interest in the Crosby Home, McDougall Orphanage, and Chilliwhack Home, because there the boys and girls who have no homes and no friends are loved and cared for. I mean they make a business of it; and isn't it a nice kind of business? If you wish to hear more about it come to our meetings. We get news from them all the time, and we will be glad to share the pleasure with you.

#### Recitation—

I'm a poor little Blackfoot boy,  
My name is Imogenee;  
Far away stands my buffalo lodge,  
'Neath a spreading cypress tree.

O, I was as happy there  
As the squirrels on yonder tree,  
Till my father was killed on the plains,  
While helping the Nez-per-ce.

Then the great chief, Red Feather, came,  
And said I must go with him  
To his lodge down the big Bow River,  
With its wild rolling waters so dim.

I am only an orphan now,  
With no one to pity my woe;  
I must leave the beautiful cypress,  
With my mother in the branches below.

And through the long weary moons,  
Must be the obedient slave  
Of the slave wives, and more wretched still,  
Of each young angry brave.

But there came to the big chief's tent  
Another white man one day,  
"From the land of the Rising Sun,"  
Were the words I heard him say.



The great chief sat all the night,  
And talked with the praying man  
Of many and many a thing  
I did not understand.

But one thing the good man said,  
And I'm sure I understood,  
He was building a home for orphans,  
And he'd gather all if he could.

Yes, these were his very own words :  
"I'll save them all if I can,  
Whether bad or good—if they but live,  
*Each boy will yet be a man.*"

Oh is it *really* a place  
Where I wouldn't hungry be,  
And scolded and starved, and told  
That nobody wanted me?

But no!—for he said there'd be room  
For lots of boys like me,  
And there'd be everything to make them  
As happy as they could be.

But he hadn't enough to finish  
The work already begun,  
Till the white man sends the money,  
From the land of the Rising Sun.

Oh *will* they not send the money,  
Such poor helpless orphans to save,  
From the wretchedness, sorrow, and crime  
That are dragging them down to the grave?

For there's many and many a boy,  
Whose case is more pitiful still :  
Who, with taunts fierce and cruel, is driven  
His own brother's blood to spill.

Oh, white man ! send the money !  
Or soon we'll all be in the grave  
With never an one to help us,  
Or a hand stretched out to save.

#### PAPER II.—DOES IT PAY TO SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE INDIANS?

I think I will answer this question by simply stating facts. In the early days of work among these people, the opinion of a Missionary Board, duly recorded in history, is, that "The American Indians, compared with other heathen, have been remarkable for readiness to perceive and admit the value both of Christianity and civilization. Among no other heathen in modern times has the Gospel had such early and decided success. No other savages have so readily thrown off their barbarism and become civilized men." As an illustration a brief biography is given of "Wequash, the famous Indian of the river's mouth ; he knew Christ ; he loved Christ ; he preached Christ up and down, and then suffered martyrdom for Christ."

In these days in which we live, we hear such accounts as this : "A small congregation of full-blooded Chickasaw Indians lately gave \$400 for the missions of their Church." "The number of young Indians learning trades in workshops, at the agencies under the care of the United States Government, has increased to 385." Rev. James Evans tells of a band of isolated Indians, who had never had a missionary or seen a school teacher, who had by themselves learned to read the Bible in the syllabic characters he invented and prepared for them. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Alaska, says the one great anxiety of the natives is to learn the English language, so that they may study God's Book. Our splendid native workers—Pierce, Sexsmith, the Steinhauers, and others—could tell you enough to make you feel very sure that it *does pay* wonderfully well to invest money, prayer, effort, in our own country and among our

own heathen neighbors. If white people had not hindered ; if a bad example had not been set, wicked practices taught, wrongs so many and so great that we cannot stop to mention them, done to the natives from the discovery of America to this very day, no man can tell what the result might have been ; but, judging from what we *know*, there is no doubt that the Indian would have accepted Jesus, whenever and wherever made known to him. Something of this is expressed in a hymn written on overhearing an Indian woman praying in the forest. It gives some of her words, and expresses her sentiments.

#### AN INDIAN HYMN.

(Which can either be recited or sung.)

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
Den me look heaven and send up cry,  
Upon my knee so low—  
Dat God on high in shining place  
See me in night wid teary face,  
My heart him tell me so.

Him send Him angel take me care,  
Him come Himself and hearum prayer,  
If Indian heart do pray ;  
Him see me now, Him know me here,  
Him say, "Poor Indian, neber fear,  
Me wid you night and day."

So me lub God wid inside heart ;  
He fight for me, He takum part,  
He sabum life before.  
God lub poor Indian in the wood,  
And me lub He, and dat be good,  
Me pray Him two time more.

When me be old, me head be grey,  
Den Him no leabe me, so Him say,  
"Me wid you till you die ;"  
Den take me up to shiny place,  
See white man, red man, black man face,  
All happy like on high.

#### PAPER III.—GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISE, SHOWING WHERE THE WORK IS GOING ON.

(Map of Dominion in foreground. Places shown and route traced with pointer.)

I am sure you must be tired of dates, numbers, and such prosy things. If you will just come with me, we'll have a pleasant change—a trip all through and over the North-West—at least, wherever our missions are. The first missionaries—Rundle and Evans—sent out by our Society, had to travel by dog-train, or on snow-shoes, or any way they could. Rev. James Evans, who began almost all the older missions this side the Rocky Mountains, made himself a boat and tin canoe, which dazzled in the sun so that the Indians called it the "Island of light ;" but I don't know where it is now, so we will not go that way. We will take the C. P. R. and ride comfortably along, stopping for a sail on Lake Winnipeg. Norway House is on its north-east corner, just here, which has a school taught by a native, who also has charge of the circuit, with four preaching places and 374 church members. At Oxford House and Nelson House they have native ministers ; there are some other missions, and more schools and more workers are needed. You can take your choice and travel by water or land. Will you go back to the railroad, or will you sail up the Saskatchewan, for this noble river will take you nearly to the Rocky Mountains. You see at this place, named Prince Albert, two branches of the river unite. We cannot go two ways at once, so we will choose our course, as we are told we will have to through life ; and the right way for us



will be to follow the North Branch, 400 miles to Edmonton, then down 80 miles to Victoria Mission, thence north-east 60 miles to Whitefish Lake Mission. This, you remember, was Mr. Steinhaur's home. We have a mission band named after him. When Mr. Evans consented, in 1846, to go as a missionary to Hudson's Bay Territory he took Mr. Steinhaur with him.

Now we will go back to Edmonton, which you see is like the hub of a wheel, and as all the spokes are fastened into it, we are always coming back to it again. One spoke runs 60 miles south-west to Woodville Mission at Pigeon Lake; another 60 miles south to Battle River. Most of the missions in this region were established by the Rev. Geo. McDougall. He wanted very much to do something for the children, and at the next place we go we shall see how his plans are being carried out. We will keep steadily on to the south-east, and in due time we shall reach Morley Mission, on the Bow River. We shall have to drive right across and through the river, but don't be afraid, we shall not get wet. Two miles back from the river stands the McDougall Orphanage. You see for yourselves where it got its name. Now we have visited all the mission fields except Fort McLeod, 140 miles south from Morley, this side of the Rockies.

Now, if you will return to our friend the C. P. R., it will carry you safely across these mountains, and we'll give a course of lectures, in which we'll tell of the wonderful sights along the journey. Here we are in British Columbia. As we reach its western shore, the ocean that stretches out blue and wide before us, I need not tell you, is the Pacific. We have reached the land's end, and must take a steamship if you mean to favor me with your company any farther. We can first glide up the Fraser, in whose valley lies the Chilliwack Home, but we must come right back and take the steam ferry across to Vancouver Island. I know you won't enjoy this trip, but never mind, sea-sickness will do you good.

Two hours by rail will bring us to Nanaimo. The town, they say, was built in a snow storm. Do you see that pretty little steam yacht out there in the harbour? That is the *Glad Tidings*. She has been taking in coal, for that is the kind of snow that abounds here. I am sure that Capt. Oliver will take us on board when he learns our business. So we will make a hasty call on Miss Lawrence, who has charge at this mission, and sail up the Pacific coast, where we have many interesting missions among the various tribes, and also on the islands, where one village after another has heard of and accepted Jesus. Here we are at Port Simpson, where, you know, the Crosby Home is situated, with Miss Knight and Miss Hart in charge. We can sail up the Naas river to Greenville in the summer time. Here a number of orphan boys have been supported and trained by the missionary, Mr. Green; but they are soon to go to Port Simpson, where proper accommodations will be provided for them. Around Greenville and between the Naas and Skeena rivers, there are various mission stations with hard names, and no way to get there, but by our own feet; as we are not so energetic and self-sacrificing as our missionaries we will not go there, nor up the Skeena, where during a single summer fully two thousand Indians have heard the story of the Cross from Mr. Pierce, our native preacher there. There are thousands more whom the message has never reached, who live a life too wild and strange to be even talked about. I wonder if it is all right for you and me to go home and leave them so. We will keep working and praying and talking about our missions, and try and get all our friends enlisted in their behalf. Of course, the Bands naturally prefer to hear of the McDougall Orphanage, the Crosby Home and the Chilliwack Home.

They will agree with the priest who said, "Give us the children and you may have the grown people."

Recitation (by one older girl)—

Who are these whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached the golden seat  
They have ever kept in view?

(By five little children)

I.—I whence Naas pours its tide  
Down the rocky canyon's side.

II.—I whence Skeena's waters flow.

III.—I from valley of the Bow.

IV.—I from out the Crosby Home.

V.—I from Chilliwack have come.

(Together)—

All our earthly journey past,  
Every fear and pain gone by,  
Here together meet at last,  
At the portals of the sky.

(First speaker)—

Each to welcome, Jesus waits,  
Gives the crowns His followers win;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.

## Missionary Readings.

### OUR VISIT TO MUNICH.

WITH the object that we may get full liberty to do mission work in Bavaria, Bro. Barkemeyer and I went from Coburg to Munich last Monday, and returned to-day. We intended not to go until August 3rd, so as to get half-fare, which is given on certain occasions for excursion parties, but learned that the Prince Regent is to be away during the month of August. We did not know that a great celebration was taking place on the 31st of July, in honor of King Ludwig's birthday, one hundred years ago. When within fifty miles of Munich we learned that the city was so full of visitors that many had to spend the nights on the streets. So we stopped at 9 p.m. and put up, our train getting to Munich after 10. Coming in next morning by 7, we found it as told, very full of people. The city has a population of over 200,000, and it is fair to say 200,000 visitors were there—some said many more, and a daily paper had it 300,000. Now, just think of 400,000 people, three out of every four of whom drank from ten to twenty glasses of beer every day. When Bro. B. and I got dinner yesterday, over two hundred were drinking beer at once. I got tired seeing sights by 9 a.m., and went to this place and wrote some, and stayed there till 1 p.m. Not less than fifty were there at any time, and at times as many as 1,200; and in that crowd not more than one in a hundred refused beer. The first thing you are asked, when you go to such a place, is if you don't want beer; and sometimes they bring it without asking, as they suppose everybody drinks it. Think of a room large enough for twenty tables, at each of which sit from five to ten persons drinking beer! They use beer largely, instead of tea and coffee. The man who sat next to me at dinner yesterday came at



## INVITED TO COFFEE IN A GREENLANDER'S HUT.

THERE is a pleasant picture in one of Br. Foged's letters from New Herrnhut, our oldest station in Greenland. He and his wife and another missionary were away visiting the members at Kangek. It takes three hours to cross the fjord from New Herrnhut to that out-station where several Greenlanders live. The missionaries spent three days with them, and the visit proved pleasant and encouraging to both teachers and taught. Many of these Greenlanders are simple, earnest Christians.

Among them was Kristian, a young married man, who had passed through deep experience of the sinfulness of sin, and the might of the saving grace and love. In gratitude to those who, under God, had helped him to a better life, his desire was: "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house."

See the party assembled, and the lady and the two missionaries seated as the guests of honour before a box covered with a cloth. There are few Greenlanders' houses in which a table would be found. On the fire was a great black pot, and from this, Kristian's young wife first served the missionaries with coffee, and then filled and refilled two cups, which passed round among the numerous Greenlanders assembled in the house. The coffee was pronounced very good by all.

The time passed quickly in pleasant and profitable conversation, and in singing, mostly hymns. Soon the hour for parting came, and the two hours so spent will long remain a pleasant memory with all who were present.

## AMONG THE CREES.

IN an interesting book, published some time ago, the Rev. Egerton R. Young gives a good account of his work amongst the Cree Indians. He says that on one occasion he was visited by a number of Indians whose object was to gain a knowledge of the Word of God. The story cannot be better told than in his own words.

"The Indians came into my room," Mr. Young says, "noiselessly, after their fashion, so that the room was filled with them before I knew it. When I became aware of their presence, I asked whence they were. 'From a journey of fourteen nights,' they replied; for they reckon distance by the number of nights they are delayed to sleep. 'We have got the *Keesenaychen* (the Great Book), but we don't understand it, although we can read it.' I thought they were joking, for the Indians cannot read unless some one has taught them, and I knew from their account that they must live far away from any missionary; but I asked them, 'From what missionary did you learn?' 'We never saw a missionary nor a teacher!'

"I took down from my shelf our Bible, printed in the beautiful character for the Cree language, and opened at Genesis. They read with ease and correctness. I turned the pages, and they read in many places. I was amazed, and asked them again where they lived. They described the place to me. It was far away north of Hudson Bay, hundreds of miles from any missionary. Their hunting-grounds, it seems, adjoin those of some Christian Indians. They cover great distances in hunting; 'and,' continued my visitors, 'we visited your Indians and found that they had the *Keesenaychen*. We got them to read it, and then to teach it to us; and we were so pleased with it that we all learned to read it during the winter.'

"Every soul in a village with a population of three hundred had thus actually learned to read the Bible without ever having seen any white teacher; and having in the course of providence come into possession of some copies that happened to be in the hands of the agent for the Hudson Bay Company (the great trading company of the Canadian north), these heathen Indians had journeyed through the snow, fourteen nights' distance, that to them might be given instruction in the Book they had thus learned to love."

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

DEAR SIR,—Would you allow me to acknowledge in the GUARDIAN the following donations towards the repairs of *Glad Tidings*: Weston Sunday-school, \$10; Miss E. I. Barker, Guelph, \$2; "B. K.," \$1; Miss H. Fairless, \$1; A friend, \$2. Another writes: "I have \$5 of talent money, how shall I send it for repairs of *Glad Tidings*?" I wish others would send on all the talent money due, we should soon have enough.

We have just been off to Kit-a-maat, 140 miles away, to build a new church. I had to take two

Indian carpenters from here, and lumber from Hartly Bay, on our way, for the church, and to repair mission house. We had a meeting at Kit-a-maat every night, and full services the two Sabbaths we were there. The weather became very stormy, so much so that we had to keep steam up as well as anchor down for two nights, and one day she dragged anchor and was nearly on the rocks, while we were at work on the church. We were obliged to take the boat away before the work was complete, and spent a day or two at Hartly Bay helping Bro. Eigar with a little mission house. Then my old trouble, asthma, came on with such severity that I was obliged to hasten home. Our old boiler began to leak, so we shall not be able to do much until the new one is in.

Yours truly, T. CROSBY.

Port Simpson, October 12th, 1891.

*Sheldar Jackson*



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### THE INDIAN WORK.

Letter from REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated BELLA BELLA, B.C., March 17th, 1892.

FOR quite a while we had desired to go to Rivers Inlet, but circumstances were such that it seemed impossible to get away. But at length the way seemed open, so on the 28th of January, about eleven o'clock, we started. There were five of us in the canoe, one of our Bella Bella men, his wife and child, another Indian woman, and myself. We were pretty heavily loaded, as the Indians were going to Rivers Inlet to seek work, and consequently, carried quite a quantity of household goods, besides provisions. My own intention was to reach my destination in about three days, and so be able there to catch the steamer leaving Victoria, February 1st. We rowed and paddled on against a head wind for about an hour, when one of the women said in the native language, "Take your gun." Her husband did so, not knowing what he was expected to do with it, till we heard a rustling and saw two medium-sized deer spring up from the beach and disappear in the woods. They were gone before a shot could be fired. All felt sorry at the loss, as fresh meat is generally very acceptable on this coast.

After having a cold lunch in the canoe we pressed on, still with a head wind. Just before dusk we ran in behind some islands, about fifteen miles from home, to find a camp. Here we found an abundance of mussels. We soon had the canoe unloaded, the things carried up above high-tide mark, and a roaring camp fire going. While the potatoes were boiling for supper, the native took his canoe sail and spread it up forming one side of a tent, the open part being towards the fire. We had supper of mussels, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee. The Indians also had dry salmon.

Soon after supper we had prayers, and prepared to retire. I had intended to spread my blankets under an overhanging tree that helped form the tent, but finally I was persuaded by the others to retire under the sail, but near the end of it. It was a lovely night, when we went to bed; the moon was shining, the stars dancing, and no wind, but frosty. There was no snow on the ground, so everything seemed to be settled for a good night's rest. But about 2 a.m. I was awakened by water streaming down my face and head. Jumping up, I discovered it had been snowing and raining. The snow had settled over my head, and then melted with the rain, giving me the full benefit of a shower bath. After arranging the sail to better shed the rain and turning over my wet blankets so as to be a little more comfortable, I again fell asleep; but in about two hours down came the water again. I now arose and sought the shelter of the overhanging tree, but sleep had gone for that night. Before daylight, however, a similar occurrence happened to one of the Indian women, under their part of the sail. She was considerably frightened, and called for a light before she could satisfy herself as to the cause. At daylight we had a light breakfast and were off again.

We rowed on with no wind, but a head tide, which caused us to follow the shore line very closely. By 11 a.m. we reached a deserted hunting camp, and refreshed ourselves with a lunch and a cup of hot coffee. Then we saw there was a wind that would carry us across the channel, so we put up our sail and away we went over to the other hunting camp of our people. We arrived there wet and cold, about 2.30 p.m., and found three families there; one of these had a very sick baby. It was impossible to go further, as the wind was strong and would be against us, if we proceeded. Then, my man had complained of not feeling well ever since we left Bella Bella, but now became quite poorly; so with the best grace possible, we remained.

That night we slept in a house, rather one-half of a house, consisting of one side of a roof and two side walls, the rest open, made of split cedar boards. However, this was a palace to our camp of the previous night.

The next day, Saturday, our man was no better, and the wind was thought not to be favorable, so we remained there. About noon another canoe of our people came in, containing parts of three more families. One of these proved to be a sister of the sick babe's father, as well as sister to the wife of the man who was with me. That afternoon the child died. It seemed so providential that the poor father had his relatives drop in as they did, as he felt very keenly the loss of his only child.

Sunday we had three very good services. The rest of the day was occupied by the Indians eating. I can not tell you how many meals they had, but suffice it to say that all the time between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m., except the time of the services, was occupied in cooking and eating. They had dry salmon, coffee and tea, bread, pilot bread, clams, deer, potatoes, soup, berries, flesh and fat of hair seal, rotten salmon, eggs, and other Indian delicacies.

Monday morning, finding my man still further indisposed, and not wishing to proceed or return, and fearing that I was too late to catch the steamer at Rivers Inlet, I returned home with the canoe which bore back the little corpse for burial. We arrived in the evening, after a very pleasant run. On the way back the Indians shot about thirty water snipe. We took the next steamer down to Rivers Inlet, spent a week there, and returned home by the return steamer. Fortunately for me the boat called both ways that time.

**Christian Island.**—I have just returned from my other appointment, Beausoliel. For some days previous to my visit to this Island the weather was very unfavourable, heavy winds and rain; the day before we started I prayed to the good Lord who has all things at His command, to give us favourable wind and weather; I don't think there was anything wrong in this. No more direct answer to prayer could be realized; no mortal man could desire more favourable winds and weather, both going and returning. The mission boat, *Wasayaubun*, "Morning Light," never sailed better or faster since she was built. We sailed eight to twelve miles per hour on an average. Just as we got back to the dock it commenced to rain, and rained all night and next day, and is cold and stormy still. I found the Indians all home. We had a blessed time during the services, more especially during the love feast and sacrament. When I intimated that it was quite probable we would never meet again until we would meet in our Father's home in Ishpeming (heaven), they became very sad, and the tears flowed freely. When I asked them all to meet me in heaven, they pledged themselves by rising to their feet. They followed us down to the shore, when we had another sad parting; they waited on the shore until we were nearly out of sight. This appointment at Beausoliel will at no very distant date become obsolete. I am informed that the island is offered for sale for pasture land, the only thing it is fit for, and the few Indians that are there will have to leave for some other reservation. There are only eleven members there belonging to our church, and one family belonging to the Roman Catholic church. Those belonging to our church are chiefly old women, a few grandchildren, and too old men. The land is poor, and the people are very poor, and nearly half naked. Their houses are very old, ready to tumble down. The ladies of the Women's Missionary Society would be doing a good act if they would send those poor people some clothing. Poor as these old people are they gave me, unsolicited, a \$4 subscription for the Missionary Society; truly a rebuke to rich white people.

P. SPARLING.



# The Missionary Outlook

"The Field is" "The World" "is my Parish"

A Monthly Advocate, Record and Review.

VOL. XII.—No. 7.]

JULY, 1892.

[WHOLE No. 138

## Field Notes.

DURING the past year, in the field covered by the North India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, baptisms of converted heathens have aggregated 16,000.

CASTE is giving way in India. Seventy or eighty years ago it cost a man \$100,000 to be reinstated after losing his caste. In recent years it has been purchased by a wealthy man for \$300.

FIFTY years ago there was not a native Christian in the Fiji Islands; now there is not a heathen. Recently fifteen missionaries were required for dangerous and unhealthy work in New Guinea, and forty volunteers responded.

BISHOP TAYLOR requests us to announce that he has instructed his publisher, Rev. Ross Taylor, to send to all who may apply for the same his beautifully illustrated *African News* for three months absolutely free.

Send address on a postal card to 210 Eighth Avenue, New York City.



NEW INDIAN CHURCH AT BELLA BELLA, B.C.



## AN INDIAN ON RUM SELLING.

MISS LAVINIA CLARK, of the Coqualeetza Home, B.C., sends us a report of what an Indian said recently in regard to the introduction of strong drink among his people under the iniquitous license system. "Indian Billy" is evidently a good way ahead of many of his white brethren on this important question. Miss Clarke's letter is as follows:

CHILLIWHACK, B.C., May 27th, 1892.

At an enthusiastic gospel temperance service, held in the Coqualeetza school last Sabbath evening, Indian Billy, of Skowkale, gave the following testimony, which we think too good to keep:

DEAR FRIENDS,—My heart has been very sick for the past week on account of what I have heard from some of the white people in this valley. They want to get a shop here where rum is to be sold, and when I told them I thought it was bad they laughed at me, and they laugh at all the people who are trying to keep it out. I cannot laugh about it; my heart feels too sore. I remember the hundreds of Indians in all the camps along the river; where are they now? Gone—destroyed by the white man's rum. And now that we are beginning to help ourselves, and feel that in this valley we are free from this evil, some bad people want to bring in this serpent, and our young men will be bitten as well as the sons of the white people.

Some time ago I saw in a book a picture of the flood. The bad people laughed at Noah as he was preparing the ark, and asking them to give up their evil ways; but when the water came their laugh was turned to a cry for mercy, as the floods overtook them, and they with their families were lost. Their cry for mercy came too late. So it makes my heart sick to think of the people in this valley, who can save themselves and their families, but they only laugh. Oh, what a bitter cry their's will be, when some of them have to be buried in drunkard's graves! And we poor Indians will have to suffer with them, because we cannot help ourselves.

## THE PAGAN INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

REV. J. A. McDONALD, last July entered upon his work as missionary to the pagan Indians of British Columbia. After spending some weeks in exploring he settled upon Alberni as his headquarters, with the approbation of the Committee and the Columbia Presbytery, and mission premises there have been purchased by the Foreign Mission Committee, with funds generously provided for the purpose by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Plans are being laid for the establishment of an industrial school, and in the meantime Miss Minnie McDonald, the missionary's sister, has without expense to the Church opened a day school for the benefit of the adjoining Seshah village. Services are held each Sabbath, when the people are at home from sealing and fishing expeditions, at the two villages—the Seshah, which has a population of 165, and the Opitchesaht, which has a population of 55. The attendance varies according to the number at home. "Yesterday,"

writes Mr. McDonald on the 4th of April, "Mr. Cushing, a Christian Indian from Nanaimo, preached in Chinook while I conducted the rest of the service. We had 35 Indians at the Seshah village and 40 at the other. There are two Sabbath schools with an enrolment of 45 and an average attendance of 22, while a number of older people come as visitors. Yesterday we had fourteen at the Seshah school and fifteen at the Opitchesahts.

As to the condition and progress of Christian work at present in our mission I have to report it is very encouraging. The first six months of work has passed, in which, on account of my ignorance of the language, little preaching could be done, as a suitable interpreter could not be found. Still from the addresses of 'Bob,' the Chief of the Opitchesahts, and 'Big Joe,' a head man of the Seshahs, who spoke in the absence

of the Chief, I learned that I had won the confidence and good will of both people by my endeavours to help them by starting schools, holding singing services and attending to the sick and those in trouble. Big Joe said that their people had not known of the two places after death, but now since they had a missionary to tell them all about these things, they would know the way to go to the good place. The children are making good progress in learning leading Gospel verses in English and Indian. The Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments have been translated. A number of the most familiar Gospel and Sunday school hymns have been practised, and all, old and young, join heartily in the 'Noonook,' i.e., singing. Seven of the boys and girls who can read have received a Bible or Testament each, while others received tickets and cards with Scripture verses.

"At the singing services some of the leading scenes of Christ's life are shown by means of the picture lesson rolls. The children repeat the texts and I explain as best I can the scenes and texts.

"Most of the young married people are trying to live like the whites. They are very apt to learn any kind of work from the whites. Some of the men build their own houses, make fences, cut wood, and the women make nets, sew, bake, cook and work in the garden. The old people still live in the large rancheries, where, in some cases, four or five families of 20 to 25 persons keep house.

"These Indians are for the most part a happy, contented people, greatly differing from those of the North-west as I have seen them on the well-known Mistawasis Reserves which I visited in 1890."—*F. M. Report.*

## THE INDIAN WORK.

In British Columbia there has been a gain of 169 in the membership, which would doubtless have been much larger could a sufficient force have been sent into the field. Educational work among the tribes of the Fraser was interrupted by the burning of the Coqualeetza Home; but steps have been taken, under the joint auspices of the General Missionary Society and the Women's Missionary Society, to erect a much more commodious building, and carry on the work on an enlarged scale. On the Port Simpson District the unsettled habits of the people still constitute the chief hindrance to the work of God. If it were possible to develop home industries, so that the people need not wander off to the distant canneries and hop fields, a difficult problem would be solved. More laborers are needed in this interesting field, but are not easily obtained. The romance of the foreign fields attracts many, and there is danger that the heathen at our doors may be very imperfectly cared for. There is no more inviting field in the world for a true missionary than among these poor Indians of the Pacific Coast; but we have need to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers. The Girls' Home, established by the Women's Missionary Society, has now the necessary appliances for doing good work. The Boys' Home has done all that could be expected with its limited means. The medical work, under Dr. Bolton, has been of untold advantage to the people; and the completion of a hospital, now in course of erection, will give increased facilities for the work.

In the Manitoba Conference there is an apparent decrease in the Indian membership; but this is accounted for by the absence of returns from some new fields that were formerly outposts of old missions. In other respects the reports are encouraging. The Industrial Institute at Red Deer is approaching completion, and it is hoped will be in effective operation in the near future. In the matter of the buildings

to mention the General and Assistant Secretaries rendered good service in pulpit and on platform, and sounded a grand key-note for the year.



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Address all orders to

REV. A. SUTHERLAND,

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS, TORONTO.

### THE "GLAD TIDINGS" MISSION.

Notes from the Log-book by REV. C. M. TATE.

OUR last letter was from Comox, where we were not permitted to land on account of smallpox regulations. Next morning we left for Cape Mudge, and arrived early in the afternoon. We held a council with the Indians, who were much pleased with the prospect of getting a missionary. We made temporary arrangements for Mr. Galloway to commence work with them, and trust that ere long this tribe, which has been considered the worst on the coast, will become the best. Cape Mudge is beautifully situated, and as the Indians get out of their old shanties and build themselves neat cottages, it will be one of the most picturesque spots in the country. In the religious service which we held

with them they all tried to sing, and some of them really appreciated the words which we spoke to them.

In the evening we preached to a large number of men in the logging camp under Mr. Grant's care. We went through Seymour Narrows at 4 a.m. with a full tide, and that means something like a trip down the Lachine Rapids. At noon we anchored in Loughborough Inlet, where, after dinner, we went on shore and conducted service at the house of Mr. Gray, who with others are engaged in getting logs for the various saw mills at Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster. Started on our return at 5 p.m., and made a straight run of twenty hours for Nanaimo, where Sunday was spent. Quite a large congregation was in attendance at the Indian church in the afternoon. We trust that Bro. Cairns will accomplish a good work at this old mission, which has been the nursery of several of our missionaries to the Indians.

Monday, Aug. 22nd. A run of three hours brought us to Chemainus, where after getting water we crossed to Kuper Island and spent an hour at the Industrial School. The Indian camps are nearly all deserted on account of the Indians being at the Fraser River fishing. Reached Saanich Wharf at 7.30 p.m., where we tied up for the night.

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd. Reached Victoria at 11 a.m. Attended the branch meeting of the Women's Missionary Society, and now I am writing in the dining room of the Chinese Rescue Home, whilst in another room three of the girls are being married to converted Chinamen, and the first child born of Christian Chinese parents in British Columbia is being baptized.

Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Strachan are both present; also Dr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. White, President of the Conference; Mr. Watson, pastor of Pandora Avenue Church; and Mr. Gardiner, missionary to the Chinese. This is one of the most interesting events connected with this Home. We trust that its future may be one of unlimited usefulness.

Aug. 25th. Left the boat at Vancouver for some cleaning up and painting to be done, while I spent the time with the Indians at Chilliwack.

Sept. 1st. Started at 5 a.m. for Nanaimo to get more coal, as we have not sufficient to carry us around Vancouver Island. After coaling we left at one o'clock for the islands between Nanaimo and Victoria. Our first call was at Taht-ka, but the Indians were all from home. We proceeded to Cowichan Gap, where we found quite a number of people who had just arrived that day from the Fraser where they had been salmon fishing. Here we held two services, and the people gladly received the truth.

Sept. 2nd. Got up steam and ran across to Penelekut, where all the people in the village assembled on the beach, and we held a very interesting service, which put us in mind of the Master on the shores of Galilee. The Government Industrial School is on this island, but has been handed over to the Roman Catholics, although our missionaries have been in this field for thirty years or more. Our next call was at a white settlement on Salt Spring Island, thence to the Discovery Island light-house, the keeper of which is a Methodist local preacher. Reached Victoria at 7.30 p.m., where we will spend the Sabbath.

Sept. 5th. Spent the greater part of yesterday with the Indians at Victoria. There must be 1,000 or more Indians here at present from all parts of the coast, many of them from our northern mission stations, and no one to care for them. We had the Indian church filled last night, and a very interesting service. I think the whole of our Indian work is placed at a disadvantage by not having a missionary here. The argument has been that if a mission were established here it would be a good excuse for the Indians to come to Victoria under the plea that they would be cared for; but the Indians will come to Victoria, mission or no mission, and it is our duty to try and save them. If a man could be found for Simpson, and let Mr. Crosby go to Chilliwack, it would leave the way open for us to make Victoria our headquarters; and I feel persuaded we could get a water-lot on the Indian reserve where a mission house could be built, and a little wharf for the *Glad Tidings*.

We are all ready for sea, but our engineer thinks he is not well enough to go, so I have had to telegraph to Vancouver for a man. If he comes we will be able to go to-morrow morning. There is a prospect of our getting passengers enough to bring us \$75 or \$100.

I saw a number of Nitinat Indians yesterday, and find them ready to receive a teacher. This is a good opening, and I trust the opportunity will not be allowed to pass.

Extract of a second letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated  
February 3rd, 1893.

I AM pleased to tell you that we are just back from what I think was one of the most blessed and successful missionary trips I ever made, and the kind of trip that the good little mission ship, *Glad Tidings*, was given to us for. We left here on the 17th of January with eighteen on board, all told, all just red hot by the revival fire we have had for weeks. Called at Inverness, Essington, Hartly Bay, Kit-a-maat, China Hat, Bella Bella. Several more were added to our number at Essington and Hartley Bay, which gave us quite a party. Prayer and praise and study of the Bible was the order of the day when aboard. When at the different places, services were frequent, and often till away in the night souls were at the altar of prayer. Suffice to say that God blessed us with a rich out-pouring of His Holy Spirit in every place, and souls were saved. Praise God! It was a time never to be forgotten. Bro. Tate had sent me word that there was no money to run the boat with; that was one reason he had sent her up this way. So I felt it needed some faith to start on such a trip at such a time of the year, with such a party. But after travelling over 500 miles, and at times over some very rough seas, our loving Father brought us safely home, and indeed we seemed blessed in every step of the journey. And without saying much about it, the poor people where we went handed to us in food, cash, etc., nearly \$40 towards the trip, and I have no doubt the rest will come in some way; but the best thought is that the blessed revival flame is kindled, I trust, all along the Coast. We had hoped to get to Bella Coola, and Rivers Inlet, but the northerly storm came on, one of the most severe for years, and we had to return from Bella Bella. You will pray with us that this fire may spread throughout the whole country. The work is still going on here; services every night. I could give you some very interesting facts had I time and space. Pray for us.

#### Troops Ready for Skeen River.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 20.—Local volunteer military officers have orders from Gen. Middleton and Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, to hold themselves and their commands in readiness to proceed on short notice to British Columbia, and thence northward to the Skeen river, to assist in quelling the Indian uprising there. The situation is grave.

#### Educational.

There are 20,000 Indians in British Columbia alone, and of these only 506 are as yet enrolled in the schools, and only 5,951 in all of the Indian population of the Dominion which numbers 121,499.



*Letter from the REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, February, 1893.*

I AM pleased to write you that we have had a most blessed revival of religion in this place. We have had nothing like it for over ten years. It was one of those revivals that came down in answer to the prayers of God's people, I believe, both here and elsewhere, as the people gathered home in the fall after the death of the smallpox. For they got so afraid of the dread disease in the summer, as we had such reports from the south, that none of them went to the hop-fields as before, but after the work at the salmon canneries they scattered to their own old camps for fishing and hunting, and others to get out logs, shingles and cordwood: and on coming home they seemed grateful to God for keeping away the smallpox from them, and a general spirit of thanksgiving seemed to come over the people, till one Sabbath night, the 30th October, the work broke out by crowds coming to the altar of prayer, some to seek the Lord, others to give themselves again fully to Him, and ever since the services have been going on. For weeks our large church was crowded every night till ten o'clock, and often persons praying and seeking the Lord till away on in the morning. Indeed, for a time the whole place seemed to be moved. The services were very simple, usually two short speeches, often from new converts, then testimony, prayer and praise and personal consecration; never any lack of interest, sometimes most too demonstrative for quiet people; often in speaking, five or six on the floor at once. It is said that some wag, who was here on one of the steamers, went away and said he never saw the like: he was at the Methodist church at Port Simpson the other night when 500 people spoke in less than half an hour. Of course, this was an extravagant remark, but there might be seen at times 600 people in the church, and all mighty under the power of the Spirit. Many have scattered now, and I trust, to spread the flame, and still the services go on. A few have not yielded as yet. Oh, may they all be saved! "Oh, that all might catch the flame!" It is a good thing to see the young men put away their tobacco-chewing and smoking, and the whiskey-drinking, etc., and attend the house of God, and some preaching to their fellows. Oh, may they be kept by power divine!

In December the steamer *Glad Tidings* came up, and Mr. T. said, "They have no funds to run her." About that time many of the people here were very anxious to go off to some of the other missions to spread the news or fan the flame, and would like to have the boat. But the holidays were near, and the work here seemed to demand all attention at that time. On the 3rd of January, however, we were off to Naas with a party of eighteen, and although it was a rough trip over the ice, yet we spent three days with Bro. Stone and his people, and the three surrounding villages; and they were seasons of grace never to be forgotten. Back home and spent one Sabbath, and then off south with another party to Essington, Hartley Bay, Kit-a-maat, Bella Bella, etc. And although we had some rough weather, and one of the coldest times we have had on the Coast for years, yet the trip was blessed from beginning to end, and I am safe in saying souls were saved at every place where we called, and great kindness was shown our people at every place in the way of food, etc. Although in the 500 mile trip the running expenses came up to about \$75, and about half that was given to us in money or food, I am sure the other will come from friends at home. Oh, that this blessed work may spread to the whole Coast, and to those poor dying tribes on the west coast of Vancouver Island!

*Letter from the REV. D. JENNINGS, dated January 11th, 1893.*

SINCE writing you last, I am thankful to be able to report progress in the work of God on this mission. In summer, as you well know, our work takes in a wide range, there being now eight canneries on the river and its delta branches, at all of which some of our people labor, besides the Tsimsheans from Alaska, who desire to attend our services during the fishing season, as they are more in keeping with their own simple form of worship, so long practised by them on this coast, and now in their new home across the border.

As most of Bro. Pierce's people leave their homes to work early in August, he finds it profitable after Conference to stay the at the mouth of Skeena in the spring, and return home a few months at Inverness, where we have a church and a small house built for him by the Canning Company. Thus Bro. Pierce takes charge of two canneries, and can hold service at each on the Sabbath, as they are not more than two miles apart. On alternate Sabbaths, we hold services at Aberdeen and Balmoral, the former being five miles and the latter two miles from Essington, the centre of our mission work on this river. At Aberdeen our services were well attended, both by whites and Indians. The Balmoral congregations were smaller, owing to its proximity to Essington, where so many people like to gather during the close time in fishing each week. It is difficult to form societies at these places, as the population is transient, being reduced, in the fall and winter, to three or four persons. At Claxton and Irving, where we have a neat church built, Bros. George Edgar and Lazier were able to do good service from time to time. Of course I visited all the stations as often as possible.

At Essington, Dr. Bolton and family, with the nurse, Miss Spence, spend the time from early in May to about the 1st of August in care of the sick. The medical work forms a most extensive field of labor, requiring great skill and energy.

The Kit-ik-shans, the people of the Upper Skeena, after their winter's dissipation in potlatching, feasting, dancing and other heathen practices, come down to the coast much broken in health, and need the care of our good doctor and kind nurse to enable them to recuperate their wasted energies. Dr. Bolton never forgets the true aim of the missionary to point the sinner to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men. Besides the Kit-ik-shans, we have the Port Simpson people; some from Kit-kahta, some from Kitamaat, others from Queen Charlotte Islands; so you see the doctor has a large body of people to treat. Often he takes his boat and visits the outlying stations—anywhere to ameliorate the sufferings of humanity. He is an acceptable local preacher, but cannot do as much evangelistic work as he desires, owing to his extensive practice.

We are in great need of a hospital at Essington. Hitherto Dr. Bolton has rented a house, using it as a family residence and a hospital for the sick of every nationality needing special care.

The cleanliness of the hospital, and the tenderness shown in treating the Indians, have an elevating and refining influence, particularly on the heathen, who have a practical proof of the vast superiority of Christianity to their own depraved rites and modes of life. If our rich friends throughout our connexion could but realize the need and the blessings of a hospital at this centre, we should not long be without the necessary funds to erect a plain building. A few hundred dollars would put us on a good footing in the way of getting a hospital. The large congregations we had last season, at Essington, on the Sabbath, and the really deep interest taken in the different parts of the service, would encourage and cheer any lover of missions. At the close of the afternoon service, after a season of earnest prayer, our people would go out on the street and preach the glad tidings of salvation, and call sinners to repentance. Much good was done in this way.

The religious experience of these people is very encouraging. They seek after purity of heart, and they say, "I have been trying to live right this day, and by the grace of God I will try to do the same to-morrow, and every day of my life."



Our people leave this village a short time every autumn, and go up the river to their old homes, to can fish and gather berries, etc., for their winter food. Then they hold regular services, and provoke one another to love and to good works. Some returning home for a few supplies told me that every person at the old camping ground was a professing Christian. This was cheering news. On their return home later, the people entered heartily into the work of God, which has grown until there is scarcely a native left that has not openly expressed a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and is evincing that desire by a reformation of his life and attendance on the means of grace.

During Christmas and New Year's (just over), this village wore a truly civilized appearance. There was but little display in the decorations, but great zeal in the cause of Christ was manifest. The Christmas carols were well sung, and were very soul stirring.

The week of prayer, beginning on the 1st, was a profitable time, long to be remembered. The gracious work now going on is the result of earnest and close study of the Word of God, and a deep desire that the Holy Spirit take up His abode in the heart. The ground had been broken; the seed had been sown, and now the harvest is being gathered in. Many of our young people spend hours of the night, some, whole nights in prayer, for the continued presence of the Holy Spirit. At times they enter a house at night, sing and pray and exhort the people to make a complete consecration of their all to God. Often a sinner will be convinced of his sin and is led to give his heart to God; or a cold-hearted Christian will be quickened into new life.

The good news we have heard from our co-workers, at Port Simpson, has greatly cheered our hearts. One of the natives of Port Simpson called to see me on his way home last fall. He told me his people had seen the folly of living so near heathenism, and that they had decided to renounce their old modes of life and give themselves to God.

What a wide promise we have in Matthew xviii. 19; let us lay hold on it as He that gave it would have us do.

### THE INDIAN WORK.

*Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated INVERNESS, B.C., July 6th, 1892.*

WE are now in the midst of the busy season. It is five weeks since we came here, and in about one month more the fishing will be over, and we shall return to our mission up the Skeena. The good work is still going on amongst the people. The three services are well attended every Sunday, besides a Sabbath School for the children and young people. Once every Sunday I visit the people at the North Pacific cannery, and hold one service there. During our stay here last year it was the desire of the manager of this cannery to build a cabin for us, and when we came down this spring we found one erected and all ready to occupy. At this cannery there are four tribes of Indians, besides Japanese, Chinese and whites, all working together peaceably every day; and this has all been brought about through the influence of the Gospel of Jesus. As I look back a few years, I remember very well when they would be quarrelling and fighting with one another, and I cannot but rejoice when I see how different things are to-day. This fact greatly encourages your missionary to go on in the good work. We expect to build two churches this year; one at the North Pacific and the other at Claxton. This will show to our warm-hearted Methodist friends that we are not standing still, but gaining ground even among the cannery people. Ever since Mr. Duncan left this country they have united with us in worship during their stay here for the fishing season. A week ago Bros. Crosby, Jennings and Lazier were with us, and we painted the outside of the church and fixed up things in general. We hope next year to complete the inside. It will be a neat little building when finished. Dr. Bolton comes here sometimes to visit those who are sick and need help. We ask all our Christian friends to pray for the work amongst the Indians, that those who are still living in sin and darkness may be brought to the light of God's glorious Gospel.

*Letter from REV. A. SALT, dated PARRY ISLAND, July 25th, 1892.*

WE have returned from the North Shore, and I send you some words about the visit. On sailing up we passed Shawanaga, without calling, arrived at Henvey Inlet on Thursday, July 7th, and found our Methodist Indians tenting on a rocky island where they were catching some fish. Our meetings twice a day were good, especially on Sunday, the 10th. We administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and baptized two children. David Menomene, one of my sailors, who is a local preacher, a promising young Indian of Parry Island, conducted an interesting Sunday School for the children. At 7 p.m. I tried to preach in English to about eleven intelligent French people. They listened attentively. I believe they are all Roman Catholics. In the services of this Lord's Day we received an Indian young woman on trial for membership.

On Monday, the 11th, before starting for Grumbling Point, the leaders said the following in their own language:—"As you are getting well on in years, we do not say to you to come more frequently to visit us, but as we see that bad influences are surrounding us, we want you to ask the Keche Makudawekonuyay to send us some one as a local native preacher to be with us continually, who might also preach at Grumbling Point at stated times. We think James Ash-

quabe would be willing to come among us. We would be glad to share with him whenever we got fish or venison for his table." I promised that I would send their words to the General Secretary of Missions, and I am now fulfilling my promise.

We arrived at Grumbling Point in the afternoon and held divine service in a Pagan's house. In this village the majority are Romanist Indians. Our members number only twelve. We held meetings with them till Wednesday, July 13th, at noon. Before leaving this place to return, I received \$11.10 for the Missionary Society, the members saying, "We wish for more frequent preaching." Sailing opposite Bad River, and seeing two tents of Indians, we went ashore, read the baptismal service in the Ojebway and baptized a child.

On Thursday, July 14th, we arrived at Shawanaga Landing. The Indians had this day received their annuity money from the Government. Held divine service at 7 p.m. The chief informed me that their wish was that I should go up to their village called Gardens, to hold religious services in their school house, and had already sent for an ox team that would come in the morning to take me up. Friday, 15th, the ox team arrived. This was my first waggon ride in these parts. I was glad that I had my bedding to sit on in the waggon. I was able to preach in the school house at 7 p.m. On Saturday, 16th July, preached twice, visited the families and prayed with a Roman Catholic family whose boy was about dying.

Sunday, 17th July. This Lord's Day was delightful. Before administering the Lord's Supper we received two young men on trial for membership. Monday, 18th July. As the chief ordered one of his young men to get the team ready, the leaders came and desired me to communicate the following to the Makudawekonuyay:—"We have hewed pine timber for the walls of a Methodist Church, 26 x 36 feet, to be built in the centre of our village. We ask help from the Missionary Society in lumber and glass, which, if granted this summer, we would take from Parry Sound in our sail boats to Shawanaga Landing, and from the Landing, when the snow falls, we could haul up to this place, the distance being only five miles. We would be able to put up the building next summer. An experienced white man has promised to show us how to build up the corners and how to plane the boards." I said that I would send their words to the General Secretary of Missions. On arriving at the Landing my son Charlie told us that if he had not been assisted by two young men our boat would have been cast on the shore by the heavy storm last Friday. I felt thankful that we had left him to take charge of the boat. I thought when the storm came on us on the road up to the Gardens, it is well we are on the rocky road instead of being on the waters. Our boat was not injured in any way. During this afternoon we had a good breeze of wind and arrived at Parry Island before sunset.

After our arrival in the evening we heard the sad news of a whole Indian family being drowned in Henvey Inlet, during the recent storm.







## THE "GLAD TIDINGS" MISSION.

Letter from REV. C. M. TATE, dated COMOX, B.C.,  
August 17th, 1892.

AS we are now fairly started in our work with the mission steamer *Glad Tidings*, we forward you a few notes from the log book, and will continue to do so from time to time, as we have opportunity.

After some needed repairs to machinery, and cleaning and painting the hull, we left New Westminster for Victoria on the 11th inst. Called at Ewen's cannery to see some of the Chilliwack Indians who are engaged at salmon fishing. We dropped off Mr. Gibson at the mouth of the river, who will work his way back to Westminster, visiting and preaching to the Indians all along the banks. At seven p.m. we anchored at Plumper's Pass for the night. After supper we went on shore and conducted service at the house of Mrs. Deacon, who keeps a summer hotel. We had quite a large congregation and a very profitable time. Friday, 12th, reached Victoria at noon, and after purchasing life preservers, buckets, lamps, and other articles required by law, the boat was inspected, and licensed to carry passengers. This is done in order to accommodate people living in remote places, and who wish to take passage on the steamer, but hitherto have not been able on account of having no license. We also hope by this means to help pay the running expenses. Our first object, however, is to reach the people with the Gospel, and trust that this little vessel which has done so much good in the past, will, in her new field, accomplish still greater things for Christ.

We spent Sabbath at Victoria, and on Monday we started for Nanaimo to attend district meeting. Preached and conducted fellowship meeting at the old Nanaimo camp. We found Brother Cairns and his family at the mission house. They have but recently arrived from Ontario, and are already doing good work for the Master. Brother Cairns seems to have a heart full of sympathy for the Indians, and we trust may be the means of leading many of those poor degraded people to Christ.

Brother Galloway, for Cape Mudge, joined us at Nanaimo, and we steamed out of the harbor at 8 a.m. Tuesday, August 17th, our first call was at Qualicum, where we found a number of Indians and white people, to whom we preached the Word of Life. We found some of them under the influence of liquor, which they obtained from the passenger steamer *Joan*, which had passed but a short time before us. What a shame that these boats are permitted to peddle their liquor all along the coast, directly violating the license law, which provides for the sale of liquor to passengers and crew only.

We reached this place (Comox) at dusk, and here we stay for the night; to-morrow we go on to Cape Mudge to visit the Indians and also the white men at the logging camps in the neighborhood.

## THE MEDICAL WORK.

THE following brief letter from Dr. E. A. Bolton will be read with interest:—

PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., July 16th, 1892.

We came here on May 18th, when we met Miss Spence, our trained nurse, who has proved a great help, and by her skill and devotion has won the admiration of workers and patients. Large numbers of Indians had gathered around the salmon canneries, and the sick and maimed were not left behind. Since my coming here for the summer has been generally known, I have a large run of patients just before the fishing begins. There has been no epidemic this year, yet my attendance during June averaged over 30 a day, and since the fishing began I have moved around a good deal, my greatest day's work has been 25 miles rowed, and 50 patients treated.

We have had eight patients in our temporary hospital so far this season. The hospital building at Simpson is nearing completion. I would like to acknowledge through the OUTLOOK the following donations towards furnishings:—A box of bedding from friends at Athens, Ont., a similar box from Harlem, Ont., a wire mattress each from Miss Hart and Miss Beavis, Port Simpson, and a washing machine from Port Essington friends.

## Along the Line

## The Indian Work.

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C.,  
February 26th, 1896.

AS I have just returned from an evangelistic trip to Naas River, I thought that I ought to send you a word respecting it. We had twenty-five of the Band workers with us, who are very warm-hearted, and I trust did good work on this trip. We called at a large camp of our people at Work's Channel, and then on to Naas Harbor; arrived there 5.30 p.m. Went on shore and had a good open-air service by moonlight, on the snow. Whites and Indians listened attentively. After which we started for Naas Cove, where the *Glad Tidings* tied up. After supper had a blessed prayer-meeting on board.

Next day, by the kindness of Mr. Patterson, we got a large row-boat to take us about seven miles to the ice, as it was not safe for the steamer to go further. Old Thomas, the Indian, also lent us a canoe, and so we got away in two boats and a canoe. At 2 p.m. we arrived at the ice, which, at this time, reached down to Red Bluffs. After a little delay we started over the ice. It was hard walking—first deep snow, through which our feet sank, then there was snow on top of the ice, with about a foot of water on top of that. We had eight or nine miles of such travelling. Our gum boots were soon cut and filled by the water and

snow, etc., making it a most tiresome trip. But all seemed in such good spirits that there was no fault-finding. We got to Kit-eaks by 5.30 p.m., held an open-air service, upon which one of the chiefs sent us word that they did not wish us to stay; so one of our party and I called at the house of a chief, whilst he was at supper, and shook hands with all in the house. During this time the rest of the Band held another splendid open-air service. Afterwards we started for Brother Osterhout's, which we reached in time for the evening service—a glorious time, warm meeting, etc.

Next day, after visiting some sick, accompanied Brother Osterhout to baptize a child. And then all of us left for Kit-eaks, where we held three open-air services. I visited every house. All were very kind, and on Sabbath they readily listened and offered the use of their houses to preach in. On Saturday evening, at Brother Osterhout's Mission, had a good time; splendid meeting, but short, as the people had to get ready for Sabbath.

Sabbath morning—prayer-meeting 7 a.m., preaching 10 a.m. Upon the close of the latter a large crowd, with the Band workers, went away to visit the heathen villages around, while we addressed the Sabbath School. Afterwards Brother Osterhout and I visited the sick. At 6.30 p.m. the church was very full for missionary meeting, after open-air services, etc. The writer had to explain that the missionary meeting would now be held, and how the society had been compelled to cut down their agents' allowances owing to the funds being so low, and now we wished a good help from them. We then had addresses from two native brethren. Brother Osterhout and the teacher took up the subscription, which amounted to over \$150. The after-meeting, led by a native, was a time of power. Fellowship, prayer and song, under the direction of God's Holy Spirit, caused many to start afresh the Christian way. At the close of this meeting our party was invited into the Mission-house to sing the songs of Zion.

Monday, at 9 a.m., we left with three sleighs and dogs, which were lent to help us on the way. The soft weather had made the road still worse—it was slush and ice and water all the way. All were glad to reach the *Tidings* by 5.30 p.m.

Arrived home next day by 3 p.m., after a journey of much bodily discomfort, but, praise unto Jehovah, a blessed time for the soul. All well at home, for which we are thankful.

Twelve public services were held during the trip, and a number on board the *Glad Tidings*.



# Along the Line.

## Missionary Outlook

### Oct The Indian Work. 1896

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA..

*Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated Elnore, B.C.,  
August 24th, 1896.*

I MUST give you a little information *re* the work of your missionaries among the Indians, Japanese, Chinese, and white fishermen congregated on the Lower Fraser during the present season. In many respects it has been a remarkable one. In the first place this was looked forward to as an "off year," and only a small "run" of salmon was expected. Yet the Indians and whites came earlier than usual to the river looking for work, and in larger numbers than ever before. The run is much larger than was expected, and 300,000 cases of salmon have been put up, containing fourteen million four hundred thousand pounds of choice food; and this all on one river—the mighty Fraser.

Steveston is the centre of headquarters of this industry, and is a strange place. It appears as if all nations are represented, and Indians from all the tribes in the Province, while some come from Washington State, and some from Alaska. So many different languages are spoken. Sin abounds: beer halls, dance dens, gambling holes, music gardens, clubs, side shows—all kinds of traps and dens, which the craft of Satan can devise to draw Indian or white, who, with a little money, will yield to these temptations. The strike of the fishermen on the Columbian river doubtless brought many of the roughest men to the Fraser. Before the season had fairly opened a murder was committed—one wicked man shooting down one of the worst men on the coast. Many are here who neither fear God nor man, and with but little regard for the law.

Many thousands are around Steveston, and to these precious souls your missionaries have been preaching the Gospel of Christ, in the tents and on the streets, as well as in the mission church. Bro. Spencer has been on the river the greatest part of the season, while Bros. Stone and Nicholas were here for some time, all doing good work. Bro. Barraclough visited the canneries higher up the river, doing faithful work. Frequently these brethren travelled and preached over twenty times a week, crying to many of all colors and languages, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." In the dark places "the Light of the world" was declared, and poor souls were drawn to Jesus. The mission church, built in the centre of Steveston, is of immense service to us. The church was packed with Indians, Japanese, Chinese and whites, and blessed seasons of conviction and conversion came from the presence of our Lord.

To give you an idea of the work, I will rehearse you our last Sabbath's programme at the mission church, Steveston:

At 10 a.m., service of song and prayer.

At 11 a.m., sermon, first in English then in Chinook.

At 12.25 p.m., prayer-meeting with friends in trouble over sudden death of a young man drowned.

At 2 p.m., preaching on the streets.

At 3 p.m., sermon in church in English and Chinook.

At 4.30 p.m., baptized an adult Indian woman who gave herself to Jesus.

From 5 to 6 p.m., visited the camp and prayed with the sick.

At 7 p.m., preached in church in English and Chinook, followed by a fellowship meeting, closing at 9 p.m. Drove home six miles tired, but thankful for the blessings of the day.

It would cause the friends of missions to rejoice could they have seen and heard the earnest, hearty devotion of those in the meeting. A few Christians greatly helped by song and testimony. Mrs. Samson, the first of the Port Simpson Indians to receive the Gospel and join the Methodist Church, has been present at all the services in the church at Steveston and at many on the streets, always ready to testify to her Saviour's power to save. Last Sabbath evening she said, "Over twenty-three years ago

Jesus saved me. I had come from Port Simpson to live in Victoria. I was a poor, blind Indian, I was in the dark, proud and sinful. I first went to the English Church and tried to pray from a book, but my poor heart was hard and I could not pray. Then I went to the Methodist Church, and I heard sisters and brothers talk with God, praying without a book, and my heart was troubled and then became warm. I heard Mr. Pollard preach, and Jesus came to my poor heart and opened my eyes and saved me. Then Mrs. R. E. Russ, Mr. McKay, Mr. McMillen, and others, teach me A B C, teach me to read 'God so loved the world,' and I prayed for the poor people at Port Simpson, God heard my poor prayers and sent a lot of my people down to Victoria and they found Jesus; then the missionary went to Port Simpson and our people now love Jesus, and many of our people have gone home to Heaven. I am old now, I did not come here to work, but to tell my Indian friends about how Jesus saved me, and to ask our friends to come to Jesus." Our friends were thrilled as she spoke this in English and then in Chinook. A young man, a Japanese, spoke, saying: "Nine years ago I was converted in Japan. I love Jesus; Christ is my Saviour; I love Him because He first loved me. I am pleased to see white friends and Indian Christians. My countrymen are turning to the Saviour, pray for us." A white man testified: "Two years ago I came to this place to work. I was a poor lost drunkard, I was in all kinds of sin and very unhappy. I heard Mr. Green preach to the Indians in the old tent, I tried to forget the world, but could not. I thought I could down my conviction, but the Word kept ringing in my ears, I was in great distress, and then I prayed and God heard my prayer, and for Christ's sake pardoned me, and for nearly two years I have been happy in the Lord. I am happy all the time, in my boat at work or on the land." Another white man said: "I was converted fifteen years ago, and for five years enjoyed a Christian life. Then I left home and came west. I did not go to any means of grace, I became negligent, cold and backslidden. For

## Along the Line.

### The Indian Work.

*Letter from REV. THOS. NEVILLE, dated Bella Bella, B.C., Jan. 20th, 1897.*

ON December 26th, word came from our supply at Bella Bella, endorsing the Bella Bella Council's wish that I pay them a speedy visit, as several couples wished to be married according to Christian rites, and that quite a few parents were anxious to have their children baptized. As the little steamboat that runs up this inlet once a month had only a short time to stay, I had a hasty consultation with my wife, and in two hours after receiving the message was on my way to Bella Bella.

It was late on Saturday evening when we arrived at Namu, and Sunday was spent there. Three services were held during the day, when, I believe, nearly every soul around the place was present at each service. Monday evening found me at Bella Bella, twenty-five miles north of Namu, where I was soon performing ceremonies which made four young people very happy, and gave great satisfaction to the elders of the church. Two more marriage ceremonies, and one adult baptism, were performed during the week. At the services on January 3rd, three children were baptized.

For some years past there has been a series of feasts held at Christmas time, which have been the cause of much anxiety to the resident missionaries. But we are thankful to say that owing to the tact, grace, and wisdom, of our supply (Bro. W. F. Brett) most of these feasts were noticeably absent this year, and a higher tone of spiritual experience reigning among the people.

In company with Bro. Brett and three Indians, I left Bella Bella on Monday, January 4th, for Namu. Soon after getting away we found a strong south-east wind blowing, and the heavy rain did not add to our comfort. On Monday night we camped on Fitzhugh Sound, waiting for a break in the wind, that we might cross in safety to the other side. After supper and prayers we retired to rest, or rather intended to rest, as we had been paddling all day, but rest there was none. The wind seemed to blow stronger and rain came down heavier, and most of







## Mission to the Klondyke.

### AN APPEAL TO THE CHURCH.

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the General Board of Missions, held on Thursday last, the question of establishing a mission in the Klondyke gold fields was thoroughly discussed. It was felt by every member of the Committee that the call for immediate action was most urgent, and it was decided to send two missionaries immediately, the duty of selecting the men being relegated to the officers of the society. Acting under authority of a resolution of the General Board, it was decided to issue an immediate appeal to the entire Church for special contributions to establish the mission, and the committee endorsed and ordered the publication of the following :

#### OPEN LETTER.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We are instructed by the General Board of Missions of our Church to ask your kind attention to the following statements and proposals :

At the meeting of the General Board at Halifax, in October last, an urgent appeal was received from the Special Committee of the British Columbia Conference to establish a Methodist mission in the Klondyke gold fields. As the Board had already more work on hand than the present income of the society could adequately support, it was felt that this new movement could not be undertaken without the aid of special contributions for the purpose, and that these, to be of real service, must be outside of ordinary givings to the Mission Fund.

Respecting the urgent need of the proposed mission, suffice it to say that thousands of men have already flocked to the gold fields, and tens of thousands more will go in the near future. Large numbers of these will be from Methodist homes. There is no home life as yet in the Klondyke, but the saloon, the gambling den, and still worse places, will be in full blast. If the boys from our own homes, and from other homes, are to be helped and saved, prompt action must be taken. The immediate establishment of a strong mission is an urgent necessity.

We say a "strong mission" advisedly. To send but a single missionary, who could cover only a small portion of the ground, with such scant support that he could not help the sick or the starving, with no dwelling to shelter him, and no places for the people to gather in for worship, would be to play with the work and hopelessly handicap the missionary. For effective work provision must be made :

1. To send out two missionaries (one a medical missionary, if possible) immediately.
2. To send out two more in the early autumn of 1898, or, at latest, the early spring of 1899, if found advisable.
3. To erect, as soon as the first missionaries arrive, one or two dwellings. These would be only log cabins, but all building is very expensive at the Klondyke. Also, to erect small places of worship, and, in connection with some of these, reading-rooms, where young men might spend their evenings, away from the temptations of the saloon and the gambling-room.

In view of the needs of the region, the above estimate is by no means extravagant. In fact, it is the least that will answer for effective work. We ask your sympathy and practical co-operation in carrying out the plan. To plant a strong mission, and erect the necessary buildings, at least \$10,000 will be needed. Similar buildings in Ontario would not cost more than a fourth of that sum, but everything up the Yukon, building included, is at famine prices. We expect some aid from the miners and others, but too

much dependence should not be placed upon that. For the planting of the mission our dependence must be chiefly upon friends in other parts of the Dominion.

Dear friend, if your heart is stirred to help in this matter, act promptly. A contribution now will be of more value than one at a later date. Copies of this circular letter, with blank subscription forms, will be sent to all our ministers. If you do not get one, ask your minister about it. If he has none left send a post-card to the Mission Rooms.

Hoping for a very prompt response (for who gives quickly gives twice), we remain, your fellow-servants in the Master's work.

A. CARMAN, *General Superintendent.*

A. SUTHERLAND, *Missionary Secretary.*

January 22nd, 1898.

Sept 1898

### The Klondike—More Help Needed.

THE following letter just received from the Rev. James Turner, our pioneer missionary to the Klondike, gives a view of the present situation, and emphasises the conviction of the Executive when the mission was undertaken that the cost would have to be provided chiefly from outside sources. Bro. Turner is a most careful and economical administrator, and having had long experience in mining camps is able to draw upon the local resources of a place like Dawson better than most men ; but even he sees that outside help is an imperative necessity. The following is the letter referred to :

"DAWSON CITY, KLONDIKE,  
"July 27th, 1898.

"The more familiar I become with the situation I become the more convinced of the fact that nearly all our improvements in the shape of building, and indeed the work generally, must be carried out through funds from outside. I had a long talk with Rev. Dr. Grant yesterday. I am camping on his lot and see him and talk with him very often. He is going on with his building, but progressing very slowly. He informed me that Dr. Young, who labored here all last winter, and who was greatly esteemed, made a thorough canvass of the district in behalf of the Building Fund, and all he was able to raise, after two extensive trips, was \$400. At my two services last Sunday in Pioneer Hall I had a good attendance, but the contributions did not half meet the expense of the hall, and that was less than \$20. Nine-tenths of the people here, and especially those who attend church or take any interest in it, are people who have spent nearly all in getting in, and have really nothing to give until they either get a claim that will pay or steady work. It is very disappointing to find it so, but we have got to deal with things as they are. I have been getting the lot drained so as to be ready to go on with building when I can get material, which is indefinite, as the saw mills are running day and night steadily (of course there is very little night just now) and yet they are far from being able to supply the demand. Just as soon as I can get the facts collected I will write you fully concerning the wealth of the different creeks, etc., which will, in great measure, answer the question, Whether the camp is going to be permanent. So far as I can see just now, Dawson and the surrounding creeks will be important centres for some years. There is wealth enough in sight to guarantee that. . . . I am able to make use of the balance of the \$3,000 you sent, but that will go a short way towards the carrying out of our plans, and that even in the most economical way. . . . Three or four steamers have come in from St. Michael's, but no signs of Bro. Hetherington yet.

"Hoping to hear from you just as soon as you possibly can spare me a letter, with as many suggestions as you think fit to make, and as much of the needful as it is possible to spare, so that we may get in shape for winter, and for efficient work as far as God will open up the way. I would like so much to have the means of aiding poor heart-sick



and discouraged Methodists, and especially those from Canada. I am confident a great many pressing calls will be made on me. I would like to be able to have a sort of reading room, and also to give the hungry something to eat.

"Yours faithfully,  
"JAMES TURNER."

No words are needed to add to the force of the above appeal. But we venture to remind our readers that while \$10,000 were asked for by the Missionary Executive, less than \$4,000 have yet come to hand. Scores, if not hundreds, of circuits have not reported anything; tens of thousands of well-to-do Methodists have not been heard from. A small amount from each would aggregate a large sum. Kind friends, let us hear from you without delay

# Along the Line. <sup>1898</sup> <sub>Sept.</sub>

## The Indian Work.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated INVERNESS, CANNEY, B.C., July 25th, 1898.*

ANOTHER week more, then the fishing season will be over with all its busy excitement. I am here for the summer, between the two Canneries, Inverness and North Pacific. We are glad to say the progress of the work during the fishing season is very cheering. Nine of the Kishpiax people, all heathen, have been converted to God, two of them are the chiefs, who, only during last winter, were very outspoken in their opposition to us and our work. All have joined the Epworth League two weeks ago. Surely, "the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death upon them, hath the light shined." A great change is now manifested in their lives; their appearance has been changed since they have been converted—the wild look is gone. The Sabbath day is now kept and observed among them. The run of fish is very encouraging to everybody this summer. One of the leaders of the Christian Band workers said in the meeting last Sunday, "I prayed that I might get one thousand fish, and at the end of the week I caught just one thousand salmon. My prayer was answered, but I have to work hard at the same time with my nets; so if any of you, my dear friends, are praying for a clean heart, work hard to keep away and not run into sin." Our faithful medical missionary, Dr. Bolton, finds his time fully occupied in attending to the spiritual and physical needs of both whites and Indians. Many came to him for their bodily needs; often in getting help for the body they have obtained salvation for their souls. May God send us another man like him! The Church Army, under C.M.S., Christian Band workers, and Epworth League, under Methodist, have all united every Sunday afternoon, marching on the street with their drum and flags, preaching to all their unconverted countrymen. Your missionary acts as a general, sometimes, among them. While we heard that the United States' people and their brave soldiers, who have stood firm at their post amid the hottest fight, are now rejoicing for the victory they got, we, too, soldiers of the cross, can rejoice for the victory we have had over Satan and his kingdom. We are fighting with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, the best and strongest weapon that the world ever knew. Bro. Jennings, and everybody in the mission house at Port Essington are well. Pray for your native missionary.

*Letter from the REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., March 10th, 1898.*

JUDGING from what I have read in the *Campaigner*, a geographical description of our missions on the Northwest of British Columbia would be of some interest, at least to the young. People brought up in the fine arable

parts of the Eastern provinces can scarcely conceive the peculiar environments of these Indians. In the east, as all know, are cities, towns and villages, surrounded by a rural population, possessed of rare educational privileges, having roads, bridges, and excellent methods of transportation, perhaps unsurpassed in any other land, whether for winter or summer use.

The Tsimshian is a nation of villages without rural settlers, there being, in most cases, almost an entire absence of agricultural prospects worthy the name. There are no roads save the majestic rolling rivers, banked by precipitous mountains, with here and there a space large enough

for a village site and a few patches of potatoes to be tilled with spade and hoe. The farther inland we go the more land is found suitable for cultivation. The transportation is made by boat and canoe, after which the back has to bear the burden.

To show that the Tsimshian is a nation of villages, let us first look at the Naas River. About sixty miles from its mouth is Kit-lak-damux, the most northern village of the Niskahs, a branch of the Tsimshian nation. About two miles below is a new Christian village, Iyensch, under the care of the Church Missionary Society. About ten miles below this is the village of Kitwansilk, sometimes in charge of a native belonging to the Methodist church. About thirty miles below this is our Methodist mission, Lak-al-zap, under the care of Bro. Osterhout. Contiguous to Lak-al-zap are the pagan villages of Kiteeks, Angetagh and the euphonious Wils-kistim-wil-wil-ah-get, meaning the place of skull. These places are all visited by our missionary. About five miles below Lak-al-zap is the famous Fishery Bay, the centre of the Oolachan fishing ground, the rallying point of crowds of Indians in spring from many parts. About fifteen miles below this is the Christian village of Kincolith, under the care of the Church Missionary Society.

Leaving the Naas and sailing down the coast some forty miles, we reach the famous Port Simpson, for twenty-five years the scene of Mr. Crosby's labors. Sailing down the coast from Simpson, some eighteen miles, we reach Metlakahla, the scene of Mr. Wm. Duncan's early labors, and now of the Church Missionary societies' agents. Out on an island beyond the delta of the Skeena lies an interesting Tsimshian village, named Kitkahla, in care of the Church Missionary Society. Port Essington is situated on the estuary of the Skeena, and is the centre of a large salmon and fur trade. The old homes of the Essington Indians are situated about four days' run for a canoe up the Skeena. These are Kitsumkalum and Kitzelash; at the latter our native brother, Patrick Russ, labors about six months in the year.

Beyond the Kitzelash canyon we get into the Kitikshan country, whose people speak a language cognate to the Tsimshian. Many miles above the canyon we reach a comparatively new Christian village, under the care of the Rev. Robert Tomlinson, an ex-Church Missionary Society missionary. This village is called Mainskaneest. A few miles above this place is the Church Missionary Society mission. Kitwangah, north-west of this village, on the Kitwangah River, an affluent of the Skeena, lies the village of Kitwancool. On the Skeena, above Kitwangah, lies the village of Kitzegucla, now in charge of our native brother, Lewis Gray. Some miles above this is the village of Kitanmax or the Forks of Skeena. The Church Missionary Society has a mission here. Within four miles of the Forks of Skeena, on the Bulkley River, lies the village of Houglilget, whose people speak a language entirely distinct from the Tsimshian. Our Bro. Cole endeavors to evangelize this people. Say ten miles above the Forks of the Skeena we reach our mission, Kishpiax, in charge of Bro. Pierce. The last village is Kishgagas, near the confluence of the Babine and Skeena Rivers. This was taken by a Church Missionary Society agent more than a year ago. There was another village beyond this, named Kaldawlh, now abandoned, I am told.

The Hydah nation now consists of only two villages, one at the north the other at the south end of Graham Island of the Queen Charlotte group. The same may be said of all the other Indian tribes north of Queen Charlotte Sound, as the Quishillas on Smith's Inlet; the Owerekeenos on River's Inlet; the Bella Bellas on McLaughlin Bay, Campbell Island; China Hats on Finlayson's Channel, some of whom speak the Tsimshian, others the Bella Bella language; the Kitamaats on Douglas Channel; the Kitlopes



on Gardner's Inlet at the mouth of the Kemano River; the Bella Coola, at the head of Bentinck Arm; the Talios on South Bentinck Arm; the Kimsquits up Dean Channel; all these are isolated villages. Bella Coola comes nearest to an eastern man's conception of a settlement of any I know. Up the Bella Coola valley we find a colony of Scandinavians.

## *Missionary Outlook* Editorial and Contributed. *Jan ——— 1898* A Mission to the Klondyke.

AT the meeting of the General Board of Missions in October last, a communication was received from the Special Committee of the British Columbia Conference, strongly recommending the appointment of a missionary to the gold fields of the Yukon in Canadian territory. Reports at the time seemed to substantiate the following facts: That a large number of persons had already found their way into the region mentioned and were without religious ordinances; that a vast increase of the population would take place in the spring of 1898; that many of those who had gone in were members or adherents of the Methodist Church; that the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches had taken steps to send in missionaries of their communions; and last, but not least, that the cost of sending in and supporting a missionary would be very great—probably two or three times as much as in ordinary fields.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Board was in strong sympathy with the proposal, but the circumstances of the case demanded caution. To sustain the work already on hand, on a very modest scale, the Board has been compelled to make appropriations aggregating \$260,000, or some \$30,000 in excess of the previous year's income, and unless the Church would respond by a substantial advance in givings there would be a serious deficit at the end of the year. To establish, under these circumstances, a new and very expensive mission, was to assume a grave responsibility, and it was felt that precipitate action would not be wise, especially as it would be impracticable, if not impossible, for a missionary to reach the field before the spring of 1898. After careful consideration the following course was decided upon:

1. To obtain as full information as possible of the actual condition of affairs in the Klondyke region, as to population, religious needs, cost of living and of erecting buildings, etc., etc.

2. To lay the case before the whole Church, and ask for special contributions for this work.

3. To remit the whole matter to the Executive Committee with instructions to take such action as the leadings of Providence and the response from the Church might seem to call for.

Respecting this most important movement certain things are clear. In the first place the needs of the case are very urgent. Thousands have already flocked to the gold fields, and tens of thousands more will go in the near future. Vast numbers of these are young men, separated from home and home influences (there is no home life at the Klondyke), exposed to the temptations of the saloon and the gambling-room, not to speak of still worse places. Hundreds of them are from Methodist homes, and it goes without saying we should care for our own, besides doing our share of general missionary work. In the next place the needs will not be met by sending in a single missionary with support so scant that he cannot help the sick and the starving, and without money to erect the necessary buildings for carrying on his work. If we cannot do better than

that it were scarce worth our while to attempt anything. *There should be a special fund of at least \$10,000 to properly establish the mission, over and above the support of the missionaries who may be sent, and this must be secured outside of the ordinary income.*

If the Church means business in regard to the proposed mission, provision should be made: 1. To send out two, three or four missionaries. If one or two could be medical missionaries so much the better. 2. To erect dwellings. These, for the most part, would be merely frontier cabins, but all building is expensive out there. 3. To erect small places of worship at the various camps to be visited, where services may be held. 4. To provide reading-rooms, warm and comfortable, with a good supply of papers, magazines, etc., so that the many hundreds of homeless young men may have some place other than the saloon in which to spend their evenings. 5. If a medical missionary is sent, to provide a plain hospital building, where the many sick, who have no homes, may be cared for.

At the next meeting of the Executive Committee the whole question will be carefully considered, and in all probability distinct and authoritative proposals will then be made. In the meantime it is commended to the sympathies and prayers of our ministers and people, and we will be glad to hear at once from anyone willing to render financial aid.

### *Nov.* From the Klondike. / 898

Letter from REV. A. E. HETHERINGTON, B.A., dated  
Dawson City, August 29, 1898.

AFTER a two months' journey I arrived here last Monday, the 22nd inst. Just two months previous I left Vancouver per SS. *Danube*, and after a rough voyage across the North Pacific arrived at Dutch harbor, a trading post on one of the islands at the end of the Aleutian peninsula, on the last day of June. The next day we steered north through the Behring Sea, enjoying the finest of weather, and on the 4th of July cast anchor in the harbor off St. Michael's. Here we were delayed five long, weary weeks, waiting until our river steamer should be completed and ready for her first trip up the Yukon.

We left St. Michael's on the evening of the 8th of August, and in just two weeks arrived in Dawson. While delayed at the mouth of the river I enquired diligently for Mr. Turner from those coming down from Dawson, and not being able to get any word of him I concluded that he had not succeeded in getting in by that sorry Teslin Lake route, and felt that possibly I might, after all, get to Dawson first and have the honor of organizing our work; but when we arrived at Rampart City, about half-way up the river, I heard that Mr. Turner had arrived.

As we approached the wharf at Dawson we could see an immense crowd lining the shore and filling every landing, and we realized that at last we had reached the far-famed gold fields of the Klondike. I took up a conspicuous position at the prow of the boat as we landed, and tried to look as preacher-like as I could, so that if Mr. Turner was in the crowd he might recognize me. But after waiting there in anxiety for a considerable length of time, a gentleman stepped up and asked if I was not the purser of the boat! I concluded that it would be of no use remaining there longer, so went ashore and was soon lost in the throng. I kept on the watch for some one who would answer to my idea of what Bro. Turner would look like. At last I found one who seemed to answer very well, but after scrutinizing him very closely I concluded that he was a Jew, and passed on. After some time I arrived at a large tent in which I was told I would find Bro. Turner. I stepped in and behold! here I found this same Jew busy eating his dinner, who was none other than Bro. Turner himself. I'll leave you to imagine the happiness of the meeting. "Sit down, Brother," said he, "and let me introduce you to a Klondike dinner." I obeyed at once. I won't describe the menu, other than to say that it would not take very long to describe all outside of beans and rice.



I started at once to prepare a place to pitch my tent. The hummocks of moss and grass had to be levelled, and as the town site is on a frozen morass which thaws to a depth of two feet, I had to pack saw-dust and shavings from a mill about half a mile away in order to raise up a place on which to sleep, so that I might be a sufficient distance from the cold, wet muck.

My first Sabbath was quite a surprise to me. We hold our services still in the large tent purchased by Mr. Turner. At the morning service there were about 75 present; at the evening 140, or as many as our tent would hold—some had to go away. The service began at 6.30 with an Epworth League and testimony meeting. A Mr. Roper led it, and all took part with the greatest zeal. As many as three were on their feet at once to testify. It was indeed gratifying. I never saw a more energetic and powerful meeting "outside." The singing in the regular service was most inspiring. Everyone seemed to sing with a *will*. I never was in a place where there is so much and willing talent for all kinds of Church work.

Our accommodation at present is not at all adequate to the demand. We are hoping to have our new church ready for services in two or three weeks. But getting in late and not having sufficient finances has placed us and the cause at a sad disadvantage. We are hoping for good news from the Mission Rooms in next mail. Bro. Turner has told you the circumstances which make it so hard to get money here. However, I am starting out in the morning for a tour of Bonanza, Eldorado and Hunker to spy out the land and see if I can do anything in the line of collecting for the Church. I do hope that the Church will take an interest in our work here and give us a good start.

Bro. Turner and I went four miles up the Yukon on Tuesday and gathered moss all day for our church. Yesterday I went up again and put it on a raft and took it down. To-day we are having it hauled up, as also the logs, to the church site.

### *Now* THE "GLAD TIDINGS" MISSION. 192 *Notes from the Log-book by REV. C. M. TATE.*

*Thursday, Sept. 8th.*—Steamed out of Victoria harbor bound for the west coast of Vancouver Island. Our first call was at Sooke, one of the oldest settlements in the country. There is also a small band of Indians numbering about thirty. After spending a couple of hours at this point, I steamed on towards the Pacific Ocean, intending to anchor at Port San Juan for the night, but when about eight miles from our destination, a dense fog came in from the ocean and completely covered up the entrance to the harbor. As the coast is very dangerous, we were afraid to keep in shore and as the darkness was settling around us, we thought it best to keep out for the night and see what morning would bring. We blew our whistle at intervals so that other vessels might not run us down. In the thick fog we passed close by a sailing vessel, and shortly after heard some people shouting at the top of their voice. We did not know what to make of it until a canoe with eleven Indians passed our bow. At midnight steam began to escape from a bolt-hole in the boiler, so that the steersman could not stay inside and had to steer by reaching through the window. However, there was not much steering to be done, as we kept the boat going round in a circle until daylight appeared. We could tell our position by the fog-whistles on Cape Flattery, and Carmanah, Vancouver Island. Several times during the night we heard a minute gun boom forth, but could not tell whether it was a ship in distress, or one of the Japan steamers, probably the latter, as it passed us inward bound early in the morning. A breeze from the land drove the fog out to sea, and at sunrise we made Port San Juan. Whilst the engineer was making repairs, we went on shore and visited the Indians. We found quite a village, but not many Indians, as they have not yet returned from the Fraser fisheries. Upon enquiry we found that a great many of the Indians from the several tribes were from home, and considering the risk we would have to run on account of the fog, which is worst at this time of the year, we deemed it advisable to return and visit the Gulf tribes until we get some rain to clear away the fog. After repairs were completed we returned to Beecher Bay, where we went on shore and conducted a very interesting service with the Indians. There is quite a large band of them, and altogether neglected.

I wish we could place an agent here, who could also visit Sooke and Peddar Bay, both of which points are close by. As there are quite a number of white settlers in this vicinity, a good work might be done by a man whose heart was filled by the Holy Ghost.

*Saturday, Sept. 10th.*—Reached Victoria towards evening, and decided to spend Sunday here. I ought to have mentioned that as we returned, we picked up the canoe which we nearly ran down in the darkness, and towed them into Victoria. The poor creatures were entirely ignorant of any Gospel truth, and looked in surprise at us when we sang and prayed in our morning service. They are from one of the tribes on the northern end of the island. They had heard of the smallpox in Victoria, and wished us to give them medicine to keep it away. Having some vaccine on board, we vaccinated them all before getting into port.

*Sunday, Sept. 11th.*—Service at 10 a.m. in the Indian church. In the afternoon we went to the camp across the bay, and finding that the old chief had died in the night, we gathered in a large concourse of people, and preached Christ to them around the corpse of their pagan chief. Many times during his life did we offer him the Gospel, but his reply always was, "Take it to the white people, they need it more than me." And he was not far astray, considering the class of white people with whom he had mingled. I visited him a few days before his death, and conducted service in his house. He thanked me for the words I had spoken to him, and said that now he was going to die, he wanted to make his heart right with God. We pointed him to the Saviour, and trust that God in His abundant mercy showed compassion to this poor benighted soul. His people told me that he became unconscious before death, and whilst in that state, a Catholic priest had come in and performed the marriage ceremony, after which he baptized him, and placed the wafer upon his lips. We pity the poor creatures who are led to believe that these ceremonies, although performed upon a person as good as dead, will ensure them a safe entrance to the home of the blest, where, we are strictly told, none can enter save by Jesus Christ, who is "the way, the truth and the life." In the evening we held an evangelistic service in the Indian church among a mixed congregation of whites, Indians and Chinese.

We have written and spoken so often about the need of a missionary to the Indians in Victoria (where these poor creatures congregate from all parts of the land, and return to their homes demoralized, diseased and dying, because there is no one to care for them), we feel utterly discouraged. Lord, hear our prayers, and send forth more laborers into the harvest field!

After a few days at New Westminster—giving the missionary an opportunity to visit his other Mission at Chilliwack, whilst the boat was undergoing a coat of paint and general clean up—we started on Tuesday, 27th, for Howe Sound. Our first call was at Georgetown, a settlement of white people, where we held service in the little school house, at 7 p.m. The Rev. E. Robson, who took passage with us, conducted the service. In the after service two or three souls decided for Jesus.

*Sept. 28th.*—Started at daylight, and made our first call for the day at an Indian camp before the people were out of bed. We woke them up, however, and after some talk about spiritual things and a short religious service, we steamed on to the shingle mill, where Mr. Robson went on shore and conducted service. We next made Squamish River, but on account of recent rains, the whole valley was inundated, and we were unable to reach either Indians or white people, excepting a few of the settlers who were at the steamboat landing, with whom he held service. The current was so strong in the river we dare not stay, so we steamed out and reached Vancouver at dusk, where we had the privilege of hearing Rev. E. R. Young in one of his famous lectures.

*Sept. 29th.*—Crossed to Nanaimo, where we spent the evening with the Indians in a blessed service.

*Sept. 30th.*—Took on coal at Departure Bay, and steamed on to Qualicum, which place we reached at dusk. Went on shore and held service, when quite a number of both Indians and whites took part, some for the first time, others who have been backsliders for a number of years. Thank God for this night's service.

*Oct. 1st.*—Shortly after midnight we had to get up and get the anchor, as a heavy south-east storm had arisen with a pouring rain, and we were driving toward the beach. We



## A LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

STEAMER "GLAD TIDINGS,"  
VICTORIA, B.C., Aug. 13th, 1885.

DEAR BRO. DEWART,—The long looked-for visit of the Missionary Secretary has come at last, and I trust will prove a great blessing to us all. Dr. Sutherland and Mr. J. T. Moor arrived at Port Simpson on Wednesday, July 29th, and the same day we started for a trip to the Naas. The steamer *Glad Tidings* took us 35 miles to the north of the river, when we took a canoe for the remaining 15 miles, and landed at Bro. G.'s mission at 2 a.m. The Doctor has an early service in the morning, and there was great pleasure shown by the people firing guns, etc.; and then two other villages were visited, a council held, and a blessed service at night, when Dr. Sutherland preached, and a love feast and sacrament at the close. The night was spent in trying to rest and battling with the mosquitoes. At 6 a.m. next day we were off down the river, and paddled all day against wind and tide, and on our way down we had a blessed prayer-meeting on the Alaska shore at 7 p.m., and spent the night in an Indian hut, for it rained some that night. Next morning we left early and made a run of about eight miles, when we camped for breakfast and prayer, when the little mission ship *Glad Tidings*, which in the meantime had been to Skitigate with a load of lumber, met us and we were soon on board, and two hours more brought us to Simpson.

Saturday and Sunday were spent with us, and the day will never be forgotten by us or by the people present; it is to be regretted the Doctor did not see more people at home. Monday we were off by the *Glad Tidings*; called at Inverness, and then to Aberdeen, and back to Port Essington, when Bro. D. Jennings was ordained and Dr. Sutherland preached one of his masterly salvation sermons.

Next day we were off by daylight, and the following morning made Hyhise Camp, where we took on wood. Very few people here, and by 3 p.m. we reached Bella Bella. Dr. Sutherland preached to a good house and held a council. It was to be regretted much that the Missionary Secretary could not see Bella Coola, Ritamate, etc., but time would not allow. We were off by 4.30 next morning, and reached Alert Bay by 7 p.m., having crossed the Q. Sound at the rate of eleven miles an hour. There Dr. Sutherland preached to a party of white men in five minutes' notice. Next day

brought us to Seymour Narrows, and we called at the Niquito Camp early next morning, and reached Nanaimo by 7 p.m., having run over five hundred miles, besides the visits made. Here Dr. Sutherland had engaged to spend Sabbath.

We trust that God will abundantly bless his visit to this land. And we do hope and pray that it may not be long before other officers of our great Church may visit us.

Yours truly,  
T. CROSBY.

the way government spends money on agents when the people get no good from them.

The petition says that confusion and ill-will exist among the Indians. This is not so in regard to our village. We live in peace. The petition tries to show that the Indians have no right to object to liquor being sold in their village. Everyone knows that liquor has been death to the Indians. In our village there are about 800 Indians and only five or six whites who make their home here, and we think we ought to be heard. Of the men who signed the petition only three belong to this place and two of those are employed by the store that sells the liquor. There are also the names of two miners who have spent the winter here. The petition says the whole Indian population of the district has been canvassed to obtain signatures to a petition to obtain if possible, the cancellation of the license. This is not true. The petition was not taken to a single individual away from Port Simpson, and there is not an Indian in our village who does not desire the removal of the license. The petition says, "We have not heard of a single instance of an Indian obtaining liquor either directly or otherwise." Where did the half-breeds get the liquor when they were fighting on the church road on Sunday when the people were going to church, and the Indian who went into a house on Christmas day and broke the windows when the people were at church, and the Indian servant of the H.B.Co. who was drunk coming from his work the other day? Where did he get his liquor? Such things have not been known in our village before for twelve years since the mission began. The petition says also that "drunkenness among the whites has been less common than before the granting of the license." This is hard to believe. Now we think when white men put their names to the paper, they should be sure that what they write is true.

If you will allow us we will write again about our relation to the government.

TSIMPSHEAN.

## Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1886.

### THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The annual report of the superintendent-general of Indian affairs submitted to the Dominion commons, includes those relating to the Indians of this province. A careful perusal of the report of the Indian superintendent, Dr. Powell, and those of the Indian agents, brings the mind to a somewhat unwilling conclusion as to the progression or retrogression of the Indians of this province. The evidence of frankness and candor in several of the reports is very striking, and the statements which such a spirit provoke confirm what has been spoken of as being the invariable experience of the association of the red man with the white man, viz, that in spite of what are apparently most favorable circumstances for their well-being and improvement, there are also certain drawbacks before which the Indian shows a tendency to disappear when brought in contact with civilization. Though singly, no doubt, strictly true, the reports collectively are conflicting; and while showing that in some localities the tribes or bands are in a generally satisfactory condition and comparatively industrious, yet this favorable state of things is not prevalent, and well-behaved and honest as they may be where special opportunities for religious and social training are present, a progressive people they are not, and, it is safe to assume from their past history and the slight effect wrought upon them by their present surroundings, that a progressive

people they never will be. Gathering generally from the reports, the Indians exhibit a disinclination to cultivate the soil or in any way to enter heartily and thoroughly into agricultural pursuits. This statement is not surprising to those who have had the opportunity of even cursorily observing their reserves. Nor is it to be expected that in about one generation the habits and instincts engrafted during centuries can be eradicated. A race more ancient than the whites, the tilling of the soil, except with regard to maize, was unknown, or, at any rate, never practised by the red men. Nomads to a certain extent, they subsisted by hunting and fishing, and it is doubtful if they followed these pursuits to a degree greater than necessary to keep them from want. In a word, they had no ambition, as we understand the term, and having none made so little progression that it is doubtful whether when the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay company were first established here, the Indians were any further advanced, even in the possession of better facilities for the chase, than were their ancestors who mouldered in the dust of ages ago. But when the white race appropriated the soil it recognized that the Indian had a moral claim upon it, and as a *quid pro quo* took upon itself the care of the tribes which in its progress it had displaced. The result has been, that brought into close contact with a mode of existence embodying habits and customs so entirely different to what they had been used to, the effects have been varied and peculiar. The obligations imposed by the change in the manner of their life, and the necessity of continual personal exertion to enable them to become self-supporting in the new conditions in which they find themselves, is realized by few of them, and relished, perhaps, by fewer still. Habit will, to a certain extent, inure even to vice, and against the evil of strong drink custom through many generations may grant an appreciable power of resistance. While, therefore, its immoderate use cuts off many of the whites, it literally mows down the red men, who, imbibing our vices (which are animal) far more aptly than our virtues (which are intellectual) can never bring themselves to refuse the offer of strong drink, and are powerless to observe moderation in its use. Living under intoxication all outer consciousness, morning frequently finds them lying on damp ground, where, exposed to the night air, they have laid the foundation for the pulmonary complaints which are so fatal among them. The Indian act has by its penalties greatly restricted the means of the supply of liquor to them; but the evil is unfortunately still apparent. It having been found that the custom of potlaches, while impoverishing those who gave them, tended to discourage individual thrift, and did not have a moral effect, an act prohibiting such being held came into force at the beginning of last year; and the fact of being forbidden to hold them is looked upon by most of the tribes as a hardship and an unnecessary oppression; though with the spread of education that the agents and missionaries are endeavoring to instil into their minds their opinions on this point will, no doubt, in time become considerably modified. Mr. Lomas, of the Cowichan agency, whose report exhibits not only a careful insight into the Indian's habits, but into his character, says that there is in the Indian nature a yearning for some form of excitement that must be satisfied; and that if these people are to be successfully managed some more improving form of excitement must take the place of these festivities. He continues:

8. "The Indian's old beliefs have been shaken, but he has not sufficient knowledge to make him appreciate properly the necessity of education if he is to hold his own. Here and there we meet with an Indian proud because he can sign his name or spell out a few lines of a newspaper, but none seem to comprehend

### A Letter from Port Simpson.

PORT SIMPSON, B. C.,  
March 4th, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR:—There are a few words we would like to write and ask you to be good enough to print them. We saw in the Times of Feb. 12th a petition from this part of the coast to Mr. Grant, M. P. P., which does not give the truth. Those who sign this petition say they are aggrieved and want redress. What are they aggrieved about? What have the Indians done to them? We have tried to keep our people from Sabbath breaking and drunkenness and debauchery. Is this why they feel aggrieved, and why they wish to call us disloyal to the government? We wish to say we are not disloyal to our Queen and government. We believe the Queen's laws are good and we want to see them honestly carried out. We have our own council to settle our own family troubles, as our fathers had before us, without expense to them or the government, and we do not see why the white men wish to trouble us about this. The petition says they wish to place us under an agent of the government. Do they wish us to be like the Indians at Fort Rupert and other places where there are agents? We hear that at Fort Rupert there is more drinking and fighting and potlaching and bad work than there was before the agent came, and missionary work makes less advancement. For this and other reasons our people do not wish an agent at present. We think it foolish



what they read; and as a rule—"A little learning is a dangerous thing." In my opinion the chief cause of the failure of so many different missionary efforts for the advancement of the native races is the mistake which all seem to make, of judging and treating Indians by European standards, forgetting that though the Indian is a close reasoner, his character is a mixture of child-like suspicion, credulity and selfishness, but with a keen sense of humor."

The expenditure on Indian affairs in this province last year was \$51,988.95; about ten times as much as upon those of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined, but only one-twentieth of the expenditure on those of Manitoba and the northwest. Stretched over the vast area of this province it only reasonable to expect to find some tribes more industrious than others; though (without wishing to be cynical) none are particularly remarkable in this direction. Still, some are active and willing to improve their condition—those in some districts of the mainland being at infinite labor to irrigate their land. The Indians of the Kamloops agency are spoken of as exhibiting a deplorable callousness respecting the rights of widows and orphans. "As soon as an Indian dies his relatives and friends make a scramble for his effects, the males generally securing the lion's share, and unless, as sometimes happens, the widow be a determined termagant, she and her offspring are left destitute—though these irregularities are being checked." Taken altogether, the condition of the Indian in his semi-civilized state is not a very promising one; though this is not attributable to the agents, or the missionaries, of whose efforts the former speak very highly. It is rather due to the inherent attachment to the "take no thought for the morrow" life they have always been accustomed to lead, and an indisposition to exertion except when incumbent upon them in hunting and fishing. They accept the ministrations of christian teachers without objection, but without ardor, and exhibit no superabundant enthusiasm in attending church and school, while whisky and gambling have charms for them which they cannot resist. All this does not show a very hopeful state of things, and is very disheartening to those missionaries who devote their lives to their improvement. Of course, some there are who work hard, are well housed, clothed and fed, and are happy; but they all have proclivities which are so general as to show that they are deeply rooted. The old Adam is only slumbering in them; is suppressed rather than eradicated; and while it can and is being fought against, it will not be conquered for very many years to come, by the end of which time if the decrease in their numbers continue, the importance of the question will have become considerably lessened.

# Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1886

## Port Simpson News.

From the Rev. Mr. Crosby, who came around from Port Simpson on Wednesday we glean the following information:

### THE CANNERIES.

including the British American, the British Columbian, Mr. Cunningham's, the Inverness and the Metlakahla, are preparing to run their full complement this season. The River's Inlet cannery is also preparing for a full run, and there will be a demand for a large supply of Indian labor to help them. The oolachan catch was only a middling one. The run was good, but the ice prevented a large catch being made.

## THE SKEENA RIVER

is open to the forks. Parties have been down to get goods, and the miners have gone up, as well as the freight canoes of the Hudson Bay Co.

### THE GLAD TIDINGS

made two trips to the Queen Charlotte Islands this spring, one to Bella Coola to bring the missionaries around to the district meeting at Port Simpson, and has now just brought them back, the work occupying four days, anchorage being made each night. She and the Boscowitz had a race coming around, which resulted in the latter being left far in the wake.

### CHURCH WORK.

The labors of the missionaries have been crowned with abundant success, and the missions are all in a most peaceful condition. Skeena river has made a call to increase the labors there, and it is thought the want will be supplied. Rev. Mr. Green, of Naas river, has gone to England, but will return to his charge some time during the summer.

## Methodism at Port Simpson.

The annual meeting of the Port Simpson district of the Methodist church was opened at Port Simpson on the 12th of April. All the members were present except the Rev. A. E. Green, who is in the east at the command of the church. The various missions, extending from Queen Charlotte Sound in the south to the Alaskan boundary in the north, including a promising mission on Queen Charlotte islands, report the work in a prosperous state. The membership has increased during the year over one hundred, and they reach about 5000 Indians, besides many white settlers scattered along the coast. The district has in its work twenty seven paid agents, fifteen churches, nine parsonages and one mission yacht. The field is widening and an increase of laborers is expected.

every quarter. The climate was as nearly like that of England as anything outside of it could be. The population was not more than 20,000, of which number 6,000 were Chinese. There was a good system of schools, the Government paying everything—furnishing schoolhouse, books and teacher. The Government also furnished the roads. There were a great many wealthy people, but he did not think they were over-enterprising; at any rate, they did not bear comparison with the people in the East, or in Winnipeg or Vancouver. The lines of steamers were, he thought, largely owned by Americans. There was a class of people who had been to "the diggings," lost all and gone back to Victoria, and were sorry—some worse than sorry. A large class of young men had come out from England, and were waiting for offices—waiting for somebody to die, and to step into somebody else's shoes. The Church of England there was High Church—about as high as that in Regina. The Presbyterians were social; and he thought they were prepared, on moral questions, to fraternize with the Methodists. The Baptists were crisp and pushing. The Methodists had been there for twenty-eight years, and had 175 members. They had a very good church and a good Sunday-school, but he thought the religious element in Victoria would bear a revival without hurting it. There had not been the interest taken in the Conference that he would have liked to see. The membership would number about 2,000. New Westminster had the best specimen of Methodism he had seen since leaving home—it equalled anything in the eastern section, or, he thought, in the Manitoba section. There were five men there whose superiors were not to be found in many places. There was a poor church, but a good parsonage; a new church was contemplated. In the valley of the Chilliwack there was the best society in the Province; this was the most fertile part, perhaps, of British Columbia. There were two or three good circuits in the valley, and they wanted a man or two. In the delta of the Fraser River there were a few thousand acres of fine land; but British Columbia would never hold a large agricultural population; there was not room. The country was next thing to a sea of mountains; he did not think there was alluvial enough in the valleys to create a farming population to any great extent. The Methodism of British Columbia, taken altogether, was hopeful. Having now a Conference of their own they would feel more like masters of the position. Among the Indians very good work was being done at Fort Simpson, the Naas River, Bella Coola, and the mouth of the Fraser. Pretty much all

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REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D., . Editor.  
REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, D.D., . Book Steward.

JULY 13, 1887.

## REV. DR. WILLIAMS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

At the Manitoba Conference, at the suggestion of Rev. A. Langford, which the Conference endorsed as a request, Dr. Williams gave an account of his recent visit to the Pacific Coast, in connection with the organization of the British Columbia Conference. He said by the time he got home, he would have covered 8,000 miles since the 10th of April. Mentioning briefly his visit to his daughter in Texas, and his trip through the Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, he told of his observations in San Francisco. In that city he had met with some twenty Methodist preachers, among whom there was great curiosity about the Methodist Church in Canada, the powers of the General Superintendent, etc. He had visited the Chinese mission and the Japanese school, and had heard one Ned Forest, a revivalist, who had wonderful faculty for shouting "Hallelujah" and "Amen" when there was nothing to shout about. Victoria was beautifully situated, with fine views in



over there were Indians and half-breeds. He mentioned a singular fact, that the Clinton Circuit had five members and that there had been five members four years ago; eight appointments raised \$800 for the support of the preacher. The financial interests of the Church were well sustained. He had direction to secure half-a-dozen first-class men for British Columbia. For the Indian work there is an Orphanage at Port Simpson, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, having something like twenty-eight orphan girls, for whom the Woman's Missionary Society pay so much per head to Mr. and Mrs. Crosby for maintenance. They learned to knit, sew, do house work, etc. At Naas River, Mr. Green had an institution, with about a dozen boys. Mr. Tait, Indian missionary, was very successful; he had no school, but Mr. Robson suggested that there should be a school for girls at Nanaimo. The Missionary Committee of that Conference took strong ground in reference to having two industrial schools for Indians placed under the care of the Methodist Church.

## The Christian Guardian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887.

### LETTER FROM REV. T. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, June 22nd, 1887.

DEAR DR. DEWART,—Perhaps some of our friends would like to hear of our trip to Conference—that memorable trip that gave so many of our friends uneasiness about us. I was sorry for this.

As soon as the District Meeting was over, Rev. G. F. Hopkins, W. H. Pierce, Miss Knight, of the "Home," Mr. Oliver, one Indian boy and myself embarked on the *Glad Tidings*. We took a boat in tow for Victoria, the *Nell*. The first night we had only made twenty miles, and anchored a day, as the wind was too high to allow us to go on. Next night we anchored 100 miles from home, and now it came on to blow again and kept up for two days. This included a Sabbath. We had services on board the *Nell*. Monday we left early, but as the wind was still strong ahead we only made Swanson Bay by nine o'clock, where we anchored for two hours; then, as the wind went down and the tide was fair, we went on to Chinaman Hat. Here we were kept for the next two days as it was blowing hard from the south-west. We had service with a few people ashore and got a supply of wood. While lying here we had four inches of snow on the deck on the 4th of May. Thursday the wind had subsided and we started. Reached Bella Bella and took on a supply of wood. The people were all away at Goose Island. We left the same evening, but had not gone far when one of the tubes gave out, and we had to let the fire out, and as it was calm we got it fixed up and were on the way again after four hours' delay. By early morning we were off Safety Cove, where we went in to anchor and fixed up. The wind got up during the day again from the south-west and on Saturday morning it was a strong south-easter, and after running out about ten miles we were glad to get back again to anchor in the Cove. In the afternoon we left the *Nell* and went up Rivers' Inlet to spend the Sabbath, and a very blessed day we had. Brother Hopkins stayed at the Warnock Camp and took the services there, while Brother Pierce and the rest of us took five services among the whites and Indians at the head of the Inlet. Monday we got back to the Cove at 7 p.m., took the *Nell*, and crossed Queen Charlotte's Sound at the rate of seven and a half miles an hour. Reached Alert Bay with another tube leaking, and it took us till Thursday to get to Nanaimo, sixteen days from home, while we had only travelled five days full running time. But we felt we had been mercifully kept, and were pleased to be here. But oh the crushing woe and sorrow for that terrible accident that took about 140 men away so suddenly and left so many poor women and children fatherless and widows. It was said one woman died of a broken heart, and one noble fellow died in trying to save others. We had only time to see a few friends and express our sympathy. We were off on the train at 1 p.m. for Victoria, and the good ticket man at the station did not like to take such hard-looking men as we were on a preacher's ticket, but on hearing it was Crosby's party he let us pass. Soon we were rattling away down by Cherwainus, and I was reminded of my trips in canoe years ago. Oyster Bay was passed, where the son shot down his own father many years ago, and then in a great feast, in my presence, they said it was the white man's fire-water that did it, and why did not the white man believe the Bible and the missionary. We stop at Horse Shoe Bay, where Mr. Croft, M.P.P., runs the saw mill, with a number of our boys from Simpson. Here I spent many a pleasant night after a hard day's pull in a canoe with the former proprietor, friend Askew. Now we are passing Cherwainus River. It was here that poor Richardson was shot in his cabin. Here, also, while preaching to a lot of people years ago I told them they must not steal nor

keep anything that was not their own. After service was over they told me of goods that were kept by some parties who had murdered a party of Northern Indians. This led to the capture of the whole guilty parties. And now we pass the fields of Samenoes, and the road over which I footed it many a time long years ago, now all much improved. The only thing to blight and curse this country is the increased number of whiskey houses. We soon cross the Cowitchan flats, and along the Shanigan Lake. Now I call to mind the noble-hearted Manly, who is gone to rest, and the many happy welcomes we had to his house. On one occasion Brother Cushion and I, travelling down the coast, called at Sayward's. Just before we reached that place we found a body left in the bush unburied, a victim of smallpox, and another still alive sitting by a little fire, and all covered with the disease. He told us he had been there for a length of time, and his friends would come to a little canoe that was anchored out, and put food into it, and then push it ashore the length of the rope, and he would get his food and push the canoe out again. Soon we were passing Esquimalt where Her Majesty's war ships are at anchor. Brother Pierce has been, as he says, "land sick;" this was the first time he ever travelled in a railway carriage. He told us he longed to be back on the Skeena—he would rather be on snow shoes than dashed round the mountain tops as we had been the last two hours.

Arrived at Victoria we were delighted to meet Brother Green at the station with a cab. A few minutes more and we were in the church, and had a right warm reception from the brethren, who had now been in Conference three days. It did not take us long to know that we were amongst a lot of warm-hearted Methodist preachers and laymen. Sorry to find that the dear people had been over-concerned about us, and that the message had been flashed across the continent, causing our friends in the East also concern.

We were sorry to have missed so much of the first Conference in British Columbia. This was the night of the reception of the young men. Brothers Bowell and Bryant spoke well in moving and seconding their reception, and then the General Superintendent, Dr. Williams, gave some good advice, and I think most of us must have felt that our fathers had to rough it in planting the cross in the older provinces as much or more than we have ever had to do in this country. But my soul was filled with joy when Brother Pierce told his experience, and Brother Calvert gave his good, clear testimony. Thank God, he is still raising up men to carry the old story to the heathen, and some from among the heathen themselves. Sunday was a day never to be forgotten. We had a blessed lovefeast in the morning, just the thing to get preachers and people in the right tune. The ordination sermon by Dr. Williams was grand, as was also Mr. Watson's searching sermon at night. Indeed, it was a great treat to get out of the woods, as it were, and enjoy such a time.

As repairs had to be done to the *Glad Tidings* to the tune of over \$300, I got time to go to New Westminster for a Sabbath, in company with Dr. Williams. I attended seven meetings, heard two grand sermons from the General Superintendent, and altogether had a blessed day.

Monday I was off again to Victoria, and two days later our little boat was ready and had been inspected, and with Brother and Sister Calvert, Bro. Pierce, our daughter Jessie, Oliver, the boy, and the writer, set off for the North. Had a talk with Bro. Robson at Nanaimo, attended his prayer-meeting Thursday night and left Friday. After coaling at Departure Bay, we ran thirty-five miles and put into False Bay as the wind was too strong for us.

Next day called at a logging camp and preached to the men, and made Alert Bay very late; here we spent Sabbath and had four services. Rev. Mr. Hall was away from home. Monday we reached Nah-Wittie Bay by 11 a.m.; the wind was blowing strong north-west and kept us here till Thursday morning, when we made across the Sound. We had two services a day with the few people ashore. Noon Thursday found us at Rivers' Inlet; this is a part of the Bella Bella Mission, and here we have left Brother and Sister Calvert. We put on to Bella Bella, where we had a good meeting at 5.30 Friday morning and took on wood while the men rested. We were off again at 1.30 p.m., made Chinaman Hat and had service. Under weigh again early Saturday morning, and reached Inverness late. Here we spent a very good Sabbath; I attended seven services, while Bro. Pierce and Bro. Oliver went up the river to help Mr. Jennings. Monday, got home early and found all well. The people called me to a

meeting with the land surveyor sent up by the Government. Although the Government promised that a commission should come up and look into the land question, yet now they send up two parties of surveyors to go to work at once, and the Indians wonder what will be next. Very few of our people are at home at present.

Pray for us that this may be a blessed year of soul-saving on all the coast.

Yours truly,

T. CROSBY.



(Continued.)

SHORTLY after this, Jack, now Arthur Ebstone, who had been saved from the evils of a Victoria street life, through the instrumentality of James Starr, returned to his home, at Bella-Bella proper. About the first thing he did was to erect a flag-staff, from which floated every Sabbath day a red flag with his name on it in white letters. Hitherto, Sunday had been unknown, but Jack was determined to let them know that one day in seven belonged to God, by hoisting his "Sunday sail" to the breeze, and dressing himself in Sunday attire.

He was accompanied from Victoria by a young man named George Blucher, who received some instruction in the mission school at that place. His intelligence was rather above the average, but very erratic in disposition, while Jack's disposition was just the opposite. Between them they raised the standard of the Cross, and bravely held the fort against bitter opposition, which amounted to persecution in the end. They stood faithful, however, until the dancing season came around when Jack was left alone, through the unfaithfulness of George, in giving heed to the entreaties of his parents and others who were afraid that, if he did not join the dancers, the conjurors would employ their black arts to charm away his life. This only had the effect of making Jack fortify himself more strongly against his adversaries. He hardly knew how to address God in prayer, but God understands the desires of the heart, and the desire of Jack's heart was that a missionary be sent to show his people the way to heaven. He used to take his Bible into the woods, and would look lovingly at it, comforting himself with the thought that it was God's Word, and contained great and precious promises, firmly believing that God would come to his aid.

When Mr. Crosby visited Bella-Bella, Jack thought that now God had heard him, and had sent the missionary to tell his poor benighted fellow-men about the love of Jesus in coming to seek and save the lost; and when Mr. Pierce was sent to live among them, and open a day-school, Jack's happiness was complete. Mr. Crosby, also visited the outlying tribes, two of which promised to move in a body to Bella-Bella, if a missionary were sent to reside among them permanently. Mr. Crosby left them under promise that a missionary should be sent, but could not see where the missionary was to come from. He laid the matter before God, and asked Him to make the way plain.

Just at that time we were appointed by the Toronto Conference to open a mission at the forks of the Skeena River. We embarked at Victoria, on board the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Otter*, and after steaming about two days and a half, our ears were greeted one night about eleven o'clock with the strains of that beautiful hymn, "In the Sweet By-and-By," as it floated over the calm waters of McLaughlin Bay. The steamer sounded its whistle, and we were informed that we were at Bella-Bella. Presently, Mr. Crosby came on board, and took passage to Port Simpson. During the trip he told me about the blessed meetings he had had among the Bella-Bellas, and their desire to have a missionary.

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Another day's steaming brought us to the mouth of the Skeena River, where we expected to leave the steamer, and travel the rest of the distance to our appointment, 180 miles, by canoe, against a rapid current. To our great surprise, we were informed before leaving the steamer, that the Episcopalian bishop had sent a missionary to pre-occupy the ground. After consultation, it was thought best not to go any farther until Mr. Crosby had made a special visit to see how matters stood. We accordingly went to Port Simpson, and supplied for him whilst he was gone. He found, that, although the Indians did not favor them, they (the Anglicans) were determined to hold on, and show opposition to any other missionary who might go there, so, after consulting the chairman and other members of the district, it was decided that rather than take our stand against another Christian Church, we should go to Bella-Bella, and organize a mission there.

Procuring from the saw mill near Port Simpson, a quantity of lumber for school and mission-houses, we embarked on the steamer *Princess Louise*, on the 21st of September, 1880, accompanied by Mr. Crosby, and two native carpenters, who went to introduce us to the people, and help us in erecting our buildings. On the 23rd of September, we arrived at Bella-Bella, our lumber was thrown overboard and made into a raft, upon which was placed our goods and chattels. "All clear, sir!" shouted the mate, and off went the steamer, leaving us "afloat on the ocean wave," without an oar or a paddle to help ourselves. We were not left long in this position, however, for the Indians soon came off with their canoes, bringing with them ropes which were soon attached to our raft, and with a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," by the Indians on the beach, we were speedily brought to the shore, when a hundred willing hands carried up our goods to an Indian's house, which was to be our home until the mission-house was built. Our domicile was not one to be envied. We shared the one large room with seven or eight Indian families, and about a dozen dogs and cats.

The day after our arrival Mr. Crosby undertook to get the lumber out of the water, and have it carried up to our building site; whilst, with a number of young men, we started out in canoes to get timber for the foundations. In less than a week we had everything ready for building, and commenced both school-house and dwelling at the same time, Mr. Crosby superintending the former. At the end of another week the mission-house was covered in and the school-house walls were up and ready for the roof; but unfortunately the steamer came along, and Mr. Crosby had to go home. However, by dint of hard labor, commencing at six o'clock in the morning and working until ten o'clock at night, we managed to get everything secure outside, and pretty comfortable within, before the heavy winter storms came on us.

Hitherto we had held our services in an old Indian house, which, to say the least about it, was a very uncomfortable place, and we were not sorry to leave it for our new quarters in the school-house.



Letter from the REV. J. CALVERT dated at BELLA BELLA.

WE arrived at Kimskevit about 10.30 a.m. Saturday morning. We came to anchor one and a half or two miles from the village. Bro. Oliver and I then went ashore in the ship's boat, visiting every home and conversing with the people, apprising them of the object of our visit. They received us with apparent indifference. We promised them service in the chief's house during the afternoon or evening, then we returned to the ship.

Towards evening Bro. Oliver, two deck hands, and myself went off to the village again. We found the people assembled in the house of our selection; we entered and shook hands with every man, woman, and child as far as we knew. A fire four feet square was blazing in the centre of the house, the people were hideously painted and attired in blankets. The men squatted anywhere, while the women crouched in single file along one side of the house. A large box was suspended from the roof, and hung near the door, it served as a drum. Occasionally one of the fraternity would strike it with his fist as he passed by it, for they were continually moving in and out or about the house. There was a complete Babel of tongues, so that it was impossible to be heard, should we endeavor to speak to them, but knowing the wonderful attraction our songs have for the Indian, we commenced to sing. In a few seconds we had the attention of the whole household. We sang, prayed, and preached to them, and thanked them for their attention, promising to return on the morrow. They replied, "kloshe, kloshe" (good, good) but desired us, at the same time, to sit down while they sang some of their songs, and danced before us. We were not allowed to escape, nor would it have been policy to have made the attempt. Twice they sang and twice they danced, then one of the more prominent chiefs addressed us, the substance of his speech being that they sang and danced because God had told them long ago, speaking to them through the fire, bidding them do so for ever. Then we were permitted to depart.

I may state here that during our first visit to the village the Indians informed us of a better anchorage for the *Glad Tidings*. During the afternoon we steamed towards it, surveyed the place thoroughly, and finally anchored in seven fathoms of water. We were nicely sheltered, and although we could not call the anchorage good, we thought we were comparatively safe and much better off than at our former anchorage. Sunday dawned, and true to our word we visited the village again, and preached to the people, returning to the ship for dinner. In the afternoon we retraced our steps, taking "William" a Tsimpshean Indian with us as preacher, and the rest of the crew as helpers. After service I enquired their wishes in reference to a resident teacher: they stoutly refused to receive one, or permit him to remain in their village; their excuse being, that if a teacher were resident among them they would soon die, there would never be any old people in the village. Surely these poor people are they of whom it may be said: "Their hearts are waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their hearts and should be converted." We bade them farewell, and returned to the ship. Imagine our astonishment and dismay as we beheld her lying on her side and partially submerged. During our absence she had swung into the land, the tide being low her keel caught the ground and held there, hence the mishap. It might be in place here to say, that in reality there

is no anchorage at Kimskevit, at least we know of none. The *Glad Tidings* had never been there before—the place is not surveyed. Our soundings told us that to anchor, but a few feet further out was to swing the anchor from the bow, without finding any bottom, the lead line failed to reach it; to go further ahead seemed to be no better, to go astern was worse, we tried almost everywhere, and anchored, to the best of our knowledge, in the safest place we had seen; the length of cable paid out was regulated to the best of our ability; she had ridden securely during low water the night before, and we had no hesitation in leaving her to ride there again. We were sadly disappointed. Our first duty was to save everything that could be got out. By a most fortunate circumstance nearly all the provisions were dry; we saved them. A great part of our bedding was floating about in the cabin or lying completely saturated in the berths, we took out some blankets, then closed up the cabin and made it secure.

Ladders, spars, etc., too cumbersome to carry ashore, we lashed to the rigging, or made fast to the deck-houses, then we slackened the cable, and made a line fast to the bow of the ship, taking the other end of the line ashore, then we waited for the tide to rise. As it did so, all hands drew heavily and steadily on the line, and finally succeeded in hauling the bow parallel with the shore. During the operation the line broke twice. The first time it did so I was subjected to a cold water bath, by no means a pleasant diversion, taking place at midnight, in the middle of October, and in water, some of which but a few hours previous had been part and parcel of the gigantic glaciers to be seen on either side of us. We secured the ship and did not mind a few personal inconveniences. At the next "low-water" the *Glad Tidings* was almost high and dry. We boarded her, opened the ports, and every other possible place where water could escape, at the same time using the buckets freely. By the return of the tide fully three-fourths of the water was out, we fastened up the ports or windows, replaced the plug, and awaited the result. Gradually the tide rose higher and higher, it reached the lower edge of the ports, a little more it would be on deck, that meant our efforts a failure. Just at this time—about 7 o'clock Monday morning—Bro. Oliver asked me to go ashore and "let go" the line that held her head toward the land. I went and raised the line for that purpose, when suddenly it was wrested from my grasp. I knew the vessel had moved, and on looking I found the ports one inch above water. Gladly I gave the news, and by the time I had succeeded in "letting go" the line, the ports were three inches above water. Shortly, to our joy, she floated, then we went ashore, gave thanks and brake bread. It is needless to add that as soon as breakfast was over we returned to the ship, and labored with all our might to get her in working order. This we accomplished, and by noon a fire was brightly burning, and shortly afterwards we steamed away, reaching Bella Bella the following evening. I was glad to reach home, for with the crew I had worked and watched all Sunday night, all Monday, Monday night and Tuesday. True, on Monday night I was under cover, occasionally falling asleep, but to awaken again in a few minutes with a start, fearful lest something should happen while we slept, for the wind was "dead ahead" and blowing almost a gale. A kind Providence watched over us and our ship, and nothing unusual occurred after leaving Kimskevit, save the little progress we were able to make against the unfavorable winds prevailing, our fuel being wet, and in consequence thereof our steam-pressure low. The ship suffered the loss of a grindstone, a little fire-wood, and a few sundry articles of no serious moment. Heartily we returned thanks unto Him who in the midst and all through our trial had been mindful of us.



## THE MISSIONARIES AND THE INDIANS.

No one who has the interest of the Indian population of this Province at heart can fail to deprecate the unwise, not to say incendiary, utterances of several of the speakers at the recent Methodist Conference held at Westminster. The resolution of Rev. Mr. Starr, whose acquaintance with the subject would seem to have been very limited, recites a series of assertions which have no foundation in fact, and which are calculated to seriously injure the successful management of Indian affairs in British Columbia by both the Dominion and Provincial Governments. It is much to be regretted that such fire-brand speeches as those of Rev. Messrs. Green and Crosby should go to the public, to whom they give a false idea of the condition of things in this Province, while to the Indians, with whom these self-constituted oracles have some influence, they are as a match to tinder. The imputation cast upon the Government officials of favoring other denominations at the expense of the Methodist body is only a fiction of most fertile brains. They have on all occasions been treated with that courtesy which their clerical position demanded, but when they attempted to mislead the Indians as to their title to land they certainly placed themselves in a position which, as peace-makers, was not consistent with their professions. It is a very remarkable thing that the Methodist missionaries are the only ones who are in constant trouble and who are seemingly never without a grievance. All other denominations live happily and contentedly in the good work of Christianizing the heathen. On the west coast of this Island where before Confederation scarcely a shipwreck occurred that either murder or robbery was not committed, since the Union not a single case has been instanced. The Indians are fast being led out of their darkness and the Roman Catholic missionaries are meeting with splendid success, and why? Because they devote their attention to the cure of souls, not to the making of money. Nobody will say that this is a favored body of Christians, nor can the same be consistently said of the Church of England, nor as a matter of fact of the any other. If the commission which Mr. Starr's resolution purposes sending to Fort Simpson, the Naas, and Skeena rivers "to thoroughly investigate and lay the matter before the proper authorities" would direct its energies to the advisability of Christian missionaries engaging in trade and barter we have every belief that it would have little difficulty in solving the question before it. There lies the root of the evil, and as long

as it continues we may expect to hear of the unsettled condition of the wards of the Government. The missionaries, too, being skilled in the Indian language, were accustomed to act as interpreters to commissions and in all cases where such services were required, but it was found that instead of expressing the views of the Indians they gave their own impressions and so misled those who were enquiring into the real truths of the matter. For this reason it was found necessary to substitute natives, who could speak English, and the plan adopted has worked admirably. This action has been construed by the missionaries into a slight, and doubtless has proved one of the forces in their opposition to the authorities. It is also well known that they are opposed to the formation of municipal councils under the Indian Act. Heretofore the native council, presided over by a missionary, has been all-powerful, and of course the Indians were as clay in his hands. Under such circumstances so strongly powerful an antagonistic force could not well be overcome. As soon as legally organized councils are, however, established it is believed there will be a new and better order of things. These councils consist of Indians, duly elected, presided over by a chief, with the Indian agent as an associate, the duty of the latter simply being to explain the act and aid the council in any way in his power. How well this system has worked in Cowichan under Mr. Lomas we all know. Mr. Charles Todd, an excellent officer, has succeeded in instituting one at Kincolith, and we have reason to believe he is thoroughly satisfied with its workings. Others will be formed as soon as possible. These councils will, it is true, militate against the previous supremacy of the missionaries, but they will be the means of enlightening the Indians in material matters and in leading them to see that the government are their friends, willing and anxious to do their whole duty by them in the future as they have endeavored to do in the past. The missionaries do not like the idea—hence, in a large measure, this ferment. To show the utter absurdity of some of the remarks made by the speakers at the Westminster Conference we single out one. Rev. W. H. Pierce stated that he applied to the Indian department for medicine for his mission of eleven hundred, and was refused, while abundance was supplied to a small number of families of the Church of England mission. Now what are the facts? Mr. Pierce is not a white man, his education is very defective, to put it mildly, and he has absolutely no knowledge of medicine or drugs. He sent down to the Indian department for these, poisonous and otherwise, to be distributed by him to the people. We cannot very well imagine an official of Dr. Powell's experience and intelligence placing a sharp-edged sword in the hands of a child; he had better judgment than to comply with Mr. Pierce's re-

quest. By doing so he would have made himself a partner to any damage which might have resulted from Mr. Pierce's ignorance. In construing Dr. Powell's conduct, which really was a great kindness to Mr. Pierce, into sectional spite on his part our readers have an instance of the slim foundations upon which the missionaries base their charges against the officials of the Indian department. This is a type of all. The fact is that the constant instilling into the minds of the Indians the notion that they have a title to the whole of the land is the cause of all the trouble that has occurred. When we tell our readers that the reserves for the Tsimpsaan tribe embrace 73,000 and odd acres, that every fishery, without exception, on the Naas, on Work's canal, and on the Skeena river, as far as the tidal waters, is a reserve, that the reserves all over the province are on a comparatively equal scale of munificence, that almost every concession asked for by the Indians has been granted, the really serious character of the blood and thunder speeches at Westminster will readily be seen. In adversely criticizing the report of Messrs. Cornwall and Planta the speakers only carried out their apparent intention of belittling everything done to advance the future of the Indians and to set at rest their contentions in an amicable manner forever. These commissioners passed over the missionaries as interpreters and got into touch with the people themselves, and we defy anyone to say that they have not carried out their work in an honest, unprejudiced, straightforward manner. Mr. Starr takes his cue from Messrs. Crosby and Green, who do not care to look through the spectacles of Messrs. Cornwall and Planta, two unprejudiced gentlemen, who have no interest in the matter beyond conscientiously performing their duty. We hardly imagine the proceedings at Westminster will set the Dominion on fire; sensible people will take the fiery resolution with a grain of salt, and feel that an overflow of zeal, very desirable indeed if directed in the cause of truth, has impelled a number of very excellent clergymen to make statements which cannot be said to be strictly accurate. The Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, Sir John Macdonald, is in possession of all the facts to this quarrel, and does it stand to reason that he would permit the existence of such a deplorable state of affairs as the missionaries recite, if brought to his notice! Let the commission proposed by Mr. Starr go north by all means, and if it follows our advice, as given above, it will have put an end to an unseemly agitation which can only result, if persisted in, in inciting the Indians to open revolt, the consequences of which would be too terrible to imagine. In that event, nothing could prevent the blame being placed upon the proper shoulders, and religion would suffer.



## THE CONFERENCE.

To THE EDITOR:—In your synoptical report of the annual missionary meeting of the Methodist conference held at Westminster the other evening, the Rev. Mr. Crosby is reported to have said that "presents of money had not been employed by Methodist missionaries to induce the Indians to become members of the church."

Have you any means of knowing whether this was intended by Mr. Crosby as a statement of fact within his personal knowledge, or as an insinuation concerning the practices of other missionaries among the Northwest Indians?

Mr. Crosby can use forcible, if not very correct nor grammatical English, and he might say what he means and not leave a credulous public to draw unworthy and untruthful inferences.

A TRUE MISSIONER.

## Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1888.

### MISSIONARY TRADERS.

TO THE EDITOR:—On May 24th, 1888, you kindly published a letter, signed "Justice," in which the following paragraph occurred:

"The societies who send out these missionaries are supported by public subscriptions, and so they may be said to be servants of the public, and in British Columbia servants of the British, for British purposes whether civil or religious. Their time and labor belong to those who pay them, but it is found that they use both for trading on their own private account and make themselves profit thereby. Take Mr. Green, a Wesleyan missionary, as our example."

In the *Victoria Times* of August 15th (Rev.) D. Jennings makes the following remarks: "Justice" made a severe attack on the Rev. A. S. Green, of the Methodist mission, among other things charging him with *dishonestly* receiving a salary for mission work whilst he was engaged in commercial pursuits. The chairman of Mr. Green's district, the general secretary of the Methodist missionary society, knew that Mr. Green was engaged in trade, and why? And his salary was paid him with the full understanding of what he was about!!

Mr. Jennings will observe now that missionary societies were mentioned and not one in particular. Mr. Green's name came to the front simply because he had come into notice in consequence of a fiery speech he had addressed to the Wesleyan Conference assembled at New Westminster about this time. Since my letter of May 24th it has leaked out that the subject of trading-missionaries was brought up there and discussed, the end being that them embers were induced to believe that the trading was solely intended for the benefit of the Indians to give them employment and to glorify God, but that it was *not for the sake of making any pecuniary profit*. It is presumed this is what Mr. Jennings means when he says "the society knew that Mr. Green was engaged in trade" and why. Mr. Jennings must be aware that in face of this it is commonly reported a dispute has arisen as to the proper share of the profits of his former cannery accruing to Mr. Green personally, he being a partner in the concern, Mr. Green claiming more than his partner thinks him entitled to. This may be settled amicably without resort to law and the publicity necessarily accruing therefrom.

Mr. Jennings will likewise please observe that my letter *does not charge* Mr. Green "with *dishonestly* receiving his salary for mission work." Neither was it

intended to lead any one to believe so. Why Mr. Jennings should have of his own accord inserted the very ugly word "dishonestly" must rest with his own conscience; the deduction being his own.

But, says Mr. Jennings, Church of England missionaries trade, and cites the names of some. Does not this bear out my charge that missionaries, paid salaries by subscriptions from the public for work the subscribers want to be done, use their time in some measure for trading and bartering with Indians for their own emolument and profit, which the subscribers know nothing of. How many sleeping partners may there be? Only those publicly engaged are known. With what delightful gusto Mr. Jennings cites the name of Bishop Ridley as a trader, as though Bishop Ridley were a superior being and therefore shed a halo of glory about trading in general and so justified the Wesleyan trader in particular!

It must, however, be remembered that Ridley and his adherents were boycotted by Duncan and his adherents, who would not allow the faithful of Ridley to purchase anything at the store of the Duncanite faithful. Mark, however, the difference, Mr. Jennings says the bishop sold at cost, so the Indians got the benefit; but in the case of the Wesleyan trader not at cost, so the Wesleyan salaried trader got the benefit. Jennings says traders made the remark, "It is not fair to us who get our living by trade to have to compete with a man who sells at cost and has a large salary to support himself, apart from his trading." Does not this apply to the Wesleyan also, save and except the selling at cost. There is a difference; the subscribers to the Church Missionary Society would have to bear the loss, if any—whereas the Wesleyan society would not get any of the considerable profits made by their servant. Everyone is well aware that there are very many single-minded men devoted to their meritorious work, and that it is only a few who mix religion, trade and political agitation into one heterogeneous unwholesome swallow, but the old adage applies, viz., a few scabby sheep may spoil a whole flock if not separated betimes. The whole may become money changers by permission and example.

It is useless continuing this any further, but let me remark that any missionary who uses his, that is the society's time, for the purpose of trading, the profit of such trading ought to belong to the society. In this way missionary societies need not solicit subscriptions from the public; all they would have to do would be to give permission to the missionaries to trade and barter as well in religion as in other skins, peltries and merchandise. It might not be a bad speculation to form a joint stock company under the name of the "Universal Trading-Missionary Society." The public at all events might then receive some profits from their subscriptions, or indeed it would not be necessary for them to subscribe at all. Other traders would not necessarily complain, for rely upon it, trading with the Indians would be much more seductive than teaching them the principles of religion. We should probably then not hear any more of the hallucination of missionary trading for the glory of Almighty God and the benefit of the Indians, but the truth would be plain for the almighty dollars—the two terms have not yet become quite synonymous, although it seems very difficult for some consciences to draw a distinction between them.

Mr. Jennings is welcome to my name if he require or desire it.

JUSTICE.

## LETTER FROM REV. T. CROSBY.

DEAR DOCTOR.—At our Conference held in Westminster, the subject of a Boys' Industrial and Training School, to be built at this place, was brought up. A resolution was passed unanimously authorizing its commencement and recommending the project to the warmest support of the Mission Band and the people throughout our Church in the east. The same night a subscription was started and over \$500 raised. Meetings in Victoria and Vancouver were afterwards held with good results towards the object. We hope to have the foundation of one wing of the building laid right away, and then we shall commence to take in boys, and we hope to have them from various tribes or nations, who shall be all taught a trade; and, further, we hope that they will get such a religious training that some of them at least will become teachers and missionaries to their own people. Thus we hope a long felt want will be met, and a plan I have cherished for 20 years. Since, Dr. Evans and I paddled our canoe down the coast of Vancouver Island to try to find a site. Well, now we have the place and a good field to work upon, and Rev. D. Jennings is to take charge of it. So please let us have a long pull and a strong pull altogether. And our friends can send their donations for the building, etc., of the school to the writer or to the Rev. D. Jennings, Port Simpson. We shall report all the paid-up subscriptions in the *GUARDIAN* at once.

Port Simpson, June 8th, 1888.

Yours truly,  
T. CROSBY.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA CONFERENCE.

The second annual session of the British Columbia Conference was held in New Westminster, B.C., commencing Wednesday, May 9th. At roll-call there were thirty-five out of forty-two members present. The Rev. E. Robson, our veteran pioneer, was re-elected President, and the Rev. Joseph Hall was honored with the secretary's chair for another year. At this season of the year the "Royal City" looks almost its prettiest. With its well cultivated gardens in fragrant bloom, and ornamental shade trees dressed in smiling foliage, and, above all, with its hospitable homes flung open wide for the hearty reception of the delegates of the first Methodist Conference ever held within its classic precincts, in view of all this, many of us thought how kind Providence was to direct our feet thitherward. On Wednesday the proceedings were for the most part routine. The usual committees were appointed, and recommendations considered in reference to candidates and probationers. Two brethren, George F. Hopkins and D. Jennings, having been previously ordained for special purposes, were, on motion, received into full connection. The report of the Transfer Committee was submitted, and, after the usual form, the names of W. W. Baer, S. J. Thompson and J. W. Winslow were enrolled as members of the Conference. I presume before this report appears in print official information will have come to hand regarding the Rev. Chas. Ladner, and his name also will be added to the list.

Among the more important recommendations from the district was one from Fort Simpson anent the establishment of a training school for Indian boys. The blessed success which has attended the Crosby School for girls seems to warrant an earnest effort in the way of doing something for the male sex. For sometime past Bro. Green has opened his home to a number of neglected lads, and did all he could, under the circumstances, to teach them the way of life. As a general thing, however, the boys have felt their neglect very keenly. Again and again they have

justly complained of the attention given the opposite sex—an attention which to them was extremely detrimental—inasmuch as the girls receiving such would render the boys unsuitable for marriage with them. Messrs. Crosby, Green, Jennings, and others, spoke to the resolution, which finally received a unanimous passage. That same evening, in the educational meeting, Bro. Wm. Henry Pierce, our only native missionary to the Indians, begged an opportunity to speak, and forthwith launched the ship with a rattling good appeal—the man is all eloquence, not college-cultured, but heaven-gifted—and, as a result, a subscription was taken up amounting to something like \$500. Last Sabbath evening our church in Victoria changed the five into a ten; while additional subscriptions from Vancouver and Nanaimo must have raised the amount quite near \$1,500.

"These boys from the North," some one remarked, "know how to talk money, don't they?" No doubt. Well, and the people of the South know to give, Sir. It takes British Columbia to give you a good collection, especially one for such a purpose. Our people here have faith in missionary enterprise. They see its effect daily, hourly. To return. The Committee on the State of the Work announced the gratifying increase of membership to be 522, while the connexional funds were reported as being far in advance of last year.



The Sabbath Observance and Temperance Committees brought in reports exceedingly practical. The recommendations looked with no uncertain glance in the direction of some special efforts being put forth in order to arrest the tide of evil in the way of Sabbath profanation and whiskey drinking sweeping over this fair province of the Pacific. As an evidence of progress in Church work, several new missions among the Indians were recommended to be established at once, while two or three additional domestic stations were added. And what is more encouraging still, the men are almost all forthcoming. The older itinerants say the outlook for our cause in British Columbia was never more promising than to-day. Bless God for that. Our watchword is, "The land of the Pacific for Christ."

The anniversary services were all well attended. The church often filled to its utmost capacity. The Sabbath services were seasons of great profit. Both in the lovefeast, and sacrament, as well as the preaching services, the Spirit of the Master was felt by all assembled. In a word, as the President uniquely put it, the whole session was a continuous lovefeast. The brethren felt at home. They went in for a good time. They were not disappointed. Not a single discordant element crept in to mar the Master-like kindness of heart and good feeling which prevailed. The brethren expressed a great deal of sympathy for Brother George Carpenter who some few months ago met with a severe accident while travelling his circuit, the result of which has left him quite weak. Brother Carpenter, according to transfer, leaves British Columbia quite soon for Niagara. Our prayers go with him. A resolution of condolence was forwarded to Rev. Wm. Pollard, whose absence from the session is due to personal affliction. Father Pollard is evidently held in great esteem by all his brethren.

The latter part of the session was spent in discussing one of the most vital questions touching the interests of our cause which has ever arisen in any Conferential gathering for public consideration. Briefly stated it was this: The policy of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in reference to the Indian land treaty, and the marked partiality and unfairness exhibited by Government officials in their treatment of the missionaries and Indians belonging to the Methodist Church.

I am sorry I am not able to furnish you with a copy of the preamble and resolution introduced on the subject by the Rev. J. E. Starr, who made one of the most powerful speeches in behalf our rights and privileges ever delivered on the floor of a Conference. The mover of the resolution was followed by Messrs. Crosby, Jennings, Bryant, Green and others—laymen as well as clergymen. The profoundest interest was manifested. On the table lay the Government's commissioners' report. The odium that that report casts upon our missionaries is such as to call for decisive action at once. The Conference felt this; hence after an able debate, lasting for three days, in which the whole subject was sifted to its remotest depths, and in which it was demonstrated beyond a doubt that Government officialism has a good deal to answer for in reference to our Indian difficulties, a committee was appointed to forward a memorial embodying a statement of the entire subject, with evidence sustaining every allegation made, to the Methodist Conferences throughout the Dominion, in order to secure their immediate co-operation in bringing the matter before the Dominion authorities, so that the character and conduct of our Methodist missionaries, and Indians under their care, may be vindicated and justice done to all. On Tuesday, May 15th, the brethren shook hands all around and parted with a "God bless you" on every lip. In closing, I would like to make special mention of the indefatigable efforts put forth by the worthy pastor of our church in New Westminster, Rev. J. H. White (whose father was the founder of Methodism in the Royal City), in order to make the Conference gathering as pleasant and successful as possible. I annex a copy of the final draft of the station sheet:

Victoria, Wesley church—J. E. Starr.  
Victoria, Gorge Road—J. W. Wadman, Fin. Sec.;  
Wm. Pollard, Superintendent.  
Saanich—Wm. J. Dowler, B.A.  
Maple Bay—J. P. Bowell.  
Nanaimo—Jos. Hall, Chairman.  
Wellington—To be supplied.  
Comox—W. W. Baer.  
Indian tribes—One to be sent.

New Westminster—J. H. White, Fin. Sec.  
Vancouver—E. Robson, President Conference.  
Vancouver East—One to be sent.  
Richmond—S. J. Thompson.  
Delta—Jas. Calvert.  
Maple Ridge—R. B. Hemlaw.  
Langley—J. W. Patterson.  
Sumas—Thos. W. Hall.  
Cheam—One to be sent.  
Indian tribes—C. M. Tate.  
Kamloops—(Chas. Ladner).  
Nicola—J. W. Winslow.  
Clinton—J. A. Wood, Fin. Sec.

Revelstoke—Jas. Turner, Chairman.

Cariboo—To be supplied.

Fort Simpson—D. Jennings.

Kit-a-maat—To be supplied.

Kit-wan-silth—To be supplied.

Bella-Bella—C. Bryant.

Port Essington—Geo. F. Hopkins.

Queen Charlotte Islands—A. M. Miller.

Kit-ze-quella—Wm. H. Pierce.

Upper Skeena—One to be sent.

Steamer *Glad Tidings*—Thos. Crosby, Chairman.

Yours truly,

J. W. WADMAN.

## FRASER RIVER SALMON FISHERIES.

The mouth of the Fraser River, during the months of July and August, presents a most lively scene, for that is the time of the great salmon harvest. There are twelve canneries, and each cannery has from two to four fishing stations. With few exceptions the fishermen are all Indians. They congregate from all parts of British Columbia; and some from Alaska, and Washington Territory. There are not many of our Chilliwhack Indians who go to the fishing, as they consider their little farms of more importance; but as there are hundreds from all our northern mission stations who need some one to care for them, and hundreds of others from heathen villages who never hear the Gospel, we feel it a duty to spend as much time among them as possible. Leaving Mrs. Tate to preach to the Indians at Chilliwhack, I have spent several weeks among the fishing camps, preaching from three to six times on Sunday, and holding other services during the week.

Perhaps a few items from one of my trips might be of interest to those who are interested in mission work among the Indians. On Saturday morning, August 11th, I left my home at Chilliwhack and travelled by steamer forty-five miles to Westminster, and had embarked on another steamer to go sixteen miles further down the river, and was just about leaving the wharf when an Indian woman came rushing down, and said her son's wife was dying, and she wished to see me. I got into their fishing boat, and went to their camp four miles distant. I found the woman in a high fever, and some time after my arrival she fell into a state of unconsciousness. We gave her some medicine, and she revived. She told me the Catholic priest had been there to see her, and said that unless she made confession to him, and took the wafer at his hands, she would surely be lost. She replied, "I made confession to God a long time ago, and Jesus washed my heart clean in his blood, and I know I am safe; I do not fear to die." Thank God for such a clear testimony. In the evening we held a prayer-meeting, which was attended by a number of the Indians.

Sunday morning I preached to the Indians at seven o'clock, and conducted fellowship meeting. The sick woman—who was feeling much better—gave a happy experience. After service I procured a canoe from one of our Sumas Indians, and started down river alone to my next appointment. It was nearly noon when I reached the Nanaimo camp, fourteen miles distant. The Indians were not long in arranging some seats in the open air, and although the sun scorched us a little, it did not prevent us enjoying a season with the Master. Immediately at the close of the service we walked down to a camp of Naas River and Port Simpson Indians, and exhorted them to hold fast, as there are so many who come to the fishing with Christ in their hearts, but go back to their homes without him. Having travelled seventeen miles, and preached three times since breakfast, we began to feel as the disciples did when they passed through the corn-fields on the Sabbath day. We made known our feelings to one of our Indian friends, and it was not long before we were feasting on a delicious salmon which had been broiled over the camp-fire. Our next service was at the Kit-a-maat camp. Here we had a large congregation. We tied an umbrella to a stick for an awning, as the sun was very hot. After endeavoring to point my congregation to Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life," I went to one of their tents, and tried to console the stricken-hearted parents of a little baby who had died that morning. The poor creatures were four hundred miles away from their home and friends. At three o'clock we had the pleasure of attending the white service—close by my last appointment—over which Bro. Thompson presided.

Shortly after four o'clock we paddled across the Fraser to a camp of Cowichan's, one mile distant. They told me they were Catholics, but would like me to preach to them. One of their number went round the camp with a hand-bell and very soon collected a congregation. I taught them to sing "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," in their own language. They were greatly delighted with the whole service, and were very attentive throughout. We next paddled our canoe to a settler's house two miles distant, and was greatly refreshed by an excellent cup of tea. Nearly the whole family walked over the fields with me to the Bella-Bella camp, about a mile distant. Here we

enjoyed a blessed service of the Lord. The unrestricted and by the fact of the such fields of labor, a refusal is an hindrance to him from furthering or partially rendering on the part of the people, and we read glad to lay my weary Monday, visited the field for every man being to both parties. And what is the greatest value? Warnings of men seek those who are the God of the fit pastor, and have arduous and acceptance too, however, that this is the laity to choose the compact. I accept their past service without

Tuesday, started paddling up stream a steamer belonging to but they refused to nothing for it but to stream, and under a Skidegate camp, and engaged making jewelry finger-rings, etc. T and some of the English call for service they engaged in heartily Jesus' name." We little breeze sprang up next three miles to I visited several of our go to Westminster wharf. Wednesday, took Chilliwhack, and arrived work is wearying to

we could have a its in an arbitrary manage myself, for efficient, and is the extremely hard remedy resorted to we could reach more for an amen of the fishing season sees a power, the tribes and bands of laterally use. The Vancouver. ent Government i

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Chilliwhack, Aug. the case in regard y councils Wh



## Along the Line.

*Missionary Outlook Oct 1888.*  
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated PORT  
ESSINGTON, August 30th, 1888.

ABOUT two months ago we removed from our former field of labor on the Queen Charlotte Islands to this place. Coming at that time of the year we found ourselves surrounded by a busy throng of fishermen and their families from all the adjacent Indian villages. Their wants were innumerable. One would want medicine; another wanted us to go to see some sick relative or friend; another wished advice; still another to tell us of his trials; so that from early morning till late at night our time was occupied.

One man from a neighboring village came late one evening and said he wished to talk a few minutes. After being seated, he said that he had been lately married, and that he thought he was getting a very good wife, but he found she was a great trouble to him as she was angry nearly all the time. So he wished me to write to Rev. Mr. Jennings, my predecessor, who had performed the ceremony, to inform him how matters stood. He evidently thought that Mr. Jennings would be able to relieve him as easily as he had pronounced them one.

The regular Sunday services and meetings of the week have been very well attended on the whole this summer. The children's class was not held for a few weeks, but was opened again last evening. Several little ones attended, and testified to their love for Jesus and their desire to grow up to follow in His footsteps. The youngest present—a little girl of about four summers—arose and said, "I love Jesus." Being embarrassed, hesitated a moment, and then added, "And David (her brother aged about six) is getting a large boy."

The day school has been most faithfully cared for by our teacher, Bro. Vermityea. It was not very large at first, as every child over seven years was employed in some part of the salmon cannery, but now it is much larger.

A few weeks after we came here a collection amounting to \$43.50 was taken up to help to finish the new church here. Since then, two coats of white paint, with a dark drab trimming has been put on it, giving it a very pretty appearance.

Yesterday Mr. Holmes, of the British American Packing Company, asked me to call during the afternoon. I did so, and was greatly surprised by his handing me a cheque for \$150, with instructions to use it to buy an organ for our church here. Our people will be greatly pleased to have it. We thanked him for his kindness, and will at once procure the best instrument we can for the money. \$ 26.10

Another collection was taken up to paint the Aber-

## Missionary Readings.

### CONCERNING A MISSIONARY'S OUTFIT.

AMONG the things which no missionary should forget, if he or she would be really well equipped for the work, we need not dwell on the necessity of faith and love, which may be represented as *gold*. To start without these would be presumption worse than folly.

So with the *silver* of knowledge. It is self-evident that such is required. And do not forget your *small change*. It is amusing to see what trifling pieces of knowledge will come to account. How to pack a box, or strap up a bundle, prepare arrowroot or quiet a

baby, nail up a picture or knit a stocking, strum on an instrument or sketch a ground-plan, are scraps of knowledge not to be despised. A maxim used by my grandmother was, "*Can do* is easily carried about." So have plenty of this small change in your purse.

A great deal of *steel* is needed for one entering on a missionary career. Physical, and above all, *moral courage* is required. Nervous weakness of character is undesirable at home; it would be a grievous misfortune abroad. One habitually afraid of cattle, wild dogs, snakes or scorpions, or timid at crossing rivers, would be not utterly hindered, but hampered and distressed in a land like India. A missionary should claim the Christian's privilege of fearing no evil, nor have her nerves shaken by an earthquake, or the sudden crash of thunder overhead.

There is an old saying, "*Nothing like leather*," and one is reminded of it in missionary work abroad. What I would symbolize by *leather* is a capacity for encountering *drudgery*; something that will bear the daily strain of monotonous work. We want no imitation calf, tricked out with embossing and gilding, that will not bear "a long pull and a strong pull." Give us tough *leather*, such as harness and straps are made of; not romantic sentimentality, but steady, resolute perseverance.

Another useful article is a *letter weigher*, by which I would represent *sound judgment*. There is special experience required for work in a foreign land. It is a blessing in disguise that missionaries have to toil to acquire a new language, such delay giving them time to learn something of native character, manners and ideas. If language came by intuition, we should make many more blunders in other things than we do now. Blunders are numerous enough already. The unfledged bird is more likely to get into trouble than the one whose feathers are grown; and the callow, downy creature fresh from the English nest, might be the most likely to put itself forward to chirp its opinions, but for the wholesome restraint of ignorance of the language.

Another necessary must not be forgotten,—a *white-covered umbrella*, representing prudence regarding health. There should be the pure desire to economize health *for the sake of God's cause*. A neglect of prudence is often concealed laziness. One knows that exposure to the sun may cause temporary or permanent incapacity for work. The umbrella has been forgotten. "But oh! it's such a little way to walk: it is so tiresome to have to go back for the umbrella!" cries the imprudent missionary. Or, "I knew that the water at such a place was likely to be bad, but it is such a trouble to be carrying about the little filter." "Quinine? oh! I've been out of it for a month. One does not care to be anticipating fever."

One more necessary I would mention, and it may provoke a smile: be sure to bring a box of *salve*, and not a very small one either. Where people of different antecedents, rank, age, temperament and opinions are brought together closely in a climate which tries the temper, there is at least a *possibility* of some slight rubs, which, without the soothing ointment brought by the peacemaker, may even develop into sores. There should never be heard the exclamations, "I cannot work with X!" "It is impossible to get on with Q!" One might almost say that the most valuable laborer is less the one who displays most zeal, or endures the greatest amount of fatigue, than the one whom all love, who bears with the tiresome, instructs the ignorant, and never wounds by an unkind look, or provokes by a sarcastic word.—A. L. O. E.



*Missionary Outlook*  
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY GENERAL  
*November* BOARD. 1888.

FIRST DAY.

MORNING SESSION.

THE Seventh Annual Meeting of the General Board of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was opened in the parlors of the Metropolitan Church on Tuesday morning, October 16th, Mrs. James Gooderham, the President, in the chair. The opening devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. Dr. Williams, President of the Central Branch, and Mrs. John Ross, of Montreal. A letter was received from Mrs. Addie Chisholm,

The reading of the report was followed by a stirring address by Mrs. Crosby, who had just come east from the scene of labor among the Indians. She pointed out that three of the children taken into the Home were half-breeds, to whom it would have been lawful to sell liquor, which they might have easily carried among the Indians. The Methodist missionaries there feel that they have grounds for complaint against the Government, which has denied them any aid in this Indian rescue work. It is true that the Government is now establishing three industrial schools for the Indians; but, despite the fact that an immense majority of the Christian Indians are Methodists, two of these schools are under Roman Catholic control, and the remaining one under the Anglicans. The Methodist body are of themselves founding a school at Port Simpson, for which they should, in all fairness, have Government assistance.

The closing hour of the morning session was devoted to a testimony meeting led by Mrs. Messmore, of Brantford.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The devotional exercises at the afternoon session were conducted by Rev. Hugh Johnston.

Mrs. W. E. Ross, of Montreal, read the report of the work among the French in Quebec. During the past twelve months the school at Acton Vale has had twenty-four scholars boarding in the building, and six or eight day pupils. Two of this number passed the final examinations with a high degree of merit, and are well equipped intellectually for their future work. The services of Mrs. Ray, as teacher, and Mrs. Levasser, as matron, were retained. Another school was started during the year in the western suburb of Montreal, and was fairly attended; it re-opened this autumn with an attendance of fifteen, and a promise of fifteen more. The branch is looking forward with great interest to the opening of the new French Institute in Côte St. Antoine. The receipts for the year were \$2,074.54, of which a balance of \$516.42 remains.

Reports of the McDougall Orphanage were read by the Corresponding Secretary from Rev. John McDougall, and Mr. James A. Youmans, Principal of the Orphanage. Rev. Mr. McDougall reported marked improvement in the working of the school and in the confidence of the natives. It being the fifth year of their existence, some pupils have completed the assigned course, and are now going back to the camps of their tribes. Mr. Youmans gave a racy sketch of the inner life of the Orphanage, brightened by personal incidents, displaying the character of individual pupils. The income for the year totalled \$1,977.95; expenditure, \$1,698.04; the debt now stands at \$1,975.53.

Mrs. Carrie S. Tate remitted the report of the Coqua-beetza Home and School, at Chilliwack, B.C. Sixteen children were in attendance during the year, and a grant of \$1,000, or \$2,000 was asked for, that more accommodation might be provided. Receipts, \$470; expenditure, \$383.65.

Mrs. Dr. Carman read the report of the Special Committee "On the subject of Indian missions under Rev. John McLean and Rev. Mr. Green." These missionaries are among the Blood Indians; of whose 2,000 people about 800 recognize Rev. Mr. McLean as their missionary. Like many other tribes they are decreasing numerically very fast. Rev. Mr. McLean has been appointed to the Board of Education, which will necessitate the sending out of another missionary. The Orphanage of Naas has been discontinued, and a Boys' Industrial School at Port Simpson substituted.

Crosby Home, \$1,400; McDougall Orphanage, \$1,200; Chinese work, \$1,200; Chilliwack Home, B.C., \$2,150.

WE regret to learn that death has again visited the house of the Rev. A. E. Green, our missionary on the Naas River, B.C. A little over a year ago Brother and Sister Green parted with a winsome little fellow of some two years of age, and on the 4th of October, Bertie, their second son, died of disease resulting from scarlet fever, from which he suffered a year ago. At this time especially Bro. Green and his wife need the sympathy and prayers of the Church that God would abundantly fulfil His promise "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

*Missionary Outlook*  
*Along the Line.*

*December 1888*

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., September 20th, 1888.

I HAVE to report another trip of the *Glad Tidings*, taking in Essington, Skidegate, Gold Harbor, Clue, and Massett. We left Port Simpson, August 31st, and after taking in two cords of wood at Inverness, reached Essington late that night. September 1st, went to the mill to see about lumber, and in the evening across to Aberdeen for wood. Here an accident happened. Our teacher at Essington, Walter Vermil-eay, had come over with us, and going aboard at night fell off the wharf into the river. They had him out, and found his lip was badly cut, but we were thankful it was no worse. Next day was Sunday. I took a service in the morning, and the steamer *Cariboo Fly* coming in, preached on board at 11 a.m., and at Essington at 2.30, and again in the evening. Monday we were delayed on account of the lumber, and had to lie two days at Kit-cat-lah on account of the weather. A few people were here, and we had service with them each day. We made Skidegate Thursday by 3 p.m., and held a service same evening. Next day, after the lumber had been put ashore, we went on to Gold Harbor, and spent that day and Saturday in painting and fixing up the church. Sunday took a service at Gold Harbor, and then up to a fishing camp at 4 p.m., at 5 p.m., and again at 7 at a coal mine further on. Monday, off to Clue, anchored there at 4 p.m.; service ashore that night, most of the people home. Tuesday, rose early, and all hands ashore to work on the new church. Mr. Oliver managed the building while I had a party carrying the lumber, and also divided the village site into lots, and got the people to work, fixing the roads, etc. Revival service that night, had a blessed time. Wednesday night, Mr. Oliver with the men had all the frame up; we had another good service in the evening. Thursday, we left for the old Clue, twenty miles distant; took nine cords of wood; blowing a gale all the time, dragged anchor. Took on board also 4,000 feet of lumber. Left at 6 p.m., with two canoes in tow. Before we had got half way a very heavy sea, wind from S.E.; were in great danger. One of the canoes was smashed against the stern of the steamer; man got aboard all right, but lost all his effects except a little alarm clock he brought aboard in his teeth. The rope of the other canoe parted, and with the one man in it was left to the winds and the waves, but turned up all right at 4 o'clock next morning. Got safe to anchor that night at 10 o'clock. Went to work next day on the church, most of the outside boards put on. The building is 24 x 36. A very good road made nearly the length of the village. Meeting again that night, followed by a council to a very late hour.



Left at 1 a.m. and put out to sea, but about 5 found the wind was too high, and, after a good rolling, turned in to Skidegate, which we reached 8 a.m. Spent Sunday there, taking two services at Skidegate and one at the Oil Works, while Brother Miller was at Gold Harbor. Brother and Sister Miller have been pushing round their mission, and seem very happy in their work. Monday, a fine morning, we left for Massett, and had a fair wind up to Rose Spit, which we rounded at 2 p.m., and anchored at Massett at 7 p.m. Called on the C. M. S. Missionary. I found many of the people who had urged my visit, after waiting a week to see me, had left that day. During the night there came on a strong south-east gale; the steamer dragged anchor on to the sand; got her out with two anchors down; but as the storm increased in fury, Mr. Oliver was obliged to keep steam up, to keep her to anchor.

I hope my visit did some good. The storm kept up twenty-four hours. We lost our ship's boat. Wednesday, 9 a.m., we left, and had a lively trip over; most too windy, and a very high sea. When Capt. Oliver says everything ought to be lashed, it is well to look out; but by a kind Providence we anchored safely in Simpson Harbor at 8 p.m., having travelled in all about 450 miles, and found all well.

*Letter from E. SEXSMITH (Native Missionary), dated KISHPIAX, SKEENA RIVER, B.C., August 22nd, 1888.*

I GOT the OUTLOOK and also your kind letter, for which I feel grateful to my kind heavenly Father. My poor Indian heart was warm and proud with joy of heavenly feelings while reading both of your papers. I wish to tell you that more of the heathen are converted to God, and many more are preparing to renounce heathenism, when the white missionary comes up. The foundation of darkness has been shaking up by God's mighty power. Our log school-house is now completed; my wife and myself packed five hundred shingles on our backs from the mountain side to finish the roof of the school-house. Eight persons joined our mission this summer. Our people are busy every day like bees in gathering lots of good Indian food for the winter, also they are eating the angels' food, even the Word of Life. Two of the head chiefs of this tribe are willing that their people should forsake their evil ways and walk in the new, living way. Pray for these chiefs and their people, that they may be saved by grace through faith in Christ.

*December 1888.*  
THE Rev. Thos. Crosby, of Port Simpson, and Rev. John McLean, B.A., of Blood Reserve, Fort McLeod, expect to visit Ontario during the coming winter. Mrs. Crosby has been here for the last four or five weeks, and will remain until Mr. Crosby returns to his work. Mr. McLean has prepared several lectures relating to the Indian tribes of the North-West, which will, we have no doubt, be pleasing and instructive. Mr. McLean is desirous of raising a little money to furnish a new school-house, which is soon to be built on the Reserve, and will be pleased to hear from any of the brethren desiring his services.

## The Christian Guardian

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.

### REV. THOMAS CROSBY'S WORK.

Rev. Thos. Crosby has just returned from his missionary labors in British Columbia, and intends spending a few months in preaching and addressing missionary meetings. The importance of his work has a claim upon the earnest attention of readers of the GUARDIAN. Among the Indians of British Columbia and Vancouver Island missionary work has been done for some time under great disadvantages. The vast extent of Mr. Crosby's mission field there, and the difficulty of reaching the Indians scattered over so wide a region have made missionary effort especially arduous. But since the steamer *Glad Tidings* has been used in the work, the Indian settlements along the coast have been visited more regularly, and the work of evangelization has been making greater progress. During the past fourteen years, Mr. Crosby has been laboring at Port Simpson, and from that place as his missionary headquarters he has been faithfully preaching and organizing among the Indians along the north-west coast of British Columbia, along the banks of the Skeena River, and on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Some idea of the extent of his mission field may be had from the fact that he has travelled 17 000 miles since last January. At present there are under his charge eight central mission stations, with nearly forty appointments, and fourteen hundred church members. The Indians among whom Mr. Crosby has been laboring have discarded their native savagery, and have largely adopted the dress and habits of white men. They are chiefly employed in lumbering and fishing, and are an industrious and peaceful people. Considerable trouble has been caused by the unsatisfactory policy of the Government with regard to lands claimed by the Indians, and the refusal to admit their title has produced a feeling of disaffection, and has made missionary work more difficult.

It is to be regretted that lack of funds has prevented the extension of Mr. Crosby's work according to the needs of the Indians. At present the west coast of Vancouver Island, along which over three thousand Indians are scattered, is without any adequate missionary supply, and the tribes along the banks of the Skeena are in a similar condition. It is Mr. Crosby's intention to extend his missionary labors in these directions, and the sympathy and support of our Church should be freely given him in his noble and unselfish endeavors. In these days when increased missionary zeal in Japan, India, and China engrosses so much attention, we are too liable to overlook the comparatively obscure, but more arduous labors of our missionaries among the Indian tribes of the North-West and British Columbia. Mr. Crosby has labored long and faithfully in his present position, and deserves the most liberal support. If the funds needed for the desired extension of his work are not forthcoming, it is his intention to try the plan of self-supporting missions similar to those of Bishop Taylor in Africa. There are abundant facilities in British Columbia for combining the activities of trader and missionary; and whether it is according to the regular policy of the Church or not, it is better to preach the Gospel

on the method of self-supporting missions rather than allow the work to lag for lack of funds. We trust that more liberal financial support will be given to Brother Crosby's work in the future.



January 1889 -  
Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

THE changes ordered in the appointment of the ministers on this District, have been gradually made since Conference rose. We had become greatly attached to the Kitzelash people at Port Essington, with whom we have labored nearly five years, and so felt loath to leave them for our new field, Port Simpson. The Port Essington people have proved very loyal to the cause of Methodism under very trying circumstances. We have admired their fidelity and attachment to our Church.

Just before leaving for Conference, two men, delegates of a tribe of Indians that was formerly attached to Mr. Duncan's mission at Metlakahtla, and that remained behind when the exodus was made by him to Alaska, came into our house to ask the privilege of joining our Church. They said that about fifty people had left Metlakahtla, and had returned to their old hunting-grounds near Kitamaat, where they expected to spend four or five months each year. They had talked the matter of Church connexion over among themselves, they said, and had come to the conclusion that it would be to their advantage to join the Methodist Church. We promised to take their case up immediately on our return from Conference.

Having returned, these people continued to knock for entrance to our Church. We were delighted to see the pleasure it gave our people to receive their brethren, the Kitkahtas, into Church fellowship. All tribal jealousies had been buried. On the Sabbath appointed for their reception, thirteen strong men, highly respectable in appearance, came forward to receive the right-hand of fellowship. Two of their number most feelingly expressed their own and their people's desire to walk with us in the way to heaven. One said, "We have neither two hearts nor two tongues in joining you, we have only one heart and one tongue." Two of our own people, in addition to the pastor, gave them words of welcome. It was a time of refreshing—

"And if our fellowship below,  
In Jesus be so sweet;  
What heights of rapture shall we know  
When round His throne we meet."

Great numbers of Hydahs came over to find work at the canneries on the Skeena. They seemed to delight in the house of God. Brother Pierce and the pastor held out-door services for a time, whilst the crowds of Indians had no employment. We were blessed with lively meetings and a full church on the Sabbath Day. It was predicted that our new church, 58 x 32, would never be filled. We are happy to inform you that it has been well filled, and that the services grow in interest. One Sabbath is particularly memorable. There were present white men, Tsimsheans and Hydahs. The sermon was heard in three languages. The pastor spoke in English, Bro. Pierce gave it in Tsimshean, and Joshua Work gave it in the Hydah language. The Word of God was precious.

At Aberdeen, where many of the interior people labor, a great change for the better is seen. By the grace of God, Bro. Pierce and his co-workers in the interior are laying a foundation on which those people will, we trust, build a manly Christian character. They now seem more eager to hear the Word of Life: their personal habits are more cleanly.

On one day three tribes, whose villages are almost in line, the outside ones being nearly 300 miles apart, came to us, begging us to send them teachers, one of whom to be a white man. How sorry we were not to be able at once to say: Your desire shall be granted. We do hope these oft-repeated Macedonian cries will be answered before long.

Now we are on our new field, Port Simpson, and if God gives us a measure of success commensurate with that of our predecessor, we shall have abundant cause for gratitude.

## Missionary Outlook

### Mark Along the Line! 1889.

#### A TRIP ON THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, of recent date.

[NOTE.—A former account of this trip was sent by Bro. Crosby, but never reached the Mission Rooms.]

DURING the trip, which took me away from home about seven weeks, we travelled 1,800 miles, and preached about one hundred times to thousands of people whom I had never seen before. We took in a visit up Knight's Inlet, and preached to many tribes connected with the Fort Rupert nation, and the logging camps near Cape Mudge, when I preached at four large camps, and rowed fifteen miles in a small boat, spent a very pleasant Sabbath, and received much kindness from the white men at all the camps. The next Sunday I spent at the mouth of the Fraser River, among the different fishing camps and canneries. I preached seven times, and closed two other services. I started at 6.30 in the morning, and was through at 6.30 p.m., when I took a good supper, as I had not time to take a bite from breakfast in the morning till that time. This was one of the happiest days I ever spent.

On our way round the west coast of Vancouver Island, we found hundreds and thousands of people, as dark and as dirty, and as low and degraded as they could be; and in many places they urged me give them a teacher. I met numbers of young men who, the summer before, had come down from Sitka, seal-hunters from the schooners taken in Alaska. They called in at Simpson, and were there, some of them, for weeks. Some of them attended our school a day or two, just to see the change that was going on; so now they said they wished teachers to be sent to them, as they wished to be taught like the people were at Port Simpson.

It was on this trip I saw a young man dying of consumption, and after I had preached to them he said, "You did well to come, and you have told us a wonderful story; but, missionary, why did you not come sooner? why did you not come sooner?" I thought this was the language of thousands, "Why did you not come sooner?"

Along that coast we could place four or five men and women full of faith. Indeed, I would like to see a chain of self-supporting faith-missions all up that coast, so that every place might have the Gospel. It is reported that up that coast there are between three and four thousand Indians, and nearly at the head of the Island, where the sugar-loafed headed people live, the Qous-kee-noes and the Quat-see-noes, and Flat-kee-noes live.

Why should we not have laymen in the mission field who would trade and preach? There are wicked men who sin and trade, and by their influence do much harm. Surely we can get some who will work and trade, and carry on business for Christ's sake.

Don't forget to say a good word for the *Glad Tidings*. We shall need a good round sum for repairs. She has done such a good work, and we want her to do more. We shall soon need a new boiler, etc.; say in all \$1,000.



## THE INDIAN WORK.

*Missionary Book*

MANITOBA CONFERENCE.

*June 1892.**Letter from REV. EDWARD EVES, dated Norway House,  
March 30th, 1892.*

AT a point 250 miles directly north from this place, the York Factory Indians are forming a settlement. According to the last census already 134 have found a home there, and more annually are moving in, being starved out at their old home. While on my way home from a New Year's visit to one of my outposts, word came that the people at that distant post greatly wished to see the missionary. Young men had taken wives without being married, children were growing up without baptism, and the Lord's people had not had the sacrament for nearly a year. It was the Macedonian call and could not be refused.

A few days after this two dog trains drove to the door, and fish, blankets, kettles, flour, bacon, snowshoes, and many other needful things that a white man would have forgotten, were strapped on the otabanask. We got into the cariole about noonday, with mercury thirty below zero, and with a crack of the whip and a shout at the dogs we were off on the bound to answer the earnest call of the red man. Across lakes and over portages, and through swamps, where the Indian's hardest work was to keep us from upsetting, we went—run, run, run. Never a halt for the whole half day, and the dogs, though on the bound, never seeming to go swift enough for the light-footed runner behind. Just as the sun was nearing the tree tops (I had almost said in the south, for it was nearer south than west), we turned from the road into a thicket of spruce. The men kicked a hole in the snow, put down green brush, and built a fire. Then I crawled from the cariole, where I had been trembling with cold for hours, and stood before the blazing fire for a while with great comfort—on one side, but could not say so much for the other side until it was turned to the fire. After the dogs were fed, and supper over, we read a portion of Scripture, returned thanks for past mercies, commended ourselves to Him “that keepeth Israel,” and rolled up in robes for the night. The next morning we were up long before the earliest streaks of daylight could be seen, and on the way. That night we reached Cross Lake and found comfortable lodgings in the traveller's home, the Hudson Bay Co.'s post. Here we saw the dear little boy, son of the Hudson Bay Co.'s postmaster, that last summer was completely scalped by dogs, not a hair or particle of skin left upon his head excepting a slight rim left at the base of the skull. Leaving a neighboring post for home, a distance of a quarter of a mile, he was followed by dogs, and before any one noticed anything unusual he was quite insensible, and would soon have been finished.

A fierce storm was blowing from the north, and the weather was so intensely cold that no one dare venture on a journey. Five men were anxious to begin a journey the same road we were to travel, but not one ventured, and it was thought wise to follow their example for two days. We attempted service, but no one came, and we had to content ourselves with visiting a few homes near by. In one lay a woman upon whom consumption was doing its deadly work. The flushed face, extreme emaciation, burning palm of the thin and wasted hands, and the languid eyes showed that the call of the Master was near. All her strength was spent in laboring with that terrible cough, and she could not speak to any one. But though her tongue could not speak, there was no fear in her heart that looked unmistakably through all the distortions of disease and, in words that could not be misinterpreted, spoke of the hope that beamed in her soul. She was one of the blood-washed suffering ones. We sang one of Brother McDougall's sweet songs, read a portion of Scripture, and knelt in prayer, then bade her “What cheer! what cheer!” for the last time.

The next morning, in company with five other trains, we were off quite early; the wind had moderated, but was still blowing fresh from the north, and mercury fell to thirty-five below zero. We reached a twelve mile portage between two large lakes. Thick bush and high creek banks that had to be climbed about every twenty minutes made it so difficult to travel that there was danger of smashing my rig if I continued to ride, so I got out for a twelve mile run, and it had to be run, and not walked, most of the way. The wind cut

our faces so that we could scarcely bear it, and blocks of ice formed upon beard and moustache till I felt heavy. But as the sun touched the tree-tops we hauled up for the night, no less than seven *tapanaskwask* and thirty dogs. Again, the same experience as on the first night, only the locality was bleaker, and the night much colder, for it must have been forty degrees below. The fire was much longer, and there was much more hilarity among the men. Oh, it is a wonderful sight to see the immense volume of smoke and steam from the burning wood and melting snow, that upon these cold nights is shot up with a force resembling somewhat the belching smoke from a cannon! That evening we were in company with Stanley Simpson, the young man who, with Chief Factor McLean and family, was taken prisoner by Big

Bear. I shall not soon forget the intense interest with which we hung upon his words as he told the story of that terrible time—of the capture, the starvation, the joy of liberation, his success in hunting when every one of the party depended upon his gun, and the unspeakable gladness when he met the white men that were in search of them. Said he, “I reached my hand but could not speak.” After our evening service, and an interesting chat before the blazing camp-fire, we lay down to sleep, but found it a failure. My clothes were damp with sweat from running, and the cold was so intense that I scarcely got even a doze. Next morning, while still the stars looked down upon us with steel-grey coldness, we were already on the tramp. That night we reached two Indian camps, in which four families were huddled; went in and received a warm welcome. One man had killed a deer, and we were given all the venison we wanted to eat. But with the exception of this deer they had nothing. One poor fellow and his wife had set five nets and visited them, finding only two small fish, and he was nearly starving. We gathered the people together in the largest camp, and preached to them; sang and prayed, baptized their children, gave them the sacraments, and commended them to God. Left next morning after sunrise, yet no moderation in the intense cold. For two days we pushed on through thick swamp and muskeg, across lakes and over portages, and down rivers. At last we reached three Indian camps, built of logs after old shanty fashion, about six feet high, perfectly flat roof, and about 12 x 16 feet. Here six families were living, some of them of the Norway House Band. They were pleased to see us, and though I assure you we were pretty well crowded, yet we knew we were as welcome as if we had been in our own home. A deer killed that day, and brought to the door while we were in the camp, was dressed with surprising dispatch, and two large kettles of meat set on the fire. When done—not over-done be assured—we ate supper. Then we called in the neighboring families and sang “Kutta yakwainemin” (A Charge to Keep I Have), and began our service, which was greatly enjoyed. I preached and administered the sacrament, which was received by some in tears of gladness. I also baptized two children. After service the people of the camp “lay to” and ate again, and before we rolled up for the night they ate once more, and long before day, again they “lay to,” and before we started, once more they ate. In this camp we met with one Indian from Cross Lake, of untarnished reputation. For years he has been battling with consumption, while slowly and surely he is being worsted in the struggle, but he lives daily in the conscious presence of the Saviour. He told me that he holds almost constant communion with the Master, and is only waiting to hear His call to go.

We were now within two days of Split Lake. The two young men again struck the jump. Here let me say that I never before saw such endurance as these two young men showed. They were not more than sixteen years of age, and they ran two hundred miles in four short days, a great part of the way with snow shoes calculated only to make a track for the dogs, and not to keep them above the snow, into which they sank nearly knee-deep at every step. They slept during those intensely cold nights with one single blanket around them, and yet when we left the last fire, twenty miles from Hudson Bay Company's Post across a lake, they began to leave us, and when we had travelled ten miles they were not in sight. Let some of the athletes try that race; they may “go as they please,” but I venture to say they would be pleased to go by cariole before the journey was completed. At dark, we reached the Post, there were not many Indians in. We sent a man early to tell the nearest camps, and soon we had a congregation.



Services were held in a small house intended for servants. We conducted preaching services and prayer-meetings, administered the sacrament, baptized the children, and married one couple. The services were highly appreciated. The York Indians are earnest Christians, well versed in the Scriptures. They have not united with us, holding on to the hope that a missionary of the Episcopal Church will be sent. The Indians were living well when we were there. Deer were plentiful; every river and lake and marsh, in fact the whole country, was literally tracked up, and we could see them standing on the lakes in hundreds. Sometimes they looked like islands, and when they fled off, it looked as if the forest was moving away.

Think not this is an over-drawn story; the deer travel that country by thousands. "Coming home was," as you expressed it yourself, Doctor, "very much like going out, only a little more so." We held services in the same places. Appointed one leader of services at the three camps. Held a very impressive fellowship-meeting with them, and reached home after nineteen days' absence. Never until the last half day did the intense cold let up.

#### THE BRITISH COLUMBIA CONFERENCE.

*Letter from REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated BELLA BELLA, B.C., March 3rd, 1892.*

A FEW lines from this mission may not be out of place at this time of the year. Two or three years ago a subscription was started amongst the Indians here to build a new church. However, nothing further was done till this last fall. We then procured a suitable plan from Architect T. Hooper, of Victoria, B.C. Mr. Hooper kindly presented the plan, and aided the work in other ways. The lumber did not arrive as we expected, so that the rainy weather had set in before we hardly got under way. But the work went on slowly, but surely, till just before Christmas, when we had the outside carpenter work completed. The Indians of this place, with the superintendence of your missionary, had done all the work.

The main part of the building is 30 x 45 feet. There is also a pulpit recess 6 x 16 feet, thus making the building, in reality, 51 feet long. Then there is a porch 8 x 12 feet, above which rises a tower 8 x 8 feet, crowned with a four-square spire. The spire tip is about 80 feet from the ground. The whole makes a very neat and beautiful exterior. We hope, as soon as the weather permits, to finish the painting. Those who have seen the building, as far as completed, say that it will be the best looking church on the northern coast. We hope soon to send a photo of it for the OUTLOOK.

The interior will be in keeping with the outside. There will be a wainscot as high as the windows of 1 x 4 tongued and grooved cedar, stained in dark and light varnish. Then lining of 1 x 4, matched, will be put in, arched ceiling for pulpit recess, and a circle joining together the studs and collars in the ceiling in main building. This is all to be painted white. But, from all appearances, the inside will have to remain unfinished for the present, as the lumber is not dry enough, and then we have used about all of our available money. Our people promise to subscribe again after the fishing season next summer. We need about \$250; this not including lamps or stoves.

The two native trading companies here gave me money enough to purchase a 400-pound Buckeye bell. It has a very clear, sweet tone, and nicely finishes off our new church belfry.

There has been a great amount of sickness in the village this winter. The whooping cough attacked nearly every child, and fifteen or sixteen have died from its effects. We are thankful to say there are no new cases, and those who have had it are mostly improving. This sickness has necessarily interfered with our church attendance, yet we

last in mighty power. Although we were often cast down, thinking that the work of God will not bear fruit, yet if we only awake the Master and pray like the disciples in the boat, "Lord save us, we perish," He will hear and answer. Thank God, the Master is awake and saves us from perishing.

On the New Year's evening this year, while we were in the church, we felt the Spirit of God in our hearts. Many cried out for mercy, and many testified that they had found Jesus. Many old members are awaking, many young men have given up their evil ways, burned their pipes and tobacco, and now they are praising God with a clean mouth. Bro. T. Crosby and a band of Christian soldiers visited us here on the *Glad Tidings*, and we had a blessed time which will be remembered for years.

We went up to Kit-a-maat from here in two canoes, telling the people what the Lord has done for us. We also went up to Port Simpson, and had a grand time there. The meetings are still going on every evening since New Year. Every day is like Sunday to us here. Praise God for what He has done for us. He has blessed His work this year. We have got the new church up now; the roof is on, but we are not able to finish the outside and the inside, for we are short of money, although our people are doing very well indeed. We are making our own shingles and getting logs, and work to help build, all helping together without any pay. An Indian carpenter, named John Davis, came here and gave us a hand in putting up this church. This man was doing the devil's work before he came here, and now he has found Jesus and is happy in the Lord, singing all the time, "Now the chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free." We have had very little time for the day-school during the winter, for I have been working at the church part of the time. We are still trusting in God to help us to finish the new place of worship. We need your prayers for us here, so that we may do the Master's will.

#### BELLA BELLA, B.C.

*Letter from REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated Feb. 24, 1893.*

OUR new church, which had not had the inside nailed in, as the lumber was not dry enough, has been completed sufficiently for use. On Christmas day we dedicated it to the service of God. The people were delighted to worship in it. It was ready none too soon, as the week before Christmas we had a terrific gale of wind, which surpassed in strength anything known here for over thirty years. This wind canted over our old building, which had for twelve years served the purposes of both school-house and church. Although it did not fall, yet it became unsafe for use. It will either have to be rebuilt, or else pushed back to position and greatly strengthened, as soon as the people can raise money enough to do so. We have temporarily braced it up so that there will not be any further danger of it falling till repaired.

During the holidays we had a few professed conversions. One, the head chief of the Kokite tribe, who with his people came here to live some eighteen months ago, said that he now gave his heart to God. "For some time I have been with you here, but I kept my old heathen heart, but to-night I leave off all heathenism, and hereafter will, with you all here, follow Jesus." A short time after this a woman died very triumphantly. We often visited her, and when she had wasted almost away, being scarcely able to speak, she would yet try to join in the singing. She would often break down, however, but would beat time to the music, waving her hand so triumphantly, and her face beaming. She bid her friends not to mourn for her, as she was going to her home and to happiness. It impressed us that surely "They are gathering home from every land, one by one."

Towards the latter part of January, Bros. Crosby and Jennings, with about twenty Indians from farther north, arrived on the *Glad Tidings*. They had been having wonderful meetings at their missions previous to this, and so came down the coast spreading the fire. Many of our people were off hunting, but those at home became very much impressed, and much good was done. After nearly a week with us, they returned home. The fire burned in our hearts, despite the intense cold without. Many young people have professed conversion, and now take part in every meeting. Nearly every person at home was either converted or greatly blessed. Several, who had been very fond of their tobacco and pipe, like nearly all Indians, have destroyed

*Missionary Outlook*  
The Indian Work.

May 1893 -  
HARTLEY BAY, B.C.

*Letter from GEORGE EDGAR, Native Teacher, dated March 25th.*

I AM happy to tell you that God has answered our prayers, and that the preaching of Jesus' name has not been in vain in this place. We have been praying for the pouring out of the Holy Spirit and for a revival, and it has come at



65 them. They say that they do not feel it right to smoke and to try to serve God at the same time. One man threw his pipe (a costly one) into the fire. His wife not knowing what had been done, found the remains of it and felt badly about it. She said she was sorry he had not saved it to give to her heathen brother in another village. But on reflection, she concluded that the pipe would do him no good either. And as it would not benefit him, why give it to him? Better go and urge him to accept the gift of God's Son. We hope that all the surrounding villages may also receive a great blessing.

## Editorial and Contributed.

*Missionary Outlook*

METHODIST MISSIONS AND THE

*June* GOVERNMENT. 1893 -

RECENTLY the papers announced that a deputation had waited on the premier at Ottawa to press the claims of Methodist Indian missions for Government aid. Without waiting to ascertain the facts a number of papers assumed that the report was true, and joined in denouncing the Methodists. Not only so, but our Baptist friends have taken up the cudgels, and have memorialized the Government against using public funds for sectarian purposes. To relieve the minds of all concerned, we beg to say that the Methodist Church has never received a dollar from the Government for its *missions*, has never applied for any, and does not intend to do so. Now for some additional facts. The Government is under treaty with the Indians to maintain schools on the reserves, and has developed this policy by providing Industrial Institutes at certain places. They have found by experience that in many instances this work can be better carried out through the Churches than in any other way, and where schools of the requisite grade are maintained by any denomination, the Indian department provides for a part of the cost, instead of providing the whole, as they would have to do if the Churches did not co-operate. So far as Indian schools in connection with Methodist missions are concerned, the situation is this: We feel the vast importance of having teachers whose moral influence will be good, and so for the privilege of appointing the teacher we agree to pay half his salary; but the school, in every instance, is a public school, open to Government inspection, and under the same regulations as those carried on entirely by the Indian department.

But how odd it seems that those people and papers who were as dumb as oysters when \$400,000 were taken from the public funds of Quebec, and handed over to the Church of Rome to be used in any way it thought proper, should be the people to raise all this dust because it was reported that some persons had interviewed the Government in the interests of Methodist Indian missions.

Touching the deputation in question, we may further say that their sole errand in waiting on the Government was to press the early completion of two Industrial Institutes in the North-West, now being built, the management of which is to be under persons nominated by the Methodist Missionary Society, just as is done in other cases by the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Church of England.

## The Indian Work.

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PORT SIMPSON.

*June*

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY.

1893

NOTE.—The following letter is dated Oct. 12, 1892, but did not reach the Mission Rooms till May 6, 1893.—ED. OUTLOOK.

A NOTE as to how I got around the District by canoe and steamer, as well as I could, without the *Glad Tidings*, may be of interest to you. I got a chance by the steamer *Boscowitz* to spend a night at Clue, which included good services with Bro. G. Reid and the people, and also gave me a good chance to have a talk with Dr. Oliver. The people at this point are in good spirits, but thought I ought to come to see them more frequently. Bro. Reid is doing them good. But sad, sad, to hear about the work at Skidegate. The people have been left as sheep without a shepherd. I urged Bro. Reid to visit them.

I got a chance to see Bro. Gibson at Rivers Inlet. He is working away without many converts as yet. But the mission has a good restraining influence on the people that come to work, both whites and Indians, and we hope soon the poor blind Owakenos will yield to Gospel light.

We also called at Bella Coola, and had a good visit with Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas and some of their people. The people here do not yet give up their heathenism, as a whole; but there are a faithful few, and many a poor wanderer has been brought to the Saviour in their last moments, and some, we hope, have passed safely to the better land. The missionary and his wife had been at Taliome, where they had been welcomed by the people, who gladly received the Word, and asked that they would come often. The people at Kimsquit are still without a teacher, although they seem very desirous to have one. Bella Coola may yet be an important place, as there is some good land there.

At Bella Bella, where we arrived on Sunday morning, we had a good preaching service. Bro. Hopkins and family and Miss Roos are well and hopeful.

We called at China Hat the same night, where I went ashore and had a service by the camp-fires with all who would come. Here we left Bro. Gibson, who has spent some time at Nanaimo, and who, I trust, will be a blessing to those poor people in teaching them of Jesus' love during the winter months.

Next we called at Hartly Bay, where Bro. Edgar is working away. They expect to take down the old church and erect a little larger and much better building. Not many of the people were at home. Here I sent letters, etc., on to Bro. Anderson, Kit-a-mat, where I must visit soon, should I have to go in canoe.

Last week I made a trip to Naas, partly by canoe and partly by steamer. Found Mr. Stover and family well. We had a blessed Sabbath together—love-feast in the afternoon, and missionary meeting at night. Collections and subscriptions \$50, which I hope may be doubled before the close of the year. Several new houses are going up. I do hope and pray that the people will be united and become a power upon the heathen around them this winter.

I spent last Sabbath with Bro. Jennings at Essington, where I went to take the H. B. Co's up-river steamer for the Upper Skeena; but she did not go up again, so I had to forego my visit to the brethren and people up there. We are hoping and praying, as the people get home, to see a blessed revival here and all along the line.

Our boys are doing well, but we need more help for them.

## Along the Line.

*The Missionary Outlook*

THE INDIAN WORK.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B. C.,

*October* July 10th, 1893. 1893

WE are just home from a trip to Queen Charlotte Islands. We had a lot of the Hydats here for a week and had service with them every night, and many of the people made a fresh start for the Kingdom. Ten days



ago we left with Brother Freeman and wife aboard; called at Inverness for Sabbath, and had a blessed day. I preached once in English, twice in Chinook and three times in Tsimpshaan, and visited a lot of people. Took a supply of wood, and after calling at Refuge Bay, where R. Cunningham has an oil factory, we reached Skidegate at 11 a.m.—a good trip. Tuesday we went round to the Skidegate village, got Mr. Freeman's stuff ashore, and back to the oil works. Had a good service in Chinook and English in Mr. Tenmat's store, as most of the people are here at work. Wednesday, left for Clue; called at Gray Harbor and preached to a lot of fishermen and baptised a child; got to the wharf at Clue Oil Works early in the afternoon, where we met Mr. Oliver and Brother G. Reid; had service in the company's store. Thursday, spent the day in visiting the village; very few at home; they are out fishing. A nice, clean little village; but here our little church is not finished, as we have tried for four years to get material over to do it, but could not. We should make a trip before long and try and get it done. Had a blessed service at night, as many of the people had come in with their fish. Married a couple and baptised a child. The men got on board a good supply of wood to-day, and we hoped to leave in the morning, but they urged us to stay another day as most of the people would be home. So we stayed and had service at night, and left at 10 p.m., so that we could cross by daylight, as I wished to spend the Sabbath at the mouth of the Skeena again. It was blessed when the poor people gathered on the wharf and sang, "God be with you till we meet again." Their teacher, Brother Reid, was leaving with us. A lovely night as we started; got well out, came on a little rain, but a calm sea. The packing of one of the pipes gave out, and it was thought best to go back; so, under low steam, we got into Skidegate early next morning. Here we fixed up and spent the Sabbath. Brother F. and I preached at the Oil Works in the morning; back to Skidegate; had a blessed day, as most of the people came over, and in the evening we had a real shower of blessing, and many poor wanderers started afresh for the Kingdom. So we gathered that God had something for us to do in bringing us back here. Monday we had a fine trip over. On Tuesday we called at Stanstead and I saw Brother Edgar about finishing the church. At Claxton, I met Dr. Bolton visiting the sick. He has a great field amongst the eight salmon canneries during the fishing season. We took the Dr. and Mrs. Bolton aboard, and went on up to Essington. Here we spent an hour or more, and then off down with the tide, hoping to go on home; but when we got to Inverness we found one of our people in sorrow over the death of a daughter about 13 years of age. The child had passed away very happily after a long sickness. It was thought best to stay for the night, as they wished to go with us. Brother Pierce is here, working away at the little church, finishing the inside. We were home early next day, having travelled about 350 miles.

I shall have to be off to the Naas, for those people are acting very strangely again. They asked for Mr. Green to be sent back, and some think he ought to go there. I am sorry Spencer is away from the Upper Skeena this year. We should push our plans up there for a year or two, *re* the boarding school. To make a bold dash is grand success, but to slack up is fatal. I hope it will not be so now up there.

I am pleased to tell you that there is no cooling down of the fervor of our people. Everywhere they go, I am told, they are full of fire, and the services here are very blessed.

*Letter from REV. C. M. TATE, dated CHILLIWHACK, B.C., Aug. 28, 1893.*

WE often hear the remark, "The Indians are dying out;" but to visit the lower Fraser, during the month of August, it is hard for one to believe it. There are more Indians at the fisheries this year than ever before, and very few of these are from the northern part of the province. The number of people employed about the salmon canneries, amount to about 9,000 men, women and children. Five thousand of these are Indians, three thousand Chinese, six hundred whites and four hundred Japanese.

The salmon this year are very plentiful, and I suppose that five or six millions of these fine fish have been taken out of the water. There are over a thousand nets, and it seems to me an utter impossibility that any of the salmon

could escape capture. Unless the hatcheries are a success, this means the extinction of this valuable article of food. True, the nets are taken up at six on Saturday mornings, and are kept out till six on Sunday evenings, thus allowing a fresh supply of fish to enter the river; but I venture to say that, very few of them reach the spawning grounds. Why B.C. should have a special act permitting the boats to go out fishing at six o'clock Sunday evening instead of one o'clock Monday morning, I do not know, for I am persuaded that were the boats to go out at one o'clock, they would bring in plenty of fish for the canneries to go to work at six o'clock. Instead of this, however, every fishing camp is full of excitement on Sunday from four till six p.m., getting nets aboard, and preparing to get them in the water by six o'clock or a few minutes before if possible. It is a painful thing to see the Sabbath day thus desecrated; in fact, many of the Indians have come to the conclusion that Sunday is over at six o'clock.

One Sabbath evening about seven o'clock I spoke to some Indians who were buying garden stuff from a Chinaman, and they were much surprised when I told them it was Sunday still. They protested and said: "Oh, no! it is not Sunday now, for the boats are all out fishing." We do our best to reach the Indians with the Gospel, and manage to hold from three to seven services every Sunday; but the first part of the day is the only profitable time we can have on account of the bustle and excitement of the after part of the day. When will this matter be remedied?

We have had a little more help this year than on previous years, Bros. Galloway and Walker having spent part of the time with me; but what are these among so many? If we could have half a dozen men with their wives at different points of the river, to stay during the whole season, I am persuaded a grand missionary work could be accomplished.

In another week or so we shall be at our regular work again, as the fishing is nearly ended. We are praying that this year may be one of great spiritual prosperity.

*Letter from F. BUKER, Lay Agent, dated HAGWILGET, B.C., August 29th, 1893.*

PERHAPS a few words from this distant part of Indian mission work may not be without interest to the readers of the OUTLOOK. A few words of personal introduction: I received my initiation into the work nearly two years ago, at Port Simpson, as teacher of the mission school and Boys' Home. I was there for over nine months, after which I was sent up here to assist Bro. Spencer, who was stationed at Kishpiax, a village nine miles farther up the river. Bro. Spencer was ordained this Conference, and he is now attending medical college in San Francisco for the purpose of fitting himself for a more useful life among these poor benighted people.

This mission is situated about 180 miles from the mouth of the Skeena, at the confluence of the Skeena and Hagwilget rivers. Although the distance is not great, it takes from four to ten days to come up by steamboat, and generally two weeks by canoe. You can judge of the swiftness of the water by the fact that canoes can go down in one and a-half days, while it takes them ten to fifteen days to return. There is a fall of over 800 feet in 180 miles. Our freight costs us at the rate of \$70.00 per ton, so you may know living is rather expensive.

The mission property consists of 320 acres of good farming land, secured by the Rev. T. Crosby for mission purposes. At present there are only three families permanently settled here. Several others have expressed their desire to leave heathenism and settle with us. About three miles up the Hagwilget River from here is the old village of Hagwilget, consisting of about 200 souls. They live altogether by hunting and fishing, and are therefore always on the move. I visit them nearly every week. They have been under the influence of Catholic missionaries for twenty years, but the only fruit I see from their teaching is, that the Indians are noted for their untruthfulness. For several years past the priest has not visited them. They did something which displeased him and he said he would not return until they asked his pardon. However, he became alarmed lest they should join us, and he returned to them this spring.

About a mile up the Skeena from here is Hazelton, a village of about 250. Rev. Mr. Field, C.M.S. missionary,



is laboring there. Eight miles farther up is Kishpiax. Bro. Spencer has been laboring here for the last four years, and Bro. Osterhout, lately from the east, is down at the coast waiting for the boat to come up. He will occupy Kishpiax this winter. Seven miles below us is Kitzeguella, so that we occupy at this place a central position. This is favorable for the work which we are anxiously awaiting aid to develop, viz.: the establishing of an industrial school and farm. I think it a truth which all admit that Indian mission work, to be successful, must give instruction in secular as well as religious subjects. This place offers natural advantages for a farm and industrial school, which our Church should not be lax in improving. The soil is productive, and all kinds of vegetables and rough grains grow to perfection. It is also well adapted for stock raising. Past our door flows the Skeena, from which can be secured all the fish needed for consumption. With these advantages properly worked, I see no reason why a well-equipped mission could not be, to a considerable extent, self-supporting.

Now are we, as a Church, going to let these God-given means of lifting these poor degraded people into a higher and better life pass by unused simply for the need of a few dollars? Shame be upon us if we do. The land, with the exception of four or five acres, is in its primitive state, but easily cleared. Before we can do anything at farming, a clearing must be made, buildings erected, implements, stock, etc., must be obtained. To do all this requires money. Who will be the first to help us? Looking at the matter from a financial point of view, the investment would be a good one, as property is sure to increase in value as the country is improved. Looking at it from an educational and moral standpoint, the investment is still better. Will you not give heed to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us?"

For further information apply to Rev. T. Crosby, Port Simpson, or to myself.

*Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated INVERNESS, B. C., August 5th, 1893.*

THE salmon fishing is closing again, with all its anxiety and discouragements. The run of fish has been a failure this summer. The good work of God's grace in the hearts of many of our people, has not died out. Every Sabbath day we have had a large congregation, and the Spirit of God has been present to convince those who are out of Christ. Sometimes we find the church too small to accommodate the people. The young people and the children have attended the Sunday-school very well. Our week-night services have been a means of blessing to all. The Band of Workers have all been alive this season, and trust they may be kept in the narrow way that leads to Heaven. Early in the spring the bell came from San Francisco for this church; it is a splendid one and has a fine tone. The church has been ceiled this season, and it now looks nice inside as well as out. Our superintendent was here last week with the *Glad Tidings*, on his way south to visit the missions and plant more missionaries in that direction. While he was here the arrangement was made that I should supply at Port Essington for Brother Jennings. I trust and pray that God is in the plan. Our new missionaries have just arrived, and our hearts have been cheered and warmed while conversing with them. Our earnest prayer is that God may use them in bringing the benighted ones to the foot of the Cross. Mrs. Pierce, who has not been strong for some time, will leave for her home in Ontario by the next trip of the *Boscowitz*.

#### PARRY ISLAND AND NORTH SHORE.

WE have lately returned from visiting the three Indian Reserves on the North Shore. At Henvey Inlet Reserve I saw that the Methodist Indians had put up the body of their church of hewed pine timber, 26 x 20 feet. After preaching six times in the school-house, settling a difference between two families which had existed for eight months, and administering the ordinances, we sailed for French River, accompanied by two sail boats to fetch lumber for the church. The \$12 which the kind ladies of Teeswater sent me for the Henvey Inlet church gave me confidence that it would enable me to buy rafters and boards for the roof of the church. As soon as T. A. Waub, Esq., merchant at French River, learned our object, he handed

me a \$5 bill, and A. Patterson \$1. So, with the \$18 we bought the rafters, boards for the roof and gable ends, boards for the under part of the floor, and all the nails required. We parted with our Indian leaders, loading their two sail boats, looking happy. They intend to make the shingles themselves. They will now need flooring, door, four windows (arched), seats, chimney and some painting, and probably lumber for weather-boarding. They will not be able to finish till they get some more outside help.

#### British Columbia.

THE following letter from Mrs. Nicholas, wife of the Lay Missionary at Bella Coolla, was not intended for publication. It was written as a private communication to a lady in Brantford, Mrs. N.'s former home; but it gives such a striking inside view of some aspects of mission work among the Indian tribes, and reveals in such an artless and unconscious way the heroic devotion of some of our missionary workers, that we want our readers to feel the glow of its fervent devotion, and so give it space in the OUTLOOK.

BELLA COOLLA, October 4, 1892.

DEAR MRS. SHARP,—We were delighted to get a letter from you, and glad to hear from Brantford friends. We are thankful to you all for the great interest you take in our welfare. We had quite a time getting home from Bella Bella, and were nearly drowned. We were very poorly for some time after, but are better now. The good loving Lord has been with us, and we feel more like ourselves again. I have had quite a busy summer. What with going to Conference, visiting from house to house trying to lead the poor people to the Saviour, attending to my garden and doing my house work, you may be sure I had not much idle time—Praise the Lord, He gives strength according to our day. Our garden has not done as well as in other years; the crop of vegetables is not very good on account of the cold rains, but our Heavenly Father blessed us with a good supply of small fruit and a grand display of beautiful flowers, so we enjoyed the delicious and the beautiful.

God has made everything good and beautiful for his children, and 'tis His will that we should enjoy the work of His hand. In our far-away home and work we realize there is much to enjoy in life. When we take God's way and do His will, then we have the companionship of Jesus to carry our burdens and brighten our way. Bless His dear name!

When we were at Conference, Brother White and others, wanted us to go to Nanaimo, but Brother Crosby did not want us to leave the north coast, and proposed we should go to Kimsquit, about ninety miles from here. They speak the same language as the people here. Mr. Nicholas has visited them once a year, and the people would like us to go and stay with them. Mr. Crosby had no man to place here, so we suppose an all-wise Providence has left us here. Our poor people are delighted to have us stay with them. We are going to enlarge our house to take a number of more children; the people are anxious that we should train them in the right way. It will give us more work and care, yet if it bring them to the Saviour we are sure of our reward. The dear little ones are improving in every way; it would do you good to hear them sing.

I left my dear one and took a trip to Talione, about forty miles from here. Left about 8 a.m., with two of our men, hoping to get there that day, but as the wind fell towards night, we were obliged to go ashore. We made a fire, had tea and prayers, then spread our blankets under a tree. I had a good sleep, happy with the sweet assurance that He that said "I will never leave thee," was here to protect us from harm. Up early the next morning and away without breakfast. We arrived at the village about 9.30, where I had a warm reception. The poor things said, "We are so glad you are come; we have lots of salmon and berries, and if you want anything, you can have it." I visited and prayed in every house, then went and stayed in a comfortable little house, built by a white man that used to trade there, refreshed myself and commenced school with the children and



adults that came. We had three sessions a day, and an open-air meeting every evening on a large platform erected before the village. The poor people nearly all came out the first evening. I spoke on God's great love to us, and all seemed deeply impressed. One poor man, that has been sick for over four years, was carried and laid on the platform. While I told the "Old, Old Story," the tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes, and when I got through—he grasped my hand, placed his other hand over his heart, and looking me in the face he said, "My heart is very warm with what you told us to-night, I want your Jesus for my friend. I often think of what you Mr. Nicholas told us before. I would like to die and go where Jesus is." Another chief got up and said, "I will speak for all the people; we are warm-hearted because you come to tell us such good news; we want your Jesus now. Now, if you will only come and stay with us, we will all be one with you." God bless the people! Sabbath was a good day; four services well attended. As I looked at them in their wretchedness and dirt, my heart rejoiced to know they were not so far sunken in iniquity but that Jesus could save them. As they sat around, hungering for the bread of life, my soul was stirred within me, I would gladly have stayed with them if I could; but on Monday morning my men came and said they were ready to go back. I called at every house and commended my little flock to my Heavenly Father. As I went down the path, I heard them calling after me, "Don't be long till you come back." Praise the Lord for His presence with us! We had a rough passage home. We called at several villages and spoke of Jesus to them. I was thankful to be at home again, and my dear one was well and had a good dinner prepared and everything in good order. Our dear people are growing in grace, and many others are manifesting their desire to be the Lord's.

Dear friends, aid us by your prayers for a great ingathering of souls this winter. My dear husband is waiting an opportunity to go to Kimsquit, so you see we have plenty of sailing on the ocean; yet it is glorious to be employed for such a good Master. We would dearly love to see you all, but Father knows best. We rejoice with you all in the blessed assurance that our prospect for the blissful re-union above grows brighter, yes, "Heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer, than yesterday to us. Praise the Lord! Our united love and best wishes for all the dear friends far away.

Yours in Christ,

MRS. K. NICHOLAS.

## The Missionary Outlook

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**December 1893**

Address all orders to

**REV. A. SUTHERLAND,**

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS, TORONTO.

## The Indian Work.

*Letter from the REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, Sept. 29th, 1893.*

I SHOULD give you some account of our recent trip south. We left here with Mr. and Mrs. Raley for Kit-a-mat, on the 1st of August. We were glad to have a Sabbath with them, and the day was greatly blessed, though many of the people were away. We took Mr. Robinson with us, bound for Kimsquit, and calling at Hartley Bay took some lumber aboard for Kimsquit. This is the place where the Government steamer *Quadra* visited a few months ago. They had just left our neat little mission at Bella Bella, and when they saw the dirt and wretchedness of this people, they exclaimed, "Why do not the missionaries come here? A more needy people are not to be found." For four or five years these people have been calling for us. At Mr. Draney's new cannery at the mouth of Bella Coola Inlet, we preached to a good number of people. As the pumps were not working well, it was thought best to send Mr. Robinson and the lumber up to Kimsquit by Mr. Draney's boat, and we proceeded down the coast. We called at Rivers Inlet, where we met Indians from the Fort Rupert tribes, Nuqulto, Nowittie, Tsowetina,

and other places south. We preached the Gospel to them in the open air, as many of these poor dark people would not come into the church. In the evening we had a most blessed service with our white friends who are engaged in the fishing and saw-mill. God is making Brother Gibson a blessing among these people in the salvation of souls. A number of O'Wekunos have started in the new way of late.

Here we parted with Dr. Bolton, who had made the trip with us to visit the sick by the way, and Brother Osterhout who had come along with the doctor to learn what he could of medicine and the work before going up the Skeena. Many of the people had been very ill with la grippe, and Brother Gibson writes, "The doctor's visit has been a great blessing to the people here."

We spent a Sabbath at Cape Mudge and the adjacent logging camps. The people seemed to hear the Word with gladness. How much we need a man to go in and out among these logging-camp men! They are a kind-hearted lot of men. Since this Mr. and Mrs. Walker have gone to Cape Mudge. Here our pumps gave out, and we were towed into Nanaimo by the kindness of Capt. Smith of the tug steamer *Estelle*, for which Mr. Haslam, the proprietor, refused to make any charge. Here we got repairs made. As we had been delayed, we could not get round to the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Our trip homeward was a good one. We spent a blessed Sabbath at Mr. Draney's camp, where we had good congregations. This is on Brother Beavis' mission. He has got to work, and I hope will get the language of the people at once.

When we set out on our trip down the coast our people were all busy at the canneries, but a good number are now at home. We are preparing for an evangelistic trip up the Skeena, and hope to have twenty-five in the party. May the blessed work spread into the far interior. These trips cost considerable, but the people have subscribed towards the expense, and if the Society would help us a little it might be well, for this is a grand way to spread the good news.

*Letter from A. E. BOLTON, M.D., dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., Oct. 20th, 1893.*

IT is now some time since I last wrote you. We had a busy summer on the Skeena, no epidemic, but the largest run of ordinary medical and surgical work that I have had there. Many cases came from other parts for treatment, and our temporary hospital with four beds was filled nearly all the time, while many cases could not be admitted for want of room; I had to refuse three applicants in one day, all of whom had come from a distance. I was kept so busy at Port Essington that I did not get around the river as much as other seasons, but managed to hold services somewhere almost every Sabbath.

Returning to Port Simpson at the close of the Salmon season, we had only two patients in the hospital, and there were very few at home in the village, so I took a three weeks' trip southward, accompanying Mr. Crosby on the *Glad Tidings* as far as Rivers Inlet, and calling at many villages on the way. I stopped a few days at the Inlet, where they had a visit from la grippe. In the vicinity of Rivers Inlet and Bella Coola I found some of the most distressing pictures of disease and suffering that I have ever witnessed. Such a large proportion of the people are affected, and mostly with such diseases as good morals and hygiene prevent, and science most strikingly relieves. While the best opportunities for evangelizing and teaching exist at the winter villages and during the winter months, such centres as Skeena, Naas and Rivers Inlet afford during the summer grand openings for medical missionary work. The hospital here increases our field of work during the winter. Since my return two months ago we have admitted fourteen patients—eight Indians, three whites and three Japanese, none of whom reside at Port Simpson. We have had in as many as seven at one time, making far too much work for our one nurse; however, as eleven have gone out recovered, and one has died, we are having a breathing spell, but in the order of events we cannot expect it to last long. It is evident that the influx of Japanese as fishermen, boatmen, etc., will add to our work and responsibility. So far



we have had five of that nationality in our hospital, and Mr. Okomato, a Christian of San Francisco, who visited us here lately, reports the conversion of one of our ex-patients. Just here I might say that some Christian literature in the Japanese language placed in the hospital would undoubtedly do good. Although this is a healthful climate, the physical ills of all classes are numerous, and there is a soul-sickness at the bottom of it all that would find prompt healing with the Great Physician. To lead souls to Him is our real aim while ministering to the bodies of men, and for which we ask the prayers of all God's people.

Allow me to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a box of bedding, etc., for the hospital from friends at Lachute, Quebec; and a like box from Portland, Ont.; and seven pairs window curtains from a friend here.

Mr. Crosby and a number of natives are away up the Skeena River on an evangelizing tour. They were delayed by low water, but we trust have, by this time, reached the interior villages, and we hope soon to hear of a great revival among those tribes. The attendance and attention at the services here are all that could be desired, and many and earnest are the prayers that go up for the absent brethren. Last Saturday was pretty generally observed here as a day of fasting and prayer on behalf of their mission.

#### FROM THE NAAS.

*Letter from REV. W. J. STONE, dated GRENVILLE, Oct. 4th, 1893.*

AS no news has reached you for some time from the above mission, excepting through the annual report, or indirectly through Bro. Crosby, I now venture to give you a brief account of the work on this river. The spiritual interest awakened by the revival of last winter is yet pursued with unflagging zeal; but we regret to admit this "zeal for God is not according to knowledge." The excitable nature of the Indian carries him so far that the true spirit which should be manifested is lost—in this mistaken zeal. This is not said with any other feeling than that of sympathy. Indeed, if any other feeling were maintained, we would class ourselves with the worldling and bring reproach on the name of our Master. We acquaint you with the state of affairs to enlist the sympathy and prayers of all true lovers of Christ who read this.

There is a bright side to the fact, however. The cannery men who employ the Indians to fish have acknowledged that this last season was the quietest spent with this people. The absence of Ginger and Florida Water, which are the Indians, chief intoxicants, was noted by them. O, for the light of the Gospel to penetrate the yet darkened minds of our Indian brethren, to show them the follies and vanities of human pride, and light them into closer communion with the Saviour they profess to love.

We enjoy blessed times with the heathens of Kittiks, and the other villages. We call them "blessed," because the seed is being quietly sown in their hearts and minds, and we must not forget that in times past "God gave the increase."

We are glad to be able again to send a teacher to Kitwan-silk, thirty miles up the river. This part of our mission has not been supplied for the past few years. We look forward to a gracious awakening in this seat of heathenism. But I must be brief, trusting I will be able to again write you after my projected visit up the river. In the meantime, let me furnish you with an item or two on work outside of our own church on the river.

1. *Kincolith*, a mission of the C.M.S. was visited with a terrible fire on the 3rd ult.; over twenty dwelling houses and a beautiful church were destroyed; the loss is truly great to the poor sufferers. Assistance from the Dominion Government is looked for, but to render sympathy more tangible, let those desiring to thus express it do so by sending their subscriptions to the Venerable Archdeacon Collison, Kincolith, Naas River, B.C., or to the Bank of British Columbia in Victoria.

2. *Magaga*, the only newspaper on the Naas, and printed at Aiyash, is a spicy monthly, rendered in both English and the vernacular. The second number, September, reached here this morning. In its editorial column

appears a clear and incisive criticism on the charge "Christianity and civilization have spoiled the Indian." Although the article may be of remote interest to the eastern readers of the *Guardian* and *OUTLOOK*, its decisiveness should render it acceptable to all readers. I quote the passage in full:

#### "CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION HAVE SPOILED THE INDIAN."

"The frequency with which this charge is levelled against the work of our missions entitles it to a little consideration. I assume it to be made in all sincerity; that there is no animus at the back of it, and that those who make it know all about the Indians of pre-missionary days, and have arrived at such conclusion, as they would arrive at the total of a column of money, by 'putting two and two together.' Now, what we wish to know is this: What evil ways, what bloody deeds have our Christian Indians added to those of their heathen fathers that they should be accounted worse?"

"We all know that the Anglo-Saxon schoolboy generally knows more than the master, and better than the Prime Minister, but he grows into a good man for all that. And it may be that the same ridiculous conceit and assumption belong to the Indian also when he becomes a schoolboy, and make him appear 'spoiled' in the estimation of those who regard him not with sympathy. On the other hand, the heathen Indian puts on no airs; he knows nothing, he pretends nothing, and is therefore apparently more humble and less independent than the Christian in his relations with the white man, hence this fatuous idea that he is a better man; and this I conceive to be the sole ground of the objection.

"But it may be that I have quite missed the real point of the complaint. It dawns upon me that after all the lament may be true. Christianity and civilization are almost one and the same in the eyes of the Indian: in every white man he sees a Christian. Is it therefore to be wondered at that, having met with so many poor specimens of Christianity, the Indian himself, as a Christian, should be somewhat spoiled?"

"Then, again, I look at the word 'spoil' and I see it means 'to cause decay,' or 'to corrupt,' etc. I look around me and behold evidences of spoliation on every hand: the unfortunate creature of sale returned from Victoria to die, to die racked in body with the cough of consumption and poisoned with syphilis, cast aside by her lovers to die; while year in and year out the missionary cares for and tends these castaways, hoping to heal their bodies and to save their souls.

"But enough! If the Indian has been spoiled, I want to know right here, who the spoiler?"

*Letter from REV. JOHN NELSON, dated INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, Red Deer, August 24, 1893.*

OUR school opened the middle of last month with twenty pupils, and as a result of Brother McDougall's visit, we received twenty-two from White Fish and Saddle Lakes, and ten from Battle River, a total of fifty-two at the inception is unprecedented in the history of the Indian Department. Similar institutions under other auspices have been for years recruiting the required number.

There is strong prejudice amongst the Indians against allowing their children to leave their homes, even to attend educational institutions. Much of this distrust has been removed by the faithful and persistent ministrations of our Missionaries, especially our esteemed Chairman and Conference President, Brother McDougall, whom the people have learned to love, and in whose word they have implicit confidence. Whether in temporal or spiritual affairs everything is referred to "John," and why not? for he has been their true and tried friend for over thirty years.

It is certainly a great sacrifice for these poor illiterate people to part with their children. This enterprise is to them as the great unknown—not altogether certain as to the result. I have seen strong men, mentally and physically, shed tears, and with a something that produces a choking sensation, causing the sentences to be broken and disconnected and words not clearly articulated, say, "be kind to my children," "take good care of my son." Surprising as it may be to some, there is enough of the lovable in the Indian that we find it no hardship to offer our services for the



bettering of their condition, independent of a heaven-born desire to raise them to a higher plane, and teach them things eternal.

A large proportion of our pupils are young men and women, having grown up without the privileges now afforded, and at the earliest possible moment have entered this school as the last opportunity for learning English: the boys to acquire some knowledge of the trades and farming; the girls to learn sewing and housework. As a representative institution, under Government patronage, we have not the facilities given us for work that similar schools of other denominations can boast.

Many of our public-spirited Methodists would find the Blue Book interesting reading, especially the section relating to Indian affairs. The main building is of stone quarried in the vicinity, two stories with a light, airy basement and roomy garret, actually a four story building, heated and ventilated with the Smead Dowd system. We have carpenter, shoe and blacksmith shops, but only the carpenter shop is yet in operation; the boys all like shopwork, in fact they take to carpentering like ducks to water. My assistant, Brother Steinhauer, is well qualified to instruct not only Indians but white pupils. Disciplined in a Christian home, trained in a university, and being master of two languages, English and Cree, he has a decided advantage in teaching this school, of which we may say something in the future. As nearly all the children can read, we should like to have Bibles and hymn-books, about two dozen of each. Any Sunday School sending us a supply of illustrated papers will receive letters, undictated, of acknowledgment written by the pupils themselves.

## *Missionary Outlook Canada* Along the Line.

### The Indian Work.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., November 21st, 1893.*

I AM just back from the Naas. After meeting the people and seeing the earnest spirit of most of them to remain in the Methodist Church, and the fact that our way was never more open and clear to reach the heathen, I could not make up my mind to leave the people, with all our buildings and our opportunities on that river, as I believe the people, both Christian and heathen, would interpret our action as leaving them for good. Still, it did not seem best to have Bro. Stone left there. Bro. Osterhout was here on his way up the Naas, to go overland to the Skeena, as his only way left, and I thought it best to leave him at the Naas at present and let Bro. Stone go south, as the President had suggested. I hope it is all right. We had a most blessed time with the people all in church, and, in the most public manner, every one of them signed a paper that they would unite with their minister in every good work, and be under his direction in all matters. I had four of our best Christian men up with me, which I think helped much to bring about peace.

We have good news from most parts of the district. Bro. Freeman is having a revival and souls are being saved. Bro. Raley is plodding away with the Kit-a-maat language. Edgar, Beavis and others write hopefully. I should like to make a trip down the coast with a warm-hearted party; the time is getting late. I think I will put the boat up for a month or two soon.

*Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, December 4th, 1893.*

AS we expect to lay up the *Glad Tidings* now for say six weeks or two months, I thought I ought to give you some account of her work. I should have much liked to have done more with her, but on account of my Skeena and other work it was impossible for me to do more. Of course I trust, D.V., that we may get out, say, in February, or so, and do some good work. Our most blessed trip, last year, was about that time.

We have run, during the past five months, 2,000 miles, and when we take off her earnings, etc., we draw on the grant for \$355; of this I had to pay nearly \$100 for repairs, and you can understand that if we had done more work it would have cost less per mile, for we had to keep a man on board some of the time when she was not working. But have an eye to saving expenses. James will not be on expenses or on wages the time she is laid up. You know she has often run 9,000 miles a year.

And now allow me to say, just as the Church is about to open up work at Nittenat, this is the first step, I hope, to a line of what may be four or six good missions on that west coast of Vancouver Island, and it is a great pity that 3,000 people should be left without the light while we have the boat which could take the Gospel, and our teachers, etc., to all those places. And then, as we are starting in at Cape Mudge, from there we ought to speed to Knight's Inlet, and other places in that region, where there is said to be 1,700 people, including all the tribes, and very little done for them.

Dec. 13th. I had a most blessed time last Sabbath; preached here in the morning to a very large congregation, and then went by boat to Georgetown Mills, where I had a service with some Indians first, and then with the Japanese Sunday School. - A Mr. Okamota, a converted Japanese from San Francisco, has been up on this part of the coast for about three months, preaching to his fellow countrymen. He says that between this and Skeena he has twenty-three converts; and during the working season there are about 160 Japanese on the coast. I much enjoyed the Sabbath School. Each man had his Bible, and I spoke to them at the close through Mr. Okamota, as interpreter, and invited them to our evening services. They came with their Bibles, and found the text, John iii. 14. After I got through, Okamota preached the sermon in his own tongue. It was a time long to be remembered, and how we felt that God had in a measure answered our prayers in regard to these Japanese that we have prayed for, and whom we have seen drinking and in wickedness, and could not help them. I do trust that the Church will pray for those dear people who have come to our shrines. May many more of them find Christ.

#### QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

*Letter from the REV. B. C. FREEMAN, dated SKIDEGATE, Q.C. Is., B.C., December 5th, 1893.*

THIS, our first half-year on this mission, had its inevitable accompaniment of perplexities, but also leaves us much cause for thankfulness and hope. We landed here on June 27th, unable to speak the Haidah or Chinook languages and could not get an interpreter, except occasionally, for Sunday services. Chinook, however, was soon picked up.

The constant moving of the people hunting and fishing was a serious hindrance to effectual work; but they have at last gathered in for the winter and the Master is blessing us. Many profess conversion, giving evidence of genuine repentance in their tears and conversation. The final test, their walk, remains to be seen when the temptations of summer come again. Other evidence of sincerity is their desiring Christian baptism and marriage—steps which are not taken by these people without very grave consideration. Some who have held out for years on these points have at last yielded.

On August 25th I started for Clue, which I reached the next day, holding services at two Indian camps *en route*, and returning to Skidegate on the 28th. I again started for Clue, November 9th, to hold missionary services, but was storm-stayed at a camp on the way, not reaching my destination till two days later. Here I found the teacher, Mr. Geo. Read, and his wife, who this year left England to join her life with his in the work, happy and hopeful. Another day we were storm-stayed at Clue, reaching Skidegate on the 14th, after a rough passage. The trip is very uncertain at this time of the year.

Just now *la grippe* is paying us a most unwelcome visit, carrying off some of the weaker ones and affecting most of the people severely. This delayed the starting of school, as the native assistant I had hoped to have was ill and my own time largely occupied in visiting the sick. It has started at



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last, however, without an assistant and with a good attendance. Since all the Gold Harbor people have come to Skidegate, we need a teacher very much.

The coming of the Gold Harborers has brought another difficulty in the lack of unity between them and the Skidegaters with regard to moving their new church over from Gold Harbor and converting it into a school-room. If a teacher could be promised them with certainty, they would immediately unite to do all they could to prepare a school house.

## Along the Line. *Missionary Outlook* The Indian Work. *April* BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1894

Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, February 6th, 1894.

JUST a word as to how we spent the last two Sabbaths. A week ago Saturday I left here in a small boat for Georgetown Mill. Arrived wet and cold late in the evening. Sunday morning preached to a congregation of twenty-five, including the mill hands, whites and Indians, and a number of Japanese. The presence of God was felt while the people listened to the Word from Gen. iv. 9: "Where is Abel thy brother?" Afternoon I attended the Japanese service, while Brother M. S. Okamoto preached to his brethren. All I could understand of the service were the tunes, as they sang in their own language, "Yes, Jesus Loves Me," and "There is a Fountain." God is making this brother a great blessing to his countrymen. I also attended a little Sabbath School, which Mrs. Williscroft has in her own house. Evening we preached again to about the same congregation as in the morning. Mr. Okamoto repeated as much of the sermon as he could remember, to the Japanese present, and lead in prayer in his own language. That night I had a little of my old trouble, the asthma, on me again, from cold I took getting wet on Saturday. Monday, back home early. It had turned very cold in the meantime. Our special services are still going on every night.

Saturday noon left here for Work Channel, where many of our people are camped at Hallibut, fishing. It was well we were near a large canoe full of people, who were on their way and who took us aboard, for a squall struck our little boat, and it would soon have been too much for us, as we found after we got aboard the canoe, the sea was all she could stand. As it was only seven miles we were soon there. I visited eight houses, and had prayer in each house, where there were twenty-six families; then at seven o'clock preached in the little church to a congregation of about fifty. A collection taken up at the close for light, etc. Sabbath morning came out fine and bright. A prayer-meeting at 7 a.m., when about twenty-five prayed and about twenty spoke. At 11 a.m., I preached in the little church packed full of people, from Ephes. iv. 30, and many stayed to commit to memory the text. As soon as that was done, a party of ten got into a canoe with me to visit a camp about six miles up the channel. They sang and pulled against a strong tide, and we reached the place by 2.30. They were met for afternoon service. One brother had just given out his text, Matt. xvi. 25. A short talk from him, and an exhortation from the writer, and prayer and fellowship followed for the next hour and a half, when nearly everyone in the house spoke and prayed, and some twice over. One poor wanderer said: "I got away from our village soon after Xmas, for while many of my friends were getting good there, I was doing bad, so I moved away out here to get out of the way, and now Jesus has found me here."

At the close of this service I visited the three houses, with eleven families in them; prayer in each one. By this time our friend had food ready for us in his oven, and we were soon in our canoe and off down the Inlet. No sooner got off than a brother began to pour out thanksgiving and prayer to heaven, and this seemed to take hold of the whole party, till prayer, and testimony and song went up in turn from everyone on board. This continued for the whole

hour and a quarter, until we reached the camp from which we had started. Landed in a blinding snow-storm just as the last bell was ringing for church, so everyone marched into the church singing, "You Must be Saved to Wear a Crown," etc. The church was well filled, and the people listened very attentively to talk from the missionary from John xii. 32, and then followed prayer and fellowship till about 9.30. One poor man made a start for life. He said he had been very bad, and had said he would not be a Christian, but God took his child away, and this had lead him to turn, and from this out he was determined to be on the Lord's side.

Yesterday it was so stormy we could not return home as we had hoped to do, so we got some men to work to finish the seats of the church, and the windows, etc., which had not been quite finished, and then some good sisters got to work and washed it out in the afternoon.

Evening, had preaching services again. One of the local preachers spoke, and a very blessed time in the after-meeting. This morning, though still stormy, Sam and I got off, and by hard pulling against wind and rain, got home by noon. All well at the "Home" but measles has broken out in a number of families, and will likely spread, and Dr. Bolton and assistants will have their hands full for a time. It is about eleven years since we had such a scourge, and many of the children died of this disease.

We hope to be off soon with a party on the *Glad Tidings* down the coast. We have had the little ship laid up on the blocks for some time to save expenses.

Extract from letter of REV. T. CROSBY to REV. D. JENNINGS, dated March 17th, 1894.

I AM just back from the Naas, where I spent Sabbath. We had a blessed trip. Bro. Osterhout is doing well in every way. The people wish him to stay with them.

We hear glorious news from the Upper Skeena—seventy souls have been saved at Kish-pi-ax; so Bro. Spencer got back just in time.

Last fall la grippe spread amongst the Upper Skeena people. Their superstitions led them to charge the missionary with spreading the disease throughout the country. Since then the Spirit of God has touched their hearts, and the people are being saved by Grace Divine.

RY OUTLOOK.

## *Missionary Outlook* The Indian Work.

*May* BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1894

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B. C., February 6th, 1894.

SINCE I came here last fall, to carry on the work, the Lord has been so good in helping us over many hard places. He has ruled everything for the glory of His name, notwithstanding the imperfection of us, His agents. Under the preaching of the truth some have felt the need of a change of heart.

The blessed revival, which began two years ago, does not lose its power. Often the power of God's Holy Spirit comes upon us while waiting at the feet of Jesus. I am thankful to be able to report 9 baptisms during the winter, 8 of these were children and 1 adult. One pagan from interior has accepted the Christian religion, and we trust many of his brethren will follow in due time.

On New Year's day the band workers all came into the church, it was a melting time; both sides expressed their feelings of sorrow for what ill they had done and said during the past year. Last fall I told our people that the temperance people were working hard in Ontario to put down the liquor traffic and were smashing up the fire-water bottles this year. Some of them asked if the law would allow them to vote. I told them that I did not know. They promised that if they are not allowed to vote against the fire water, they will pray earnestly for the temperance to gain the victory. Thank God, by prayer the weakest of us can touch the "heart of God" and bring blessings upon our friends who are a long way from us.

We have two Bible classes going through the week, one on Wednesday afternoon, for the young people, and one on Saturday evening for everybody. Also one Bible reading



amongst the Chinese in the Mission House, conducted by Miss Granter, our school teacher. The people are anxious to find out more and more of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. We have had some great snow-storms this winter. It cheered our hearts to see some of our people coming to 7 o'clock Sunday morning prayer-meeting with their snow-shoes. In a few weeks' time great crowds of strangers will come in seeking work. It is for us to break to them the Bread of Life that their souls may not die.

## Along the Line.

*Missionary Outlook Jan 1894.*

### The Indian Work.

*Letter from the REV. JOHN SEMMENS, dated WINNIPEG, October 13th, 1893.*

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—Acting under instructions from your office, I proceeded to Norway House by the last steamer of the season. Instead of leaving on the first of September, as announced, it was noon of the fifteenth when the start was made. Owing to the prevalence of the equinoctial gales, Lake Winnipeg was furious, and such slow progress was made that Warren's Landing was only reached on the morning of the twentieth. Then came the descent of the river leading to Norway House proper, a distance of twenty-six miles. The wind was favorable, but the drenching rain poured down remorselessly, and not unfrequently the intrusive waves added to the weight of our cargo and provoked the alarm of our passengers. As the writer was the only one who knew the inner channel, he was put in charge of the rudder, and the experience of other days was turned to good account in guiding the frail craft through the shoals and "crooked turns" of Play Green Lake to the H. B. fort called Norway House.

A very hearty welcome was accorded to us by the chief factor in charge, Mr. J. K. McDonald, J.P., and as our stay was to be short, and the evening dark and stormy, we were cordially invited to make our home at the post, and messengers were sent to the mission two miles away to have the staff join us as speedily as possible. Dr. Strath and Mr. W. H. Fry, teacher at Cross Lake, were soon on hand; and in a couple of hours the rite of matrimony was solemnized between Miss Rose Swayze, of Belleville, now our mission teacher at Rossville, and Dr. Strath, who has been temporarily in charge of the work at this point since the lamented death of the missionary last June. The ceremony was witnessed by Mr. W. H. Fry, above mentioned, and Miss Nettie Swayze, sister of the bride, who had come from Ontario to spend the winter at Rossville for the benefit of her health. There were also present Mr. Spencer, the H. B. officer in charge of Fort Churchill, his wife and daughters, and Mrs. Edward Eves of the mission.

Early next morning we were *en route* to the spot made sacred by the work of such saintly men as Robt. T. Rundle, James Evans, Robt. Brooking, Geo. McDougall and many others, whose names will never be forgotten; a point made memorable to Methodism by more than half a century of heroic effort to civilize and educate the Swampy Crees.

A vigorous fusilade of blank cartridges greeted our arrival at the wharf, and as we passed under the folds of the "Union Jack" the swarthy villagers gathered to greet us with pleasant smiles, and hearty shake of hands, and tender words of welcome. Thos. Belton and James Halcro, our old companions in travel, Joseph Paul, the oldest class-leader in the land, and Thomas Mestakun, the chief of the band, were all kindly in their greetings, as with uncovered heads they expressed their pleasure at seeing us once again in the land of the living. Then the women came, and the children of the schools to give the bride of the hour a Christian welcome. Everybody was happy. It was a festal day, and smiles, tears and congratulations mingled until the shadows of evening fell, and the multitudes sought the quiet of their own firesides.

One could not have been long at the mission without observing the improving hand of the person in charge. A new boat-house has been erected, fences have been repaired and walks renewed; new gates have been hung, and several finishing touches added both to the house and to the out-buildings, which speak both of the energy and the skill of the directing power.

Our interview with the chief was brief but satisfactory. He was very sorry, he said, that no ordained minister could be found, as there was such constant need of the services of such a person; yet he believed that we had done our best and was quite agreed that Dr. Strath should remain in temporary charge pending the arrival of a permanent supply. He, however, expressed the wish that some ordained man might be instructed to visit the reserve, at stated times, so as to do necessary ministerial work. This we ventured to promise him, and have accordingly instructed Mr. McLachlan, the nearest neighbor to the south, to visit the reserve by the first ice. The old man, over whom the decrepitude of advancing years is gaining evident victories, spoke with enthusiasm of the work done by our mission; and, with tears in his eyes, expressed the earnest hope that we would not slacken in our efforts to help his people. Your coming to us, said he in parting, is proof that we are not forgotten by the society you represent, and this memory of us is appreciated by a loyal and grateful company of Methodist Indians.

Old Thomas, above referred to, is not the chief proper of the Tribe of Swampy Crees, but a letter just received from the chief will show them to be at one in regard to appreciation and loyalty:—

CHIEF DAVID RUNDLE,

To REV. JOHN SEMMENS.

Dear Sir,—I was very thankful to you for your kind letter to me. When I first heard of the Christian religion from my father, I did not understand it; by and by light seemed to come into my heart, and I too became a Christian, and have tried to serve God ever since as well as I could.

You, of course, know all about how and why myself and a number of my people left Norway House and came to Fisher River. At my request an interpreter was sent with us to be our teacher and minister until a regular minister could be sent, which happened in about two years, when Mr. Ross came, and after his time Mr. McHaffic came. We can all truly thank God for the true Christian men you have sent to us as our ministers. They have all labored earnestly for the good of my people, and I am very thankful for it indeed. The teachers you have placed in our schools have all satisfied us, and have done good work among our children. I feel it my duty to express the thanks I feel for the many good things which have been done for us, both by the Missionary Society and the Government.

You were kind enough to wish me long life; I too hope that you may long be spared in the good work to which God has called you, and that we may at last meet around our Father the Great Chief's heavenly home.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID RUNDLE, Chief.

Fisher River, Manitoba, Sept. 12th, 1893.

*Missionary Outlook*  
**The Indian Work.**

*June* A MISSIONARY TRIP. 1894

*Letter from HENRY TATE and SAM. BENNETT, of PORT SIMPSON.*

ON Monday evening, Jan. 14th, 1894, four of us—Henry Tate, Robert Tate, Sam. Bennett and Peter Jones—were talking with Mr. Wm. Oliver on board the steamer *Boscowitz* as she lay by the Port Simpson wharf. We had just come from service, and he asked us how we were getting along. We answered, "All right, good meetings, all have warm hearts." He began to tell us of the tribes to the south that he had seen on recent trips in drunkenness and heathenism, adding, "When you are happy here and filled with the good Spirit, you should not forget those in darkness around you." Immediately each said in his heart, "I ought to go and try to teach those heathen; but how can I, as I have no money to pay expenses?" None of us spoke, but Mr. Oliver added, "If any of you feel like going to visit those tribes, don't fear about the means; remember the words of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.'" As we returned to the village we began to speak to one another of our feelings, and soon decided to go, all four of us, by that steamer to Nawittie, and spend a few weeks preaching the Gospel there. We went to our brethren, the leaders of the "Band of Workers," and told them of our intentions,



but they thought we were too hasty, and asked us to wait for a meeting of the Band to consider the matter, but we felt that God's voice had called us and we would go trusting only in Him. We soon found a man who loaned us \$40, saying, "Although I am not a Christian I'll lend this to help the good cause." He and his wife each gave us \$3 besides, to help pay our expenses. We now went for the first time to tell our wives that we were going, and in the house of Herbert Wallace, one of the chiefs, we found two more volunteers, Herbert himself, and John Ross—Herbert borrowing \$20 from the village council for their expenses. After this some of us visited the homes of several Christians, having prayer, receiving encouraging words, and here and there 50c. or \$1 material help. Herbert was the first to apprise our missionary, Mr. Crosby, of our intentions. It was now after midnight and he dressed and came out and met us on the street, where we had prayer in the snow. He was very pleased and said, "This is what I have long prayed and hoped for." He took us to his house and gave us food to take with us, and words of advice and encouragement; he also accompanied us to the steamer and procured a reduction of rates. When we got our blankets and food aboard it was nearly morning, and the steamer was soon under way. At 8 a.m. we had prayer and felt our hearts full; the sailors told us to "stop that noise as it would waken the captain," but we kept on praying and singing, and every morning and evening we had our prayer-meeting with no further molestation. The second day out we had a few minutes at Hartley Bay, where our townsman, George Edgar, is working as native missionary. He was very glad to see us and supplied us with tent, cooking utensils and soap, articles that we had forgotten in our hurried leaving; he and others gave us food also. We now felt that the Lord was indeed leading and helping us, and our hearts were filled with joy and gratitude. Thursday afternoon the steamer called at Bella Bella, and we wished to see the people there and have service with them, but there was not time. We felt disappointed as we sailed away, and knelt and prayed that if possible we might even yet have a visit at Bella Bella. While we prayed the storm of wind and snow increased, and as we rose we found that the steamer had turned and soon dropped anchor in the harbor at Bella Bella. We called for a canoe and went ashore and spent the evening and most of the night in services in the church, on the street and in a chief's house. The missionary and teacher gave us help in money and food, and best of all we had good times with the native brethren, and four souls professed repentance. Friday evening, our last on board, the steamer anchored in Safety Cove. We had a good service, feeling the Spirit in great measure. All the white passengers and most of the crew were present. We all spoke in Chinook, which is understood by nearly all the whites and natives along the coast, and a white lay missionary spoke in English. After the meeting a passenger headed a subscription list to which nearly all contributed, and it was handed to us with \$18 cash to help us on our way.

Next morning we passed Nawittie, but as we had heard the heathen were gathering somewhere to feast, we thought it well to go on to Alert Bay, and thence by canoe, to find them. On reaching the latter port in the afternoon, we found the inhabitants of seven villages gathered there for potlatching, feasting, dancing, etc., so we decided to stay there. The proprietor of the salmon cannery kindly gave us the use of a house, with stove, etc. We first visited a family whose mother is a native and father white, and prayed with them. A young man, who met us on the wharf carelessly smoking a pipe, was now warmed with a different fire, and was with us in all the subsequent services; and a blind girl broke down in tears as she recollected the Methodist services she used to attend at Victoria. In the evening we went through the village entering every house that was not locked against us, saluting the people, telling them why we had come to visit them, and sometimes having singing and prayer. In one house as we prayed our hearts were opened, and we cried to God to save the people, when a number came in shouting and beating sticks to scare us, but we kept on praying till they went out. A white man advised us to enter no more houses, "as these Indians," said he, "are very bad when angry." We paid no attention to that advice, even entering a door over which was displayed the "louie" (a strip of scarlet cedar bark), as a sign that no one could enter but those initiated in the "Allide," or secret society of heathen conjurers. A large number were gathered around

five fires that were burning openly in the large house. No one objected to our entering, and all returned our salutations but one man. We also had prayer in the houses of the only two Christian Indians in the place. That night a steamer from the north brought a brother whom the "Band of Workers" had sent to us with some funds; he also brought us some food from our wives. We were glad to see him, but did not need the money, as the Lord had supplied our wants in that line. On Sunday, at 10 a.m., after prayer in our house, we had service on the street, to which a great number of the heathen listened. We all felt that the Lord was helping us in the use of the Chinook. At 11 a.m., we attended service in the mission church (C.M.S.). In the afternoon we had a street meeting, and then repaired to the mission school-house, which Mr. Corker, the missionary in charge, had given us the use of. Some of the heathen followed us in, dressed only in blankets, with scarlet bark head-dress. Sunday was a great day of dancing among the heathen; and we found afterwards that they had gone to the authorities to ask that we be stopped preaching on the street on Sunday, as it would interfere with their dancing. In the evening we had another street meeting, and thence to the mission service. None of the Indians attended service in the church excepting the two Christian families.

Every afternoon during our stay we had open-air service, followed by meeting in the school-house. On Monday a good many stood around as we sang and spoke on the street, and followed us as we went toward the school-house. Presently we were confronted by two men entirely naked, with the "louie" on their heads, their faces blackened, and bears' paws fastened on their hands, to which were attached copper claws; they stood abreast, stretching out their arms to intercept our passage at a narrow part of the street. They gnashed their teeth, distorted their features, and made gestures to frighten us; but we kept on singing and paying no attention to them, and they backed slowly away, and soon entered a house of the "Allide." After passing this house, we stopped and knelt in prayer. Many gathered around us, among them women and girls, with the "louie" on their heads and their bare feet in the snow. Soon the bear-handed (and bare-skinned) men came out again, and throwing themselves in the snow pawed it about furiously, at which the spectators fled, apparently afraid, and we passed on, a number following us into the school-house. Next day, as we spoke on the street, four young men came along very threatening, carrying great clubs; they wore blankets fastened around their loins, and the "louie" on their heads, and had faces blackened. But, as we kept on with our service, they soon went away. On Wednesday again, as we passed singing to the school-house, four men confronted us in the same dress, bearing spears, and tried to frighten us, but ineffectually; thenceforth they desisted from such threats. But each day some would walk through the crowd, talking in their own tongue, which we did not understand, apparently trying to oppose the effect of our words. Almost every day we had good attentive hearing in the school-house, while one of our number preached in Chinook from a text of Scripture; and afterwards as we sang, prayed and testified, some few professed repentance. The two Christian Indians were greatly warmed, and a few whites and half-breeds, some of whom had in former days been accustomed to Methodist worship. As for the remainder of our time, we spent it mostly going about talking personally with the people, and the whites and half-breeds invited us almost every evening to some one of their houses, where we had good meetings. We had prayer in our own cabin five times a day.

On Tuesday evening, one of the head chiefs of Alert Bay called us to his house, and after we had partaken of dried salmon and tea, he addressed us, saying: "I am glad that you have come to my house; I scarcely expected that you would come. I am ashamed that you find us in our heathen doings, for you are Indians, as we are, and yet have such different life and better customs. Do not think that the people do not heed what you say; it is all well received. One thing prevents us from following your teaching immediately; we have on the 'Allide' head-dress, and are pledged to go through with our feast. If you had come before we invited these tribes, we might have given it all up." Herbert Wallace answered him, recalling the time when the Tsimpshans discarded the "Allide." "We had thought that this was our only source of pleasure, and that



we should be very miserable if we gave it up, but now we find far greater joy in Jesus' name." We had singing and prayer with him and his family, and next evening went in again and had service with them. While we were engaged, we heard the "Allide" boys coming. A party of them ran through the village in a nude state, breaking through every door that yielded to them, shouting, beating sticks and blowing whistles. We heard their hideous noise in the next house, and as we were at prayer we heard rifles banging outside the door; some came inside, and two shots were fired at the door.

A steamer coming in that day from Vancouver brought home a boy who had just completed a term in the provincial jail for some crime. This boy had spent some years in the Government school at Metlakatla, and as he had acquired a knowledge of the Tsimpshean language while there, and as his native tongue was that of all the heathen, we thought of trying to get him to interpret for us at times, as being better than using the Chinook jargon; but before night he had cast off his clothes, donned the blanket and "louie," and was at the "Allide" work of his former life. We felt this more than all the abominations of the heathen, as this boy had been taught by Christians, and we thought how much better if the boys were first converted and then educated. There, at Alert Bay, we were shown through the new Government school, with accommodation for thirty pupils, and only one in residence. Surely it would be better for the Government to build their school among Christian Indians, where it would be used and appreciated.

The second Sunday we had good services all day in the same order as the first, and all that week we had good times, and no opposition, but the dancing, etc., went on with unabated vigor. The younger members of our party were surprised and shocked at the degradation of the "Allide," such scenes among our own people dating beyond their recollection. After the first week, we stayed in the house of one George, a half-breed, who had been greatly blessed in the meetings, and who now, out of gratitude, entertained us. This week the constable returned with a prisoner, a Zawitty man, who was accused with the murder of two white men; the prisoner's wife and child accompanied him. We visited them and had prayer with them, when we all felt the Master's presence; the woman wept, and the jailer was affected. One day one of our number found a sick man in a lone tent in the snow away from the village, and his wife weeping near by. It is a custom among those tribes, when anyone is seriously ill to put the patient out of the community, and he is left to be cared for by his near relatives, if they are so disposed, as best they can. We felt that something ought to be done to provide for the sick among those tribes. We had a third Sunday, which was the best of all, and then began to look for the return of the steamer; of course, keeping on working as long as we were there. On Monday evening a white man entertained us, and a lady handed us an envelope containing \$8, which had been collected for us. The whites had shown us great kindness; two different men who owned land each offered a lot, if a house of prayer would be built on it. They said, "Some of you native Christians ought to come here and try to teach these heathen tribes. For fourteen years the agents of the Church Missionary Society have been here; they have established church, school, store, saw-mill, etc., but they have not converted the people."

The missionary, Mr. Corker, was very kind to us, entertaining us at his house one evening, attending our meetings and allowing us to speak in his. Both whites and Indians asked some of us to come again. We promised we would if God opened our way. We left by the *Boscovitz* on Wednesday evening.

We called next day at Rivers Inlet. We did not have much time, but we visited every house in the place, singing and praying. Some kept right on with their gambling, but others wept and were greatly stirred. Next morning we had a half-hour at Bella Bella again, and had service with as many as we could get together, advising them to keep on in the good way, and to stick to their missionary. Saturday night at Lowe Inlet we met four families of Hartley Bay people and had a good service with them. We had three services on board Sunday, a white passenger preaching in the morning, one of our number in the afternoon and Mr. Oliver in the evening. Monday at 4 p.m. we reached home. We were

glad to be back, and our experiences cheered our friends in the evening meetings. We found that our families, some of whom we had left with very little food, had been well cared for by some Christian friends. We brought back every dollar that we had borrowed and paid it back again. We felt that we had been called to the trip by the Lord, and kept and helped by Him.

This is the first time that we Tsimpsheans have started out by ourselves to carry the Gospel, although some of us had often accompanied our missionary on his trips. We hope that all Christians will pray for us, now that we have begun to help the servants of God to carry on the work, even as Aaron and Hur held up Moses' hands. Let all who have helped send us the Gospel rejoice that light has replaced darkness in our midst, but there remains a great work to do as many tribes around us are yet in darkness. We are ready to carry the Gospel light to them, but we have not much learning or material means. We trust in God's help. In former times if our young men went out to visit other villages it would be to fight their fellowmen, now we hope to go only to fight the devil and save men's souls. Don't be surprised, Christian friends, at what we have done, as it is only in answer to your prayers. It is not our own strength and wisdom that has brought us through safe and happy, but God's answer to the prayers of His people.

[Miss Dingman had been accepted by our Woman's Missionary Society, and it was expected that she would have gone out to British Columbia to take charge of the Crosby Home at Port Simpson, but she passed away before she received the notice of her appointment.]

June 1894

### Habitations of Cruelty.

HEATHENISM is not yet a thing of the past, and its dark rites and cruel superstitions still linger, even on this continent. That the Gospel is still needed among the Indians of the Pacific Coast, is made abundantly evident by the following narrative, which we copy from a recent number of the *Victoria Colonist*. Where the Gospel has been received, such rites and cruelties are unknown, and we hope and pray that the sore needs of these Fort Rupert Indians may speedily constrain someone to go to them with the Word of Life. The story in the *Colonist* is as follows:

It seems incredible that such practices exist among the Fort Rupert Indians as those narrated by Mr. H. J. Simpson, who has just come down from his home near Alert Bay. For years he has lived among the Indians, and his description of the feasts and customs of the Fort Ruperts makes a remarkable and interesting story. He lives on a little island eleven miles from Alert Bay, and scattered around on other islands and the mainland are the rancheries, where the Indians live during the winter, after their return from the salmon fishery, hop picking and other occupations they follow during the summer. During the winter months they carry on what is known as the Red Bark festival, which seems to be the remnant of an ancient custom the legendary reasons for which have been forgotten.

These festivals are connected with certain "coppers," as they are called. A "copper" is a piece of that metal some eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide, roughly fashioned in something the shape of a human head and neck, with mouth, nose and eyes marked upon it. There are only three original "coppers," and they are very ancient, their origin going far back beyond the Indian recollections; consequently they are of immense value in Indian eyes, and to possess one of them an Indian would give anything he owns. One peculiar thing is that one owner must sell if he is offered sufficient price for the "copper" he owns, the value apparently rising so many blankets every time one changes hands. One of these "coppers" is now worth some 5,000 blankets—a pretty considerable sum. There are also imitation "coppers"—that is, quite newly-made—but they are not very valuable.

Every time a "copper" changes hands is the occasion for a wild time. In the first place, one, two or three men



75 generally relatives of buyer or seller—are chosen to act as “amista” or “a wild man.” The “amista” goes out into the bush and remains away for several days, only stealing in in secret to the rancherie, and being supposed to abstain from food. Then the other Indians dress up, paint, and deck themselves with green wreaths, and hold a big dance. The dance seems quite innocent enough apparently on the surface, but by and by the “amista” is heard howling like a wild beast in the distance, and a party of men go out with cedar bark ropes to capture him. At last they succeed, and bring the “amista” into camp. Naked, or with only a loin cloth, the “amista” comes among the dancers, acting like a dangerous maniac. Rushing upon one or another, he bites pieces of flesh from their arms, and finally runs away again. The owner of the “copper” has to compensate those bitten for the wounds inflicted. The “amista” is caught again and gradually is tamed down, the dancing being supposed to act as the proper kind of medicine to quiet his excited nerves. Then comes the last night of the dance, when the most horrible part occurs.

Some two weeks beforehand men secretly find a suitable body from among those hung up in boxes in trees or on the rocks—the way the Indians dispose of their dead—one from which the flesh has nearly disappeared being preferred. It seems that these bodies gradually dry up, retaining at last the skin only upon the bones. This body is put to soak in water for the two weeks preparatory to its being needed, and the skin swells up like leather. This last night the corpse is carried into the room where the dance is going on, and a horrible sight ensues. The “amistas” fight over the corpse like wolves, imitating the snarling of the animals and tearing the skin from the bones with their teeth in a disgusting manner. In fact, so fearful is this sight that some of the Indians will not wait to see it, but go out before the performance begins. After this orgie, “amistas” have been known to die the following day, whether or not from the excitement of their cannibalistic feat is not known. A dance of this kind took place during the past winter at Mar-ma-lily-kully, Mr. Simpson says.

Another disgusting practice at these dances is a young girl in a semi nude state dancing, while big dogfish hooks fastened in her back have cords tied to them, which are held by an Indian like reins, the object being finally for the girl, by wrenching her body, to tear herself free from the hooks. Two winters ago Mr. Simpson also saw a child, covered with blood in which it had been dipped, dancing at one of these festivals.

## Along the Line.

*Missionary Outlook*

August BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1894

Letter from DR. A. E. BOLTON, Medical Missionary, dated  
PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., July 10th, 1894.

I CAME here June 6th, found many patients waiting for treatment; a few needing operations which have greatly alleviated their sufferings, and some in the last stages of consumption, who, with others dying of cancer and more acute diseases, have shown great resignation and drawn comfort from long established communion with God.

Saturday, June 9th, at 8 p.m., the tide being favorable, I started for Claxton, eight miles distant, reaching there at 10 o'clock. I was taken in and kindly entertained till Monday by an aged brother who, through decades of mining and frontier life, has kept sacred the principles of the Methodist Church. On Sunday I had two services with Indians, one with whites and one with Japanese. Bro. Okamoto, our evangelist, was there, and ten or twelve of his countrymen listened attentively and joined in the Japanese singing, which I heard for the first time. Bro. Okamoto returned with me, and on Tuesday we sailed to the hot springs, where several Japanese were camped, and part of the night was spent teaching the Word to the rheumatics that gather here as the palsied did by Bethesda's pool. Next morning we crossed to Aberdeen, where Bro. Okamoto found a good field for prolonged sowing, and I since learn from him that seventeen Japanese have been converted to the Truth. Sundays, June 23rd and July 1st, I visited Claxton, also holding services at the Standard Cannery the former date, and spent about two hours hard rowing against

a head wind between the two places. At Claxton a church is badly needed. We held services in a different house each Sunday. I have spent two Sabbaths here at Essington, and the services have been times of refreshing. The presence and testimonies of the Upper Skeena people, lately turned from heathenism, can be fully appreciated by one who has labored with and prayed for them for years amid discouragements. Last week I visited all the canneries on the river but one. Bro. Okamoto came with me from Aberdeen and I left him at Inverness, where a number of Japanese are searching the Scriptures.

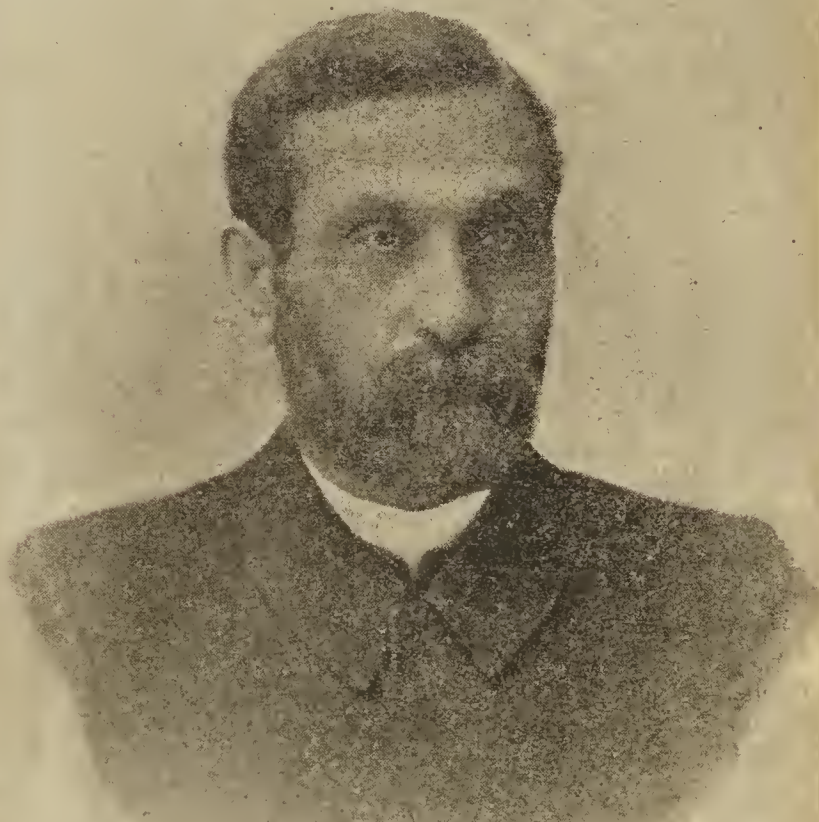
The Indian fishermen have passed through some of the trying features of a “strike,” their employers seeking to reduce the price paid for fish, to which they unitedly objected. They won the day as well as the approbation of all disinterested persons by their orderly and peaceful demeanor. Several meetings of fishermen were held, attended by all races and conducted by Christian Indians, who opened by prayer and closed with the Doxology.

*Missionary Outlook*

## Field Notes.

*November 1894*

THE General Secretary left Toronto on the 18th ultimo for British Columbia, where he expects to spend a few weeks in mission work, giving especial attention to the Indian and Chinese missions, also visiting the Industrial Institutes under the care of the Society in British Columbia and the North-West.



REV. D. JENNINGS.

DURING last winter many of our readers heard with both interest and profit the Rev. D. Jennings tell of his work among the Indians on the West Coast; and we are sure that the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings will look with pleasure on the photogravures of them which we publish this issue. On page 168 will be found a letter from our brother, giving an account of the work on the Port Essington Mission.





MRS. D. JENNINGS.

MR. ROBERT MAYES, who has charge of the Indian work on Georgina Island, writes: "I have to-day buried Mrs. Blackbird, the oldest person on the Reserve. She had reached the age of one hundred years, and had been a consistent member of the Methodist Society for over fifty years. She retained possession of all her faculties to the last, and was very much respected."

## The Indian Work.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. THOS. CROSBY, dated "GLAD TIDINGS," NANAIMO, B.C., September 18th, 1894.*

I HAD intended to have given you an account of our July trip before now. We were away about three weeks, travelled over 600 miles, visited Inverness, Essington, Claxton, Low Inlet, Hartly Bay, Kit-a-maat, China Hat, Bella Bella, Nanaimo, Warnock and Upper River's Inlet. It was just in the midst of salmon fishing, so we found crowds of people at the different canneries. We left July 13th, with five of a crew, which included one of our boys from the Home and Bro. Okamoto, our Japanese Missionary. We also had Mrs. Crosby and two children, which is her first trip on the *Glad Tidings* for many years. First Sabbath we spent at Essington, when we had a blessed time. Dr. Bolton took Aberdeen, etc.; Mr. Neville was away to Standard and Claxton, while Bro. Pierce was at Inverness and North Pacific, so we had about fifteen services besides the open-air services at nearly every place.

Monday we took a load of lumber from Claxton to Kit-a-maat. That night we got to Low Inlet, where we had a most blessed time with Bro. Edgar and Chief Ikakes and his people. Our trip to Kit-a-maat was very pleasant; not many people home. Found Bro. and Sister Raley and their helpers all well, getting ready for their school work next winter. The Kit-lope people urge us to build a church amongst them. The following Sabbath was spent at River's Inlet, where we met people from ten different tribes, from about 200 miles of the coast, including Bella Coola, Kimpquit, and some as far as Quos-keemo, on the West coast of Vancouver Island. Bros. Beavis and Gibson were very busy, and seemed glad to have us join them. We met the people at Warnock on our way up; they begged us to stay

for the Sabbath. We got to the land and had service at night in the large house of Chief Potlass. Our Bella Bella and Kit-a-maat people who are here are doing good, and Bro. Gibson is rejoicing over souls saved all the time.

At 5 a.m. on Sabbath morning Bro. Gibson, with a number of our Bella Bella men, came along-side and we were soon off to Warnock, ten miles down the inlet, where we arrived a little past seven, and found many of the people in prayer meeting. Spent an hour, when most of the people spoke and prayed, and from there they went to an open-air service, Mr. Gibson leading them, as he had had breakfast before he left home, while I went to the mess-room, where Mrs. Chambers gave me breakfast. She said: "That is not the first service they have had; they were in church, I think, at 4 o'clock, and then they went around the place for open-air meeting." It was now getting past 9 a.m., and I joined them on the street and walked to the church, where our services lasted till 11 a.m. (I was told after they kept services till late at night). We closed and started up the inlet. Preached to crowds in the Chief's house at 2 p.m. This very house we had seen before used for potlatching gambling, etc., etc., now the people seemed eager to hear the Word of Life. The Power of God rested down on the people. At 3 p.m. left the afternoon meeting to Bro. Gibson, and hurried off to the church and preached in English to the whites present, and we closed the day with a blessed meeting in the little church on the mill side. Here, also, Bro. Okamoto had preached and had service a number of times with the Japanese. Our service closed at 9.30—a blessed day, and we were lead to say, "What hath God wrought." Bro. Okamoto visited all the Japanese at the different places, and is doing a grand work amongst them; he makes himself most useful on the boat, and spends what time he has in study of the Bible.

The following Sabbath we spent on the Skeena, and we took Miss Spence's and Dr. Bolton's goods home with us. The Doctor could not come just then, as he had some Indian liquor case before him as J.P.

Our present trip took us two weeks to reach this place. Took a load of lumber to Kimpquit for a small church. This is one of the darkest places on the coast; but, thank God, light has come and souls have been saved there; and we left our Native Agent, A. Brown, with them. Spent Sabbath at Bella Coola. Bro. Beavis and his sister-in-law came with us for a trip up. We had left one teacher, Miss Sheley, at Bella Bella, where she has come to teach school in place of Miss Ross, moved to Skidgate. We brought Miss Sheley from Hartly Bay, to which place she had come by canoe, forty-five miles from Kit-a-maat.

The following Sabbath we spent at Cape Mudge, having made a good visit at River's Inlet, Nanitsee and Fort Rupert. At the last place a great crowd of people met for a potlatch. Every night but one we were at a village or place where we could preach Jesus to the people.

Found Bro. Walker and family well and hard at it, fixing their house for winter. Not many people home, but here we met a lot of our Simpson people on their way North from Fraser River, and they, with the Cape Mudge people, had a blessed time. And then we had a nice service in English for the settlers who gathered, and we baptized one sweet child. Bro. Okamoto was with us and preached to all the Japanese on our way down, and two young Japanese were with us who were converted on the trip.

As soon as we landed here, Bro. Okamoto and his friends left for Vancouver. I had a note from him, in which he says: "Now large number people are staying here in this city, but no workers; The harvest truly is plenteous but laborers are few; I think Lord He with me preaching Himself. I believe that many sinners should be returned to merciful Father. Praise the Lord! Hoping you praying continually for me and for our people. Amen."

I am sure, dear Doctor, you will say amen to this also.

We had the boat on the beach last week; had the propeller off to see if all was right; got the shaft out and painted it and put it in again, and we have got a new foremast in, as the old one had been cracked last spring, as we came up to the wharf in a stormy night. And it was just as well, for we found it was rotten round the deck. We made about seven miles an hour on our downward trip of nearly 800 miles. But I wished to have everything overhauled and put in as good trim as we can for evangelistic trips this fall and winter.

Last Sabbath we took service with Bro. Cairns at the Ciquitto Camp and also at our North Mission, where we



77 preached at 2 p.m., and baptized two children. Met Bro. Cushan, who is poorly but seemed happy. At 6 p.m. preached to hundreds of Chinamen, our missionary, Yong Chue, interpreting.

GOD is always looking for a better place in which to put the man whom He can trust.

THIRTY years ago the American Board established a Church in Tarsus, Paul's birthplace, contributing each year \$100 to its support. But there are now twenty tithe-givers in Tarsus, and the Church has voluntarily and unanimously sent to its benefactors a noble letter of gratitude, and a request that the money be sent hereafter to more needy Churches. This reminds us of Paul's saying, "We would not be chargeable unto any of you."—*The Golden Rule*

## Along the Line.

*Missionary Outlook*  
The Indian Work. 1895-  
Jan BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. THOMAS NEVILLE, dated KITZEGUCLA, Skeena River, B.C., Sept. 25th, 1894.

BEFORE the river closes I will send you a brief account of our trip up to the Forks of the Skeena. But, as preliminary to this, perhaps a few words about the summer's work at the mouth of the river will not be out of place. Leaving Victoria on the 11th of June, I arrived at Simpson on the 16th and was there met by Brother Crosby. I stayed at Simpson until the following Tuesday morning. I can assure you I was agreeably surprised to find such a manifest interest among the Indians regarding spiritual things. To attend one of their meetings is to be taken back to the days of Whitefield, Ousley, Nelson and the Wesleys. There must have been nearly five hundred Indians at the morning service, yet I was informed that man, had left for the different canneries on the Skeena.

Perhaps a programme of Sunday's work will give you a better idea of how Sunday is spent at Simpson: 6.30 a.m., prayer meeting, and from that until the time of the eleven o'clock service there seems to be class and prayer meetings in almost every room you go to. After the morning service there is a text-school, where many stay to learn the text in English and also in their native tongue. After the text-school, questions are asked, many of which would puzzle some of our best theologians to answer.

At 2 p.m. Again there is public service held in the church, and at the same time two Sunday Schools (one for Indians and one for whites) are kept going by Brothers Bolton and Richardson, ably assisted by the ladies from the Girls' Home, Hospital and Mission-House.

After the afternoon service the missionary and helpers usually go through the village and visit the sick, and speak a few comforting words by the way.

In the evening there is again public service, after which there is held a prayer and praise meeting. This meeting usually lasts from seven o'clock until nine, and later, if the interest is well sustained and souls are being blessed.

I would like to say a few words for our noble workers at Simpson, but hate anything that would seem like "puff," so will abstain this time.

On Tuesday morning I left Fort Simpson for the mouth of the Skeena, and was there met by our missionaries, Dr. Bolton and Brother Pierce. Here I found the same good work going on in and around the eight different canneries, where from two to three thousand people meet ever summer for the fishing season.

The missionaries go from cannery to cannery by boat, and tell of the Great Healer of all Spiritual diseases.

During the summer Dr. Bolton makes periodical visits from cannery to cannery, carrying in his hand a medicine chest that which will heal the body; while, at the same time, he carries in his heart that which will heal the soul.

On August 15th, after spending nearly two months at the mouth of the Skeena, we (Brothers Pierce, Cole, our new teacher for Hugwilget, and the writer) left Essington for our future homes in the interior. We had a good forty-foot canoe (which had a little too big a load of freight to ensure any comfort for passengers) and a strong crew of four Indians and a captain.

Our first day out was not very encouraging, as after going about five miles the tide turned, and we had to camp, as it was raining hard and a strong head-wind blowing. At 11 p.m., the tide having turned, we resumed our journey, and until 5.30 a.m. next morning. What a night! As dark as pitch, head wind, and the rain beating in our faces. I have spent nights on the bank of the Ottawa River, and have slept on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue when it has been from 30° to 46° below zero, but don't believe I ever put in such a miserable night. Our legs cramped and stiff with the cold and our clothing soaked with the rain, we went ashore at an old fishing camp and tried, but in vain, to find a spot where the rain did not come through the roof.

On the 16th we started at 1 p.m., and at 4 p.m. overtook about thirty canoes (about 200 people) which had left a day or two before ours. We camped with them at night, and after service and prayers with our crew, we retired for the night. From the time of retiring until next morning there was an incessant downpour of rain, and long before getting-up time our blankets were wet through.

17th.—Rained hard all day. Our run was ten miles. During the day one of the canoes, about fifty yards behind ours, met with what might have been a very serious accident. In ascending one of the rapids, for which the river is noted, the canoe got into an eddy and was hurled on to the rocks. The canoe was turned over with lightning rapidity, and had it not been for two canoes which were in the near vicinity all lives (seven in all) must have been lost. Had a prayer and praise meeting in the evening, which was well attended. It rained heavy during the night, and our clothes and blankets were again soaked with the rain.

18th.—On account of the continual rains the river is rising rapidly. Only moved about two miles to-day, to gain higher camping ground for Sunday. A canoe has just arrived, and brings the information that the body of one of the seven men drowned in the canyon in the spring has been found about two miles from our camp. They brought the body in a box to the camp, and it has caused great excitement. They recognize the clothing as that of a brother of one of the men who happens to be in camp. The heathen are greatly excited, both men and women wailing their heathen songs around the box. After prayers we retired for the night.

19th (Sunday).—It rained all last night, but stopped at 8 a.m. this morning. The writer conducted the service at 11 a.m., and Brother Pierce the one at 2 p.m. Brother Pierce led the evening meeting, when we had a blessed time. The meeting was prolonged until a late hour, as poor sinners were coming home, and it was 11.15 p.m. when Brother Pierce called upon the writer to pronounce the benediction. We had a blessed day, and God's Spirit was with us.

20th.—River has risen more than six feet during the night. Cannot leave this place until the river falls. Rained all day. Brother Pierce and the writer held meetings in the evening at different parts of the camp.

21st.—Morning bright and fine. River very high and still rising. Had Bible class in the morning, singing class (led by Brother Cole) in the afternoon, and Gospel meeting in the evening.

22nd.—Fine day. Had usual Bible and singing classes during the day and service in the evening.

24th.—Beautiful morning. Not a cloud to be seen in the sky any place. Had to move our camp, as there had been too many people camping on the one small piece of land (Small Island). We moved up the river about two miles. After prayers with our crew we retired for the night.

25th.—Raining hard. Did not move out of camp until 12 o'clock. Our canoe had a narrow escape to-day. She got into one of the eddies which shot her out into the swift current, which immediately turned her on to her side, and had it not been for the coolness of our captain, it might have proved very serious. Travelled about four miles, and camped for the night. After prayers we retired.

26th (Sunday).—Beautiful day. Most of the large band of canoes are camped where they were last Sunday. Brother Pierce, with a Christian band of Indians, returned and spent the day with them. Brother Cole and the writer attending to the services at our present camp.

27th.—Water too high to leave camp. Our provisions are getting short, as we only provided for about twelve days, as they usually make the trip in nine or ten. In the evening we had a good evangelistic meeting, after which we turned in for the night.



have four churches and a parsonage all paid for, or very nearly so; we report 130 members. We have three Sabbath Schools, three prayer meetings with Bible classes combined. In common with adjoining mission fields in Grey and North Bruce, we suffer yearly depletions by our energetic, lively, intelligent young members moving to other parts; some to the cities and towns of our Dominion, some to the rich lands of our far North-West. This unceasing drain on our membership would be very discouraging if we did not know that the great centres of wealth and influence, such as Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Brandon, etc., were being built up by what leaves us. The managers of our Missionary funds do not need to be told of the self-denying, hopeful, cheerful labors of men on these fields. (Your correspondent says nothing of himself.) I am thankful that I have been associated with such men for twenty-nine years.

I come in contact from time to time with ripe, old Christians who speak respectfully and gratefully of Greene, Ralston, Hiltz, Watts, Smith, Tyndall, Foster, Danard, Newcombe, Woodman, who labored and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." There is still work to be done for Christ and humanity on these fields. If the Methodist Church will foster and care for her Home Missions as in the past, it will be well; if not, some sister society will gladly lay hold on our outcasts, and have the blessing of heaven and the respect and love of the weak and poor of Christ's people on earth.

ROBERT CARSON.

March 1895

## Along the Line.

### Indian Work.

#### MANITOBA CONFERENCE.

*Letter from A. G. McKITRICK, Missionary Teacher, dated SADDLE LAKE, Jan. 15th, 1895.*

MY last letter was from Riviere Qui Barre Mission, and I regret very much that this one is not also from there. It was with the deepest regret that we abandoned the work there, for, after two years of the utmost hardship and uphill work, we were just beginning to see some fruit for our labors, and the people had become very much attached to us; and both Roman Catholics and Protestants expressed their heartfelt regrets at our leaving. Our Protestants there were not at all satisfied to be left without a resident missionary, nor were we satisfied in deserting them, although sent to a better mission with a better house, etc. It seemed to us a case of saving a few dollars and losing souls by so doing. False economy! Far better save souls if it does take more money—"For what shall it profit" if we shall "gain the whole world" and lose a soul. It seems to us that the Lord would furnish the means if there were more faith and faithful effort. But the General Board decided that we must go to Saddle Lake and desert Riviere Qui Barre; so, we moved last July. I built a flat boat, fourteen by twenty feet, at Edmonton, thirty miles from Qui Barre, and with my family floated down the Saskatchewan (120 miles) with our household stuff, provisions, etc., on board. We had our tent set up and in it a lounge, rocking-chair, bedding, etc., and the cook-stove set up and in operation close by. We enjoyed our trip and the picturesque scenery very much. We stopped a while at Victoria Mission, enjoying a Sunday there, and filling a gap in the services. After three and a half days travelling on the river we arrived at Saddle Lake Landing, and soon got moved into the large mission-house, our new home. The Indians and Government officials welcomed us.

School work here had been greatly hindered by the old school-house being about three miles from the centre of the settlement and from the mission-house; but, having been instructed to do so, I at once set about getting it torn down, and a new and larger one, twenty-three by thirty-two feet, built near the mission-house. This had been spoken of several times before, but there had always been too much opposition from some of the Indians. This time also some wished to oppose it, and some wanted a grant of money from the Missionary Society to build it; but soon they all

fell into line, and everyone helped to build it without pay, except food from the Government agency. Even the women turned out *en masse* to help to put the white mud plaster on, while the men all worked well at hewing and putting up the logs, carpentering, etc. We were able to start school again, November 26th, and since then there has been a very good attendance; and mission work also goes on encouragingly.

Rev. E. B. Glass, of White Fish Lake, comes to preach occasionally, and generally every Protestant Indian turns out, and some of the Roman Catholics also. On the other Sundays they have turned out very well, considering the way in which I made mincemeat of their language, as I read a portion of Scripture in Cree and tried to explain it to them.

I thank you and the Board for providing for an interpreter. We should have a much better attendance and more interest in the services in consequence. The Indians attend class and prayer-meetings fairly well, and in these I need no interpreter, as they take part freely themselves.

What we need here very much now is a bell on our new combined church and school-house. One can be got very cheaply now. The people have no timepieces, and come at all times to church and school for want of a bell. Any friends wishing to help the cause here could do so by helping to get one. Some money has been promised here for one.

Some of the ladies may ask, Do any of our Indians need clothing? Yes. We have an old, helpless couple, he blind and she nearly so, and sick and half-naked also; and there are two or three other old folks who need some; then there are about thirty children, some at school and some too small yet to attend, who are also needy, and for these we would be very thankful for a bale of clothing, as soon as possible, before the cold weather is over. The rest of our people are pretty well able to clothe themselves.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. B. C. FREEMAN, dated SKIDEGATE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C., Dec. 14th, 1894.*

I HAVE still to report much blessing on the work here. The reviving influences continue. During the summer, while scattered at the various fishing camps, the people manifested a much greater zeal in observance of the Sabbath and attendance on the means of divine grace than during the previous season. In this regard several of our local preachers did excellent work, gathering the people together and holding service with them whenever possible.

Early in the summer, feeling the need of a place of worship at the Oil Works, where many people stay during the fishing season, we pulled down the deserted Gold Harbor Mission-house and put it up there, where it served our purpose well. We have also re-seated the church at Skidegate, the expense of \$85 for material being fully covered by subscriptions.

The August boat brought Miss Ross, formerly of Bella Bella, as teacher, whom we gladly welcomed to the work. She has gone to work with such zeal and tact as promise good things for the school.

In September we organized an Epworth League here, which has now an active membership numbering nearly forty. Its efforts are confined to the Christian Endeavor department, and in street meetings, cottage prayer-meetings and regular services in the church its work has been much blessed of the Lord. Perfect harmony prevails.

During the summer and autumn I have made three visits to Clew, where I found Bro. Geo. Read doing with his might the abundance he found to do in the school and general mission work. My last visit was made in company with forty of the Skidegate people, Epworth League and others, in two big canoes, bound on an evangelistic visit to their Clew brethren. The trip proved a means of grace to all. We cheered the way with song, and in camp our people scarcely knew when to go to bed, continuing in prayer and praise till after midnight. At Clew we received a warm welcome, the people joining us on the beach in prayer and thanksgiving. We remained a week, and work was done which, I trust, will count in eternity. We organized an Epworth League there, of which I hope to hear good reports. Hopeful in the promise of Isa. iv. 11.



Letter from MRS. MAUDE RALEY, dated KIT-A-MAAT, B.C.,  
January 15th, 1895.

I CAN scarcely realize that nine months have passed since I wrote a letter to the OUTLOOK, which, through the kindness of Mrs. Parker, was published in the July number of last year. I remember I wrote while in Fort Simpson, where the District Meeting was being held. From there we proceeded to Conference in Vancouver, and we were so fortunate, in spite of rather a rough sea, as to sail south by way of Queen Charlotte Islands, beholding Skidegate Mission.

While Conference was in session, the Branch Meeting of the W.M.S. assembled, and Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Bolton and I enjoyed its privileges. The Branch seemed somewhat diminutive when I thought of the "Central" before its division, but it did not cause me to admire less the ability of its officers.

A happy Sunday in New Westminster, a pleasant but exceedingly busy week of shopping in Victoria, and we felt that our holiday was over.

We sailed north on a very crowded steamer, the best seat on deck a coal oil case; however, the purser made things as agreeable as possible.

Ten days elapsed before we reached Kit-a-maat; we found Miss Shelvey quite happy, a few people at home, and the village looking unusually well with the freshness of the spring, and as the wild roses came into bloom I thought it almost picturesque.

The people soon left for the canneries and we had a busy summer with life's ordinary duties and many extras. Mr. Raley and Mr. Anderson (who returned with us as teacher) did some necessary building and excavated a great bank and prepared the ground for a new mission house.

In July we enjoyed a day's visit from Mr. and Mrs. Crosby. We took our lunch and went up the Kit-a-maat river; in short, we had a picnic. In August, it being necessary that Mr. Raley have his mail, he hired an Indian woman to take him to Hartley Bay. Mr. Anderson went also, and I, not having experienced a canoe trip, decided to make one of the number. We were gone between three and four days. I enjoyed it very much; the "camping out" was a reminder of Ontario pleasures, but it took me a week to get rested. Our garden raspberries ripened in our absence and were a luxury for some weeks.

I think I must tell you that our "pilot" to Hartley Bay was the "huntress" of the village and an expert in a canoe. She will face a grizzly bear alone and is a sure shot with a rifle. She told me with a good deal of pride that her father was a great chief. She informed us that she did not want to marry though she had plenty of chances. At one time she wished to cross the Inlet, but Mr. Raley objected owing to the wind. She was much disgusted and threw him the paddle and said "you captain." He took her place in the stern. She afforded us considerable amusement; the women of the village say that she has not a woman's heart at all, but a man's.

The people returned about the middle of August but it was a long time before they settled down; they were getting native food for winter use. In September our new mission house was built; Mr. Anderson had to assist, so Mrs. Anderson and I had charge of the school for five weeks. A daily duty was to run down street and hunt up the truants.

Mr. Raley had to get the native teacher at Hartley Bay to help, he being a very good carpenter. He brought his wife and child, and I had two other men as well to board. Mrs. Anderson had her two little children to care for, so you may rest assured that life was no dream to us.

As soon as possible we moved into the new house, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson moved into the old one, and then we reopened our Home. We endured any amount of discomfort for several weeks. Of course, we have to use the building of last year for the Home, but have made a few changes. Mrs. Anderson gave up her bedroom for a dormitory for the girls, and the beds are after the plan of berths on board ship, so as to economize space. The boys returned to their old quarters in the school-house. However, as the season advanced, we considered the trembling structure too cold and unsafe, and now they occupy half the upstairs of our house. A few more children are seeking admittance, and I expect we shall have to devote another bedroom to them: then I shall have one corner left for my own use.

Some auxiliaries may wonder at not having heard from me, but it has been on account of the length of time it has taken for freight to reach us. Several bales shipped early in the fall are as yet only as far as Hartley Bay.

We have a chance to send out mail for the first time in seven weeks. We have been wonderfully fortunate this Conference year in receiving mail, getting it on an average once in three or four weeks.

The Christmas festivities passed off nicely, bringing the usual amount of labor for the missionaries. As a new feature, Mr. Raley taught the school-children several motion songs, and they gave an entertainment for the old people one evening, and a second for the parents and friends. Our Sunday School service is very popular; the church is so crowded that it is impossible almost to divide into classes. Young and old attend.

We have had steady winter since November 1st. For several weeks we had about three feet of snow, and pleasant, frosty weather. Since New Year's a severely cold snap has come, and now we have seven feet of snow.

The people are anxious to get away to hunt. They have been waiting for suitable weather.

The girls' sleeping apartment of last year and the kitchen form one room, which answers as kitchen, dining-room, and a spot (I won't call it a sitting-room) for the girls to stay in. We have a few less difficulties than formerly. Mr. Raley bought a good cook-stove, dishes, wash-tubs, and other necessary articles. When we opened the Home, the bales with bedding had not arrived. So much as we disliked it, the children had to bring their own. We bought a web of cotton and made hay mattresses.

The boys and girls came, as a year ago, some in a filthy condition, and nearly all destitute of underwear; in fact, some had not decent outer garments. By degrees, we have gotten them quite clean and suitably clad.

We need a matron so much, someone who can devote her whole time to the children.

Our running expenses exceed last year's, as we have more inmates. We are working still on the "faith" plain. We are deeply grateful to those friends and auxiliaries who have sent us money, bales of clothing, bedding material, and furnishings of various kinds. It is by these we are able to clothe the children. Mr. Raley will be glad to acknowledge in the *Guardian* or OUTLOOK all donations of money.

I trust I have given such information as will awaken a further interest in our Home work, and such as will satisfy the requests of those who have asked for a second letter to the OUTLOOK.

## Missionary Outlook British Columbia.

Letter from S. L. HART SPENCER, dated KISHPIAN, UPPER  
May SKEENA, B.C., Nov. 8th, 1894. 1895

IT may be of interest to many whom I addressed last year to hear something of this mission and of our journey here. We left Port Simpson on the 26th of August, and came to Essington on the Skeena River, hoping to get up to our own mission without delay; but travelling on the river was impossible, as the water was running so high, and it was not till after three weeks that we commenced our river trip. Even then, the water was very high; but we had a good, strong canoe, and a reliable crew of Indians—five in all. I had rather dreaded this part of the journey, having heard so much about the Skeena River. It has a fall of 865 feet in the two hundred miles; from that you may judge it does not flow very quietly nor slowly. We made our start at 2 a.m. one morning, having got everything ready the evening before, but too late to leave on that tide, and waiting till daylight meant losing the most of another day. The night was cloudy and showery. I hoped to be able to sleep, but though I had the most comfortable place in the canoe, I found it very uncomfortable, and sleep, out of the question. Daylight found us at the head of tide water. At seven, we stopped for breakfast. A heavy shower of rain did not add to the comfort of that meal, and my sympathy for missionaries, who have much travelling on the river, began to greatly enlarge. I thought I was realizing what some of their discomforts were, but the rest of the party did not seem in the least affected by the rain.

Breakfast and prayers over, a little warmed by the camp fire, but not any drier, we embarked again on our way. But travelling was so slow; the canoes have to keep near the shore to avoid the strong current. It is not often



deep enough to use paddles, so long poles are used; thus our canoe is pushed along. When the water is deeper, paddles are used. More force can be used with the poles, but poles and paddles were put down whenever there was a beach, or even a foot-hold along the water's edge. Then three of our crew would take a tow-line and pull the canoe, the other two remaining in to keep the canoe off the rocks; this was the fastest mode of travelling. To let your eye rest on the water one would imagine we were speeding along at a most rapid rate, but a look at the shore told we were travelling at a snail's pace. I soon learned to be thankful when we got along even at that rate, for so often there would be places to mount where moments would pass, and we could scarcely hold our own, though every nerve was strained to the utmost to force our way up against the water, which would almost seem to be pouring down on us, and often would come into the canoe. Then again, we turned rocky points that jutted out into the rapid current.

Those were exciting times, indeed; paddles and poles were kept in readiness, and it astonished me to see the intense alertness of our men, one second pushing with all their force against the rock with the pole, the next paddling with every power till the next point was reached, then down went the paddle, and the pole put into use again.

But what I dreaded the most was crossing the river. Sometimes they could cross in a comparatively quiet place, but usually the water rushed with all its force, and to feel ourselves in the power of those waters, being swept down, to me it seemed as if we must be swept away with some of the whirling eddies long before we reached the opposite shore, or crash with such force on the shore that nothing would be left to pick up. However, neither of these things happened, and on the whole, we made a good trip for the time of year, and I realized what made it so expensive travelling on the river or getting goods up the river. It cost us almost the price of our supplies to get them up the river; indeed some things costs more than their price, so that nothing that can be done without is brought up.

Our crew were very kind in pointing out all the interesting things along the river. One place they pointed out was a bold, rugged rock, rising perpendicularly from the water. Here the people in olden times believed resided the river-god, and in their coming and going up and down the river offered sacrifice, that they might have his protection.

But what impressed me most on the river was the great amount of drift-wood, heaps upon heaps. It seemed as if forest after forest must have been washed down to supply such islands of debris. I learned that every year the water changes more or less, often whole islands being swept away, and in other places new islands formed. Sand-bars are carried away from their old places, and deposited in other places, so that the course of the river is ever changing.

At noon, September 30th, we reached Hugwilget, the village where I hope a home for Indian children will be built in the near future. I was very much pleased with the place. We stopped here for dinner, went around a little, saw the vegetable gardens, found that from this place trails go out into the far interior, where there are many villages and many people living in heathen darkness. We were now ten miles from our home—this a part of Mrs. Spencer's Mission. A young man carries on the work here, lives alone, but seemed happy and contented in the work. We hurried off so that we might reach Kishpiax before night. We arrived here about 6 p.m.

Kishpiax, the largest village, is situated on the banks of the river. A little elevation at the back of the town reaches out till the snow-capped mountains cut the distant view. On one side a high mountain, covered with all the colors of the rainbow, reminded me of our woods at home—in front, the Hugwilget mountain, one of the most beautiful mountains I have ever seen, and on the other side, the river wound around, being lost to view by its winding course and the foliage on its banks; and in the distance the clouds touched the mountain tops, so that we seemed shut in on all sides by mountains, bringing to mind that Psalm, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem." And we can claim the promise, "so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever."

The people here live in large houses, many families living together with a common fire in the centre of the building. The cracks between the boards that form the sides, and the hole in the roof to let the smoke escape, supply the need of windows.

As we came in sight of the village the people came out of the houses, and when we landed there were many to bid us welcome.

The blessed work begun last year is still going on, with new converts from heathen darkness every week. The people generally are very much interested in the study of God's Word. The school and services are well attended; indeed, the school-house is too small for the Sunday services, which have been held in an Indian house. Bedding, clothing, skins, with boxes, etc., are all packed against the walls; boards are placed on sticks of wood for seats, and when they give out the people sit on the floor. A square of about ten feet in the centre of the room is without flooring, and a large fire burns in the centre of this. For once the dogs are put out. An occasional cackle tells that the hens have, like the beds, been packed out of sight. But a more reverend and interested congregation could not be gathered than in these services.

An Epworth League has been organized among our Christians lately, in which all seem very much interested. Still, even the most enlightened mind here knows very little. We need your interest and your prayers for our Indian work.

### *Missionary Outlook June 1895* The Accident to the "Glad Tidings."

A SHORT time ago thousands of hearts were filled with anxiety when it was reported that that the *Glad Tidings* had left Port Simpson for Victoria, with nine missionaries on board, on their way to Conference, and that ten days had passed without any word reaching Victoria as to what had become of her. As soon as the news reached Toronto the wires were promptly put in requisition, and rapid messages were sent to Victoria and Ottawa, the first to get the earliest word of the missing steamer, the second to urge the Government to send out a revenue steamer in search of the missing boat. Prompt replies were received, and the Government kindly offered to put one of their two steamers on the Pacific at the disposal of the society to begin a search along the intricate channels of the coast. Shortly after information was received that one of the Government steamers was on the stocks for repairs, and the other was absent in connection with the Boundary Survey Commission. A message was then wired to Victoria to charter a tug and send her out. Just at that juncture some arrangement was made by which the steamer *Maud* was sent out with a search party on board. Finally the welcome word came that the missionaries were safe, having been brought down to Victoria by the steamer *Danube*. Within a few days a private letter from Rev. D. Jennings came to hand, from which we take the following extract, which shows the nature of the accident which befel the *Glad Tidings*:

"I learn you had many anxious thoughts regarding the *Glad Tidings* and those aboard. We got into what is called on the charts 'Shelter Cove' on the 3rd of May, to escape the effects of a strong 'south-easter,' when we were attempting to cross Queen Charlotte Sound. Shelter Cove proved 'Disaster Cove' to us, for in it we got on a rock which chafed and tore the hull of the little ship until she began to take in water so fast that she became almost full. We took out all our valuables, as food, clothing, etc., and camped on the beach. We hauled the little ship near shore on a soft sandy beach, where Captain Oliver, with other help, put her in fairly good repair, and after four days' camping we were able to get up steam again and proceed on our way. We put back some sixty miles to Namu, where six of our party waited for the steamer of the Coast line, and reached Victoria midnight on the 12th. The *Glad Tidings* is now at Nanaimo. All on board at the time



of the accident are safe and, so far as I can learn, are very well. We are thankful for your sympathy and prayers. Long may the *Glad Tidings* float to carry the blessed Gospel to the tribes now perishing for lack of the bread of life."

## Along the Line.

### Indian Work.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. T. CROSBY, dated PORT SIMPSON, April 4th, 1895.*

I HAVE had a very blessed visit to Naas; the people were gathered there for the Oolichan fishing. We went up on the *Glad Tidings*; spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday on the river. Bro. Osterhout and his people were in fine spirits; indeed, it was pleasing to see the unity of feeling and action amongst all the Christian people—all seemed to desire to know what could be done to best advance the cause of truth amongst the heathen, and the most notable were a band of newly-converted people from Kishpiax, on the Upper Skeena, where it is said that Bro. Spencer has had a good work among his people this winter. Glad to hear from Bro. Neville, who had just come over the trail, of the good work done on the Skeena. May the blessed work spread!

As soon as we got back it was time to start for Kitamaat, while Bro. Pierce went to help amongst the hundreds on the Naas. Dr. Bolton, with two Indian carpenters, were on hand, who were going to Essington, where the doctor is putting up a building for a hospital. On the same night we had a blessed time with Bro. Jennings and his people.

Next day at 4 a.m. we were off to Claxton, where we rafted and loaded 10,000 feet of lumber and 23,000 shingles.

After having service there, we left on the tide at 11 p.m., and got up to Essington with our raft at 1.30. And now for a hard pull in the dark to get it to land. This done by about 3 a.m., we left with the down tide. Got to Low Inlet by noon, where we left a young man who had been at the hospital under Dr. Bolton's care. On to Hartley Bay, where we held service that night; and then, as it was calm and a fair tide, and we had a scow with 1,800 feet of lumber on board to tow, Capt. Oliver thought best to go on. We left at 11 p.m., and were up to Kitamaat to anchor by 6.30 a.m. Here we found Bro. Raley and people in good trim, having had a good winter. The people were all on the move up the river to prepare for Oolichan fishing. We had a blessed Sabbath, with the exception that my old trouble, the asthma, was on me. Sunday passed, and we were off. The scow a little lighter, as we only had lumber now for Kitlope church on board. We had with us a band of warm-hearted people from Kitlope, with Bro. Kelley, our native agent at that place. Bro. Raley was with us also, as Kitlope is under his superintendence. We made good time, and got to Kitlope by 5 p.m.

And what a change from meeting in olden times! Our party on landing were met by a large company on shore, all singing. At once an open-air service was engaged in, preaching, etc., just as two large canoes of heathen Indians from Kimsquit were landing. The people preached to them; and at once we met in a house they have been using for service. This over, the scow was unloaded. We had another blessed service at 7 o'clock, when we baptized sixteen adults and ten children; and it was a time long to be remembered. Then followed a subscription for the church. We got cash for part, and others promised as soon as they get money to have it sent to the mill people, who are to wait. So you see we teach the people to help to build God's house, and they will enjoy it the more. Next morning we had a blessed service amongst the people, and then left for Hartley Bay, where we left the scow, and put in at Low Inlet that night.

The following day, through a bad snowstorm, we reached home, having travelled about 440 miles in all.

These places are out of the way of the regular steamboats, and the work could not be done very well without the *Glad Tidings*.

### THE "GLAD TIDINGS" MISSION.

*Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, Native Missionary, dated PORT SIMPSON, B.C., March 18th, 1895.*

THROUGH the mercy of our Heavenly Father, the mission steamer *Glad Tidings* arrived home again, having been away seven weeks engaged in evangelistic work. We left here January 11th for the West coast of Vancouver Island, the workers on board being the writer and two Tshimpseans; the two latter were to be left at Naniette village, to work amongst the heathen people there until our return. When we reached Hartley Bay Mission we took on board a young man from Kitlope, who was there waiting to join us to help on the work. Our voyage round the West coast of Vancouver Island was a very pleasant and prosperous one. We did not encounter a single storm during the whole passage, going round Cape Scott, Cape Cook and Cape Beal it was something like summer weather. We were led to regard this as an answer to the prayers of God's people. The scenes that were witnessed of the heathen dances, potlaches, and debauchery were awful to behold. In some instances nearly the whole village was under the influence of liquor. They told us that they had paid six dollars a bottle for the whiskey. The poor creatures know that they are hastening to destruction, but are powerless to help themselves, and begged that missionaries be sent to help them out of their terrible condition.

This is a great field for Christian workers. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." The spiritual wants of the people out there call for much faithfulness and prayerfulness to God, in order that in some way the Gospel of peace may be spread amongst them. Before long "the night cometh, when no man can work." I may here mention that the precious seed sown during the trip was not in vain. At Nootka Sound village, where we spent Sunday, sixteen young men came forward at the close of the evening service and said that they were all ready to walk in the new way that leads to life everlasting if a missionary could be sent to help them. One of the leaders brought his two children to be baptized that same day.

We saw Bro. Stone at Nitenat Mission, but only for a few minutes, as we were unable to anchor there owing to the rough water. During the round trip we reached over 3,000 heathen Indians and held 116 religious services. Having magic lantern illustrations greatly helped to both instruct and interest the people at these services. At Uclulet village we found a Presbyterian mission just three weeks old. The missionary, Rev. Mr. Swartout, gave us a hearty welcome. At Victoria Rev. C. M. Tate joined us, and went as far as Union Mine. We had a most profitable time amongst the benighted Indians. In one of the meetings we held amongst the Comox tribe they begged us to send them a Christian teacher.

.. 17 MISSION



promoted to the office of Taotai in a neighboring city after the riots. (He has already been removed from his new office.)

The degradation and dismissal of the two Prefects who stirred up the riots by giving open credence to the slanders against foreigners.

The full reinstatement of the French missionaries and the public recognition of their status by the Sz-Chuen officials.

The rebuilding of all the missions, hospitals, schools, etc., belonging to the French (on a larger scale than before) at the expense of the Chinese officials.

The payment of compensation of between Tls. 700,000 and Tls. 800,000 by the ex-Viceroy, Liu Ping-Chang, *out of his own private hoard*.

The minor details have not all been arranged yet, but we expect to be in possession of the full particulars before the end of the month.

All the French missionaries are in Chen-tu and the other stations, and pending the rebuilding of their premises, residences have been found for them by the officials.

### The Rev. Robert T. Rundle.

WE publish in this number an excellent photograph of one whose name is not generally known to the present generation of Methodists, but which was well known to the men of a former day as that of one of the pioneer missionaries to the Indians of the North-West. The photo from which the engraving is taken was sent, together with the following sketch, by the Rev. E. R. Young, who recently visited the venerable missionary in his home in the north of England:

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—It seemed to take me back a long way in the history of our Indian missions when the venerable old veteran missionary, whose portrait accompanies this letter, said: "I was appointed to, and ordained for the work among the Indians of the Hudson's Bay Territories, in the month of March, 1840, by the Revs. Jabez Bunting, John Beecham, Robert Alder and Elijah Hoole." The speaker was the Rev. Robert T. Rundle, now well up in his eighties, but bright and alert, and full of interest in all that pertains to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. In a comfortable home in the north of England he is spending his last years, an honored supernumerary minister of the Wesleyan Church.

Thus I have had the privilege of spending with this servant of Christ, whose name will ever be associated with our Indian missionary work at Norway House, the Saskatchewan, were so delightful that it is a pleasure to respond to your request, and transfer from my journal some of the things there jotted down.

Mr. Rundle stated that immediately after his ordination he left Canada in company with the Rev. George Barnley and one other person. After six weeks voyage they arrived at Montreal, and were most kindly received and entertained by a Mr. Matthewson. The dear old man's face glowed with delight as he spoke of the hospitality and kindness shown to the young missionaries by the Montreal Methodist people. Other missionaries, of later days, can speak in similar strains. All too soon, however, they had to leave this earthly paradise, for "Soon all arrangements were completed with Mr. Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and we went up to Lachine, and were there put in their charge, as the agreement made in London was that they were to send us through on our long journey to our destinations in the interior of the country." Thus did Mr. Rundle speak of the beginning of their adventurous trip.

The boats in which they travelled were the famous north canoes, made out of birch bark, braced firmly and strongly with supple cedar, and made water-tight with the gum of the balsam. Manned each by a crew of the famous Iroquois Indians, this fleet of canoes annually made a journey sufficient to appal many a tourist, even in these days of railroads and steamboats. Up the beautiful Ottawa, often against its rapid currents, they paddled for days. Then on and across Lake Nipissing and Georgian Bay; on and on amidst storm and sunshine, along the northern shore of Lake Superior they pushed until they reached Thunder Bay. Here, turning directly north, they hurry on through treacherous rivers, making many portages ere they reach the Lake of the Woods. The days extend into weeks, and still they are on the way. Their sleeping-places at night are the rocky shores, where the day's paddling ends. Glad indeed were they when the last rapids of the treacherous Winnipeg river were run, and the long lake of the same name was left behind.

Mr. Rundle remained at Norway House for some time, awaiting the arrival of the Rev. James Evans, ere he went on to his appointment, which was designated "Edmonton and Rocky Mountain District."

In due time Mr. Evans arrived at Norway House, and here the two missionaries met for the first time. Mr. Rundle spoke in the very highest terms of Mr. Evans. He said: "He was a man of bright spirit, as well as of untiring industry. That he was a genius of the first order, was seen in his invention of the wonderful Cree syllabic characters."

"Our first convert at Norway House," said Mr. Rundle, "was a man by the name of Witchehan. His conversion was very clear. He became a true disciple of the Lord Jesus, and was most eager for religious instruction. We called him Number One, or the beginning."

After some loving united work together, Mr. Rundle went on to his new and untried field in the great Saskatchewan country. The journey of over a thousand miles was made with one of the Hudson Bay Company's brigade of boats, which, having come down loaded with pemmican for the northern posts, and furs to be shipped to England, was now returning, loaded with supplies for the next winter's trade with the Indians.

On this trip, Mr. Rundle made his first acquaintance with his Indian parishioners and said: "At the camp-fires on the trip, I began holding religious services with these Indian boatmen, and some of them in after years became earnest, faithful Christians." Here he also beheld for the first time the buffalo. Said Mr. Rundle, "From our camping places on the Saskatchewan river we could at times see them in herds so vast that the whole country seemed covered with them. They crowded all the plains. They were literally 'the cattle on a thousand hills.' The roarings of the buffalo bulls, for they were very pugnacious, were at times so loud and continuous, even all night, that sleep was out of the question when the great herds were near. Several times in subsequent years my life and that of my Indian attendant were in jeopardy from the very multitudes of these animals. Our horses were stampeded, and our camps on the plains over-run by the rushing herds which, because of the numbers behind, could not possibly retreat, although apparently alarmed at our shouts and the reports of our guns."

Mr. Rundle's headquarters were generally at Fort Edmonton, one of the large trading establishments of the Hudson Bay Company. Here he acted as chaplain, and regularly held service in English with the officers and servants of the Company. As opportunity offered, he engaged in work among the Indian tribes. Among the Crees of the plains and the Assiniboinies or Mountain Stonies, he seemed to have been most successful. Numbers were converted to God by his faithful labors, and missionaries to-day are reaping harvests which are the outcome of his faithful seed-sowing amidst dangers many and "perils oft."

Mr. Rundle talked very interestingly about Maskepetoon, the great Cree chief, whom he knew very well. He said that while he was a chief of great intelligence and ability, he was in those days fond of war and horse-stealing adventures. He was a great despot, and a man of ungovernable temper. As an example of the latter, said Mr. Rundle: "On one occasion, when Susewisk, one of his wives, offended him, he rushed at her and, drawing his knife, scalped her alive. Strange to say, she survived the dreadful operation, and I often saw and conversed with her afterwards."

While Maskepetoon was friendly with Mr. Rundle, he was for years so wedded to his warlike habits that, said Mr. Rundle: "I often saw him on his return with scalps from the heads of his slaughtered enemies."



## British Columbia,

Letter from the REV. S. S. OSTERHOUT, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., July 1st, 1895.

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—Often during the past few years I have been encouraged by the OUTLOOK. Its many bright and cheery words have enthused me with zeal and hopefulness. Perhaps a word or two from the Naas might benefit someone else.

The prospect was not the brightest when we arrived on this field, but having committed all to the Lord, tokens of His presence and blessing were soon manifested. Ever since the cause has steadily progressed, while heathenism in the surrounding villages ever loses hope. Converts and back-sliders reclaimed have almost doubled our numbers. Almost every Sabbath, during the spring and summer fishing seasons, souls are led to the Saviour, the poor Indians only hope, temporal as well as eternal. The small fish and salmon bring the population of the Naas within a very small territory during the fishing season. We look upon this opportunity as our harvest time, and every good influence available is brought to bear upon those still in sin and darkness. It is very gratifying, indeed, to see immediate results from our labors, and especially so here where other encouragements are few.

Our people seem to appreciate and realize the blessings of Christianity, and not infrequently tears course down their cheeks as they contrast their present life with that of former years. One sister recently said, "I was a very wicked woman. My heart and life were dark as night. No sin was too black for me; but Jesus who forgave the thief has now forgiven me." A bright-faced man of forty years said, "I have served the devil a long time without any reward. I was the loser every year, and yet whenever Satan had any daring deed to do I was ready for it. I mean to spend the rest of my life following Jesus, and praising God for His great mercy." There is always an utter absence of formality in their testimonies. They ring with sincerity of conviction and purpose, and their simple prayers are characterized by the same earnestness. They are not afraid to mention the names of their friends or those who are especial subjects of sympathy and prayer, and when they sing some of our old hymns, such as, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," or "When I survey the wondrous cross," they lift themselves and everyone else out of self into an atmosphere of praise and thanksgiving.

Nor is their religion always in the air. It often gets a foothold on the earth and proves effective. The sick of our own village are cared for. If a man, by accident or disease, is incapacitated to provide for his family, a suitable collection is taken for him. The sick of our neighboring villages, when left behind by their potlaching friends, are brought often to a comfortable home. Here they receive attention from kind hearts until death or recovery comes to relieve them. Several seeing this practical demonstration of religion have embraced it, and died trusting in Jesus. Our people also contribute to all worthy enterprises, civil or religious, to the extent of their ability, which of necessity must be small, seeing that they depend almost entirely upon their rifle and their net for income.

Our greatest enemy is the potlach, the life-spring of heathenism. It is the "Diana" of the Indians, and upon its altars are sacrificed yearly scores of souls. We sincerely hope and pray that the slight amendment made this spring by the Government in the potlach law, may facilitate its death and thus banish heathenism from our midst. I think if missionaries had been the interpreters and administrators of the law in this regard, that long since we should have been free from the thralldom of the potlach, and the stare of the necromancer's evil eye.

Letter from REV. G. H. RALEY, dated PORT ESSINGTON, 9th June, 1895.

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—While I was at Conference in Victoria, the saddest of events which have ever happened on the Simpson District occurred at Kitamaat on the 14th of May in the death of Mrs. G. L.

Anderson, the wife of the teacher. She was taken suddenly ill and died after nine hours' intense suffering. Mrs. Raley and I being absent, there was no white friend near, and the superstition and nervousness of the few Indians who were there prevented them from rendering any assistance. Thus was added to the husband's untold agony of separation and loneliness the performance of the last sad duties pertaining to death and burial. Owing to the isolation of the mission the news did not reach us till three weeks had passed, when by a mere chance (which seemed more like a leading of Providence) the *Glad Tidings* ran into Kitamaat on her return from Victoria. Mr. Crosby brought Bro. Anderson and the two children to Essington. Grief was universal when we received the tidings, and sympathy and condolence were extended to our beloved friend on every hand. Mrs. Anderson was a favorite with all our missionaries; her unassuming character and Christian kindness made her very much beloved. Mrs. Raley and I have reason to hold her in most grateful memory, not only for personal kindnesses, but also for the self-sacrificing interest she took in all mission work, especially "The Home for Indian Children," where without remuneration she toiled unremittingly. When we bade her "Good-bye" little did we think the Master would so soon call her to her reward. It is Mr. Anderson's intention to return east with his children next spring; in the meantime he, with his little boy, will find a home with us, while the little girl will be most kindly cared for by a friend. Words seem too cold and formal to express the sympathy we feel for Mrs. Anderson's relatives, who reside near Richmond, in the Province of Quebec.

## Christian Guardian Contributed Toronto Canada Oct 21st. 1895

### A TRIP ON THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

BY REV. B. C. FREEMAN.

If an account of a trip around the west coast of Vancouver Island on the Methodist mission yacht "Glad Tidings" may be of interest to the readers of your columns, it will afford me pleasure to have sent you the following sketch of such a voyage, from which I have just returned.

In June, while we were waiting at Port Simpson for a boat, by which to return home to Queen Charlotte Islands, word came that nearly all the people from my mission had crossed to Skeena River for salmon fishing. As the Skeena was already well manned for the season with our missionaries, I volunteered to my chairman, Rev. T. Crosby, under whose charge the boat is, for an evangelistic trip on the "Glad Tidings," and was readily accepted. Mrs. Freeman and babe crossed home to Skidegate to await my return in seven or eight weeks. It proved over ten weeks before I rejoined them there. Two weeks were spent on the ways, putting in a new mainmast, and making such other repairs and general overhauling as seemed necessary in anticipation of such a prolonged and exposed voyage.

By Saturday, June 22, we were ready to start. There were on board Captain Oliver and wife, Engineer "Dan," the Captain's little four-year-old nephew, Willie, and myself, besides Bro. Geo. Robinson, whom we were to convey to his mission at China Hat, and Miss Caldwell, formerly of the Girls' Home, bound for Kitamaat. Sunday was spent on the Skeena, where the Indians congregate from many miles up and down the coast and far in the interior for salmon fishing. From Port Essington Rev. G. H. Raley and wife came on board for their mission at Kitamaat, and Rev. F. Neville for Rivers Inlet. I will pass over our week's run down this frequented coast. The beauty of these inside passages has often been spoken of, and it is indeed worthy of mention, for I suppose there is nowhere else in the world to be found such an extended series of sheltered channels through which a canoe might safely run for hundreds of miles.

Monday, July 1, Miss Shelvey, teacher of the mission school at Bella-Bella, came on board from Wanock for Victoria. We had a good run across Queen Charlotte Sound, taking in tow two fishing boats, which were delayed by a light south-east wind. We dropped anchor off Nah-wittie village about 2 p.m., and went on shore



83 Immediately. Here I had my first experience with unadulterated heathenism. The people crowded outside through curiosity, and it was a motley crowd, in paint, blankets and filth, that collected on one of the little platforms they have erected in front of their dwellings on which to sun themselves. Then began a struggle for their attention. Our singing pleased them; but when I began to speak to them they interrupted me with, "Stop talking, and sing; the singing is good. Hi! Hi!" So we must sing again, and promise them more if they will listen a little. Finally we offered a prayer, and promised to return in the evening.

Near sunset we went on shore again, taking with us from one of the fishing boats a man with a cornet. The cornet gathered the people, and this time they gave us better attention. I spoke and sang, and besought until my throat was completely played out. It was affecting to see them squatted about, some of them moved to tears, but none daring to take the radical step. And no wonder, for they have no teacher to guide or support them. When I asked them why they would not turn to the Lord, one man with not unhandsome face, covered with brown and red paint, with tears in his eyes, said: "We do not know how." Again I did my best to make the way plain. Many seemed deeply convicted, but more can scarcely be hoped for until a teacher can be sent to them. The chief of the tribe, Jim Cooper, Ya-koot-las, a young man of rather prepossessing appearance and address, assured me of the earnest desire of his people that a teacher be sent them. I have detailed our experience here at considerable length, as we had similar experiences almost constantly at the heathen villages at which we called throughout the remainder of the trip.

Our first call the following day was at Fort Rupert, another village of the same tribe as that we had just left. Walking through the town, I saw painted on a board over a door the following legend: "Wakitish. On October 30, 1879, gave away property to the amount of 2,000 blankets, and has taken the place of Fat Joe." There were only fifty people at home, the rest having gone to the canneries for salmon fishing. They gathered readily at the call of the cornet for service. When we were ready to leave a chiefess stood up, thanking us for our interest in them, and expressing their desire for a resident teacher, that their children might not remain in darkness. That night we tied up at the wharf at Alert Bay, where the Church of England is working. We were kindly received by Mrs. Hall, wife of the minister here, her husband being too ill to see us. Pursuing our course on down inside toward Victoria, next day we called at a store at Salmon River, visited another Indian camp, and in the evening reached a lumber camp in time for service with the forty-five hands employed. Thursday evening we made Cape Mudge, and were warmly welcomed by Brother and Sister Walker, who have charge of the mission here. On Friday we had hoped to reach Nanaimo, but a heavy blow from the south-east compelled us to seek shelter in False Bay, where we did a little work among the ranchmen that afternoon.

Next morning we ran to Nanaimo, and took on coal. On Sunday morning I had service in an

Indian ranchery, just outside the town limits; next on board a big collier, the "Rufus Wood," among the drunken sailors, and then to my appointment at the Indian mission, which is under Bro. Cairns' charge. In the evening I had the privilege of hearing a sermon in English, and afterwards attended a W. C. T. U. meeting. We steamed to Victoria on Monday, where we were delayed nearly two weeks, caulking decks, repairing machinery, and taking on freight, before we were ready to proceed to the west coast.

It was the morning of Friday, July 19, when we finally cleared from Victoria, taking with us Rev. C. M. Tate and wife for Nitinat. We had good weather, though a heavy sea, through Juan de Fuca Strait to Neceah Bay, on the American side, six or eight miles from Cape Flattery Light. About 3 p.m. we dropped anchor, and went ashore to the Indian village. This is a place of considerable interest to the missionaries of Vancouver Island, as it is made a rendezvous by the Indians for smuggling whiskey across to the west coast of the island.

There is no resident missionary here, but the Government maintains a good boarding-school for the fifty or sixty Indian children of the village. School had just been dismissed for the summer vacation the day we arrived. About twenty-five of the larger girls, bright and intelligent, and speaking English well, had gathered in one of the houses to celebrate the occasion by singing and dancing according to their heathen customs. They joined us in singing some Gospel hymns, but would not attend the service to which we invited them. Surely the needs of this people should be pressing on the interest of our American brethren.

Next morning we ran across the Strait to Cla-oos, a village of the Nitinat tribe, where Rev. W. J. Stone is stationed. A comfortable mission-house here is nearly completed, and the Government has erected a neat and commodious school-house for the mission's use. Though there has not yet been time on this new mission for very marked results, the prospects seem bright for the future. Sunday's work was divided between this village and Wiah, two miles away.

Monday and Tuesday brought thick fog, but by Wednesday afternoon it lifted sufficiently for us to put out. Mrs. Stone and child, who accompanied us north, were a pleasant addition to our little company. We made a good run around Cape Beale into Barclay Sound, anchoring late in the evening in Dodger's Cove, near one of the Oiat villages. Next day we visited this and two other villages of the tribe. They gave us a ready welcome, and listened attentively. Here are more than two hundred people dwelling in good houses, making an easy living by sealing off the coast, but dependent for their spiritual needs on the very brief visit of a Roman Catholic priest once a year. Near evening we ran to Ucluelet, where we found the Presbyterians had opened up work last winter. We called on Rev. Mr. Swardhart, and were cordially received. He reports the work of the past winter as having been very encouraging.

Friday, July 26, brought us to Clayoquot Sound, and, calling at a store on the way, we tied up to the wharf at Clayoquot village in the afternoon. Here are about three hundred people living in the best houses I have seen on the coast. At the time we called two or three white carpenters were employed by the Indians erecting some handsome two-storey dwellings. Everything indicated easy financial circumstances, and a desire for civilized ways of living; yet, as with the Oiat, their only spiritual instruction is from the occasional and brief visits of the Roman Catholic priest. Those who were home gathered readily to our service, and gave good attention.

On Saturday we called at two villages of the Kelsemaht tribe, and finally dropped anchor off A-housett village 2 p.m., where we determined to spend the coming Sabbath. Going on shore, we were pleasantly received, and the people turned out unanimously for service in a big house belonging to the head chief of the village. These people, numbering nearly four hundred, are in the utmost darkness, and have the unenviable reputation of being the worst people on this coast. A few years ago their town was completely destroyed, and many of their people killed by a British gunboat, as punishment for the murder of the entire crew of a barque wrecked on the coast, and which they plundered. Now, however, they are desirous of being taught and would gladly welcome a teacher to their village. The Roman Catholic Church has been working among them many years, but seems to have failed to make any impression. A short time ago they indignantly drove the priest out of the place, and now he only visits them annually for a few days. When I landed a chief asked whether I belonged to the priest's Church or to the "come to Jesus" Church, referring to the well-known invitation hymn. When assured that I belonged to the latter he seemed much pleased, and gave our little company a very cordial welcome. Our Sunday's work there was very satisfactory, and I trust the Chinook chorus we taught them will not be readily forgotten. We were detained Monday by a storm raging all day. Again I visited the village, hoping to have another service; but I found the people engaged in dancing and potlatching, and could do nothing.

Tuesday, passing Hesquiaht, two hundred people, headquarters of the Roman Catholic



mission, we reached Nootka, population equal to Hesquiaht, in time for service in the evening. Next day we called at two more villages in the forenoon, and later reached Noochattet, population of nearly one hundred and fifty souls, and finally dropped anchor for the night at A-hatchet, of about the same number of people, and there had the fourth service of the day. Thursday we ran to Kyuquot, a large village of nearly five hundred inhabitants, and beautifully situated. The resident Roman Catholic priest attended our service, to which the people turned out almost unanimously. The day following we encountered a gale from the south-east off Cape

Cook, compelling us to seek shelter in Klaskanough Inlet. On Saturday we reached Quatsino Sound at the north end of the island, where we found some people of the Koskino tribe, with whom we proposed to spend our third Sunday on the coast. The Indians here do not number two hundred, but the place deserves special attention, because of the white settlers that are coming in rapidly along the Sound. The land is good, and steamboat accommodation convenient. Two steamboats ply constantly along the west coast from Victoria up to this point, making two or three trips a month. Besides this, a trail is being opened from the head of the inlet across the narrow peninsula, eight miles to the inside passage, for communication with the northern boats passing up and down.

On Monday we had fine weather around Cape Scott to Nahwittie once more. Only a few of our old acquaintances were home, many having gone to the canneries for salmon fishing since our call going south. Tuesday and Wednesday there was such a blow outside that we were glad to remain in safe shelter. By Thursday, August 8, the weather cleared a little, and we ran safely across the Sound to the sheltered passages on the mainland. I will not occupy more space with details of the remainder of the trip up the coast. Suffice to say we were still considerably delayed by bad weather and other hindrances, which were borne none too patiently so near the end of our protracted voyage. I arrived at Skidegate August 20, thankful to find all well under our heavenly Father's care.

We had been out from Port Simpson sixty days, and had run over 1,800 miles. By freight and subscriptions raised on the trip we covered within \$25 of the total expenses of the voyage, and now trust that this letter may be the means of eliciting tangible evidence of the interest of your readers in the benighted west coast of Vancouver Island.

desiring teachers to be sent to them. Kyuquot, population over four hundred, is a Roman Catholic mission, but the people turned out almost unanimously to our service. At Quatsino Sound the Indians do not number much over one hundred, but the place demands special attention because of the numerous white settlers coming in along the Sound. Then there is the long standing appeal of Nahwittie for a teacher still unanswered. Surely the cry of these places comes up before the Lord and demands a response from His church.

We reached Skidegate August 20th, and found all well under our Heavenly Father's care.

## The Indian Work.

Dec 1895. BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C., Sept. 30th, 1895.

BY the advice of the President of the Conference and Chairman of this District, our appointment was changed, and instead of going to Bella Coola as expected, we were sent to Kishpiax. We left the coast July 17th by the steamer *Caledonia*, expecting to arrive at our destination in about four days, but to our disappointment we did not reach Kishpiax for seventeen days. We were delayed in some places because the water was too high, and in others because it was too low. Coming through Kit-see-lass Canyon was a trying time. Tow lines had to be cut in order to save the steamer. This rather alarmed the passengers, and well it might. The captain declared that he had never seen anything like it since he had been on the river. On arriving at Hazelton we had to wait two days before we could obtain a crew to bring us here by canoe. Just before starting one of our canoes split and filled with water, damaging some goods. Fortunately it was discovered in time, for in half an hour more our goods would have been totally spoilt. On the evening of that day we arrived here in safety, and our hearts went out in praise and thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow. The first Sunday spent here I shall never forget. The sight of the poor people, as they were singing with all their hearts, caused me to shed tears of joys as I thought what the blessed Gospel had done for them. The head Chief, Kaak, and his son, who are among the leading Christians, were converted during the revival last fall. Shortly after our arrival here, Bro. Cole and I made a visit to Kish-ga-gass, the last village on the Skeena river. We had a blessed time. These poor people have never had a missionary to live amongst them, although they have been asking for one for years. Those who made a start during the visit of the Rev. J. C. Spencer and his people last winter, have all gone back to heathenism, because no one was there to encourage or help them. They urged us to give them a missionary who would enlighten them, and promised that they would all lay aside their heathen practices if one were sent. After this urgent request it was decided that Bro. Cole should go. About three weeks ago we had a visit from Rev. T. Crosby, Chairman of the District, which greatly cheered our hearts. What is greatly needed here is a church. Hitherto the people have worshipped in the school-house but the accommodation is such that many who would like to come stay away because of lack of room. When all the people are at home the Sunday services have to be held in a large heathen house. A plan of the proposed new church has been drawn up, the size of which will be 45 x 26 ft. The building, when completed, will cost at least one thousand dollars. The people and friends of the mission cause have already subscribed \$240.00 towards it. A grant from the Missionary Society would be a great help to these people in this undertaking. To obtain lumber and other materials means money. Everything is very expensive in this upper country. We are looking forward to a blessed outpouring of God's Holy Spirit this winter.

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## Along the Line

*Missionary Outlook*

The Indian Work.

*November 1895.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. B. C. FREEMAN, dated SKIDEGATE, O. C. I., B. C., September 3rd, 1895.

I HAVE recently returned from an evangelistic trip on Glad Tidings around the west coast of Vancouver Island. My people had gone to Skeena River for salmon fishing; so I volunteered to the chairman for a trip on Glad Tidings, and was readily accepted.

Our first call out of Victoria was at Neeah Bay on the American side, and from there we ran to Nitinat, where we found Brother and Sister Stone well and busy on their new mission. A comfortable mission house is nearly completed, and the government has erected a neat and commodious school-house. We spent in all sixteen days on the coast, holding a service wherever we could find a company of people.

Three Oiat villages in Barclay Sound are without other spiritual help than the brief annual visit of a Roman Catholic priest. At Ucluelet, to the north of the Sound, the Presbyterians are opening work. In Clayognot Sound there is no Protestant missionary at any of the four populous villages on this sheltered water. A-housett village, with a population of about four hundred, and anxious for a teacher, seems a particularly inviting field. North of this are Nootka, Noochatlet, A-hatchet and two other villages, with a population each of from one to two hundred, all



ANOTHER very busy season at the mouth of the Skeena has passed, and now this polyglot hive of industry is for a time broken up, and its inhabitants have gone to their respective homes to make ready for winter.

We have seven appointments that should be supplied every Sabbath during the fishing season. Sometimes there are too few laborers on the field to supply the work efficiently. We have, it is true, many local preachers, but it is difficult for them to make long canoe trips on Sunday after a hard week's fishing, during which their rest is so much broken.

But the work of God has been full of interest. The congregations have been usually large, particularly at Es-

## Along the Line.

*Missionary Outlook*  
Indian Work. Sept  
BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1895-

Letter from REV. W. J. STONE, dated CLO-OOS MISSION,  
WEST COAST VANCOUVER ISLAND, July 12th, 1895.

I HAD thought to have ready a brief account of work here, but am so busy with every kind of employment. There is the school (Mrs. S. relieves me sometimes), medicine, pastoral work, finishing and painting of mission house, fitting up the new school, etc., etc. We have a fine little building 24 x 30, nicely lined inside with matched lumber, furnished with sixteen good school desks; a 225 pound bell placed in a neat belfry. The building is also used as a church until the Lord puts it into the hearts of the Nitenahs to build a house to His name. We all feel deeply grateful to the Dominion Government for such a kind recognition. We now go further and ask them to enforce a compulsory education on their wards.

What we now need is a teacher, or rather an assistant. We have been looking forward to it for some time, and feel sure we will soon be favored.

The men now are all away to Behring Sea, where, in dense fog and on stormy waters, they earn their winter's livelihood.

In the midst of all these bright realities and pleasing prospects, materially, there is a certain unconcern for spiritual good. Will the readers of the OUTLOOK pray that these women left at home may find the Saviour, to tell the husbands on their return of Jesus' love?

## Along the Line

*Missionary Outlook*  
The Indian Work.  
Jan  
BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1896

Letter from A. E. BOLTON, M.D., dated PORT SIMPSON,  
B.C., October 29th, 1895.

IT is rather late to begin to give you an account of the summer work, but the convenient season, for which I have been waiting to write you a long letter, has never come. The annual campaign on the Skeena was commenced by spending a week early in April at Port Essington, getting a summer hospital building started. During April I also visited the Naas fishing stations. I was there for Easter services, and treated fifty patients, and made a run to Skidegate and Clue, Q. C. Islands, by *Glad Tidings*.

May 3rd found us at Essington, the new building ready for occupancy, with accommodation for eight patients us besides our staff. This building proved a great boon to and to the suffering. We cared for twenty-one patients in it this season. (It cost \$720.00 so far, of which \$580.00 have been raised, mostly locally.) As usual we had a busy summer, healing and preaching—eternity alone will reveal the real results of our efforts, but at times it seems as if we could do very little to stay the effects of disease and sin that confront us in many forms. I numbered

2,120 attendances, from two to fourteen miles distant. Services at the canneries, and indeed the spiritual life of our Indian fishermen, were sadly interfered with by the fishing, which present regulations allow to begin at 6 p.m. Sunday. We hope this will be obviated next year, as a largely signed petition is being sent to the Minister of Fisheries asking for a change. During August we had eight patients in the hospital at Simpson, and enough village work to prevent any idleness, especially as Bro. Crosby was away on his Upper Skeena trip.

September 4th to 21st was spent on a trip down the coast by *Glad Tidings*, visiting fourteen places and treating about 150 patients. In out-of-the-way places, like Kitamaat, Kitlope, Kimpquit and Bella Coola, the doctor's visit was much needed and appreciated, and at all the missions the deep spiritual interest was gratifying. After a few hours at Victoria, I returned by steamer *Danube*, having a quick trip to Skeena, where we were given the day at Port Essington, and my visit was opportune. Humanly speaking I was the means of saving a life there, that a day sooner or later would have been impossible. Through a mistake I was left by the steamer in the evening, and had to go on home by row-boat. Staying over night at Inverness, I was overtaken by a party of Indians, bringing a woman home to Port Simpson who had been seriously wounded at a logging camp, and needed surgical attendance which I was able to afford, and then went on with them.

We have also had the Port Simpson hospital enlarged and improved, and are in good shape for work now. Surgical results have been gratifying, e.g., in cases of four cataracts successfully removed, and in several operations of greater magnitude under ether. A boy left us last week with a sound limb from which a large portion of the shin bone had to be removed for disease. During his somewhat lengthened stay he perused the story of the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, each twice, and read the Bible a good deal for other Indian patients. He promises that his renewed strength and increased knowledge will be used as he has opportunity for Christ.

Mr. Crosby is off now with the *Glad Tidings*; people are returning for the winter, and in all departments of the work we feel that the interest and tension must not be slackened for opportunity is fleeting and souls are to be influenced, for eternity.

Letter from MR. GEO. L. ANDERSON, dated KITAMAAT,  
B.C., November 13th, 1895.

WE are very busy at Kitamaat—missionary, teacher and all. I think this must be the busiest place in all the world—one never seems to have a minute to spare. We re-opened the "Home" after our holidays in the same old building as formerly. The "Home" proper is being used pretty much as last year, but, owing to the sad break in my own family circle,\* I confine myself to one room, giving over my kitchen for the girl's work-room, and my store-room for the "Home's" clothes-room. This adds considerably to the comfort and convenience of the "Home." This year the girls all sleep at the new mission-house; the boys occupy the room adjoining my own in the old house.

The "Home" proper and the old church, now used as the school-house, are two miserable buildings. A missionary, once speaking to his superintendent about the dilapidated state of his mission-house, said he only had an inch between himself and the weather. That is about the state of things in our "Home," only I am afraid upon a close examination there would be many places come far short of even that much between the dear children and the weather, which is very severe here sometimes. The questions may be asked, Why do people insist on conducting "Homes" under such circumstances? or, Why don't they fix things up more comfortably? The last question is very easily answered, namely, for the lack of funds. The first, because of the wretched condition of so many of the boys and girls among our poor, despised Indian brethren. Education is what they need to make good citizens for our country, and this they cannot get unless we are able to take the children and keep them at school. This requires the outlay of a great deal of money, but what is that if in the end we are able out of these rude beings to make Christian citizens, worthy of our Canada. Under the present circumstances we are



able to feed the children under our care regularly upon good, plain, wholesome food; then again we are able to keep them clean and comfortably dressed; and lastly, which is most important, even in these shells of buildings, we are able to feed them daily with the Bread of Life, with the hope of some day having native teachers and preachers to take the place of the white missionary. None of these advantages would the children have were they in their old Indian homes, or roaming the country with their parents or relatives. You cannot readily understand that work carried on under such circumstances must be very trying to all connected with it, both mentally and physically.

To give you some idea of our daily routine, I may say that with our present staff, between the Home, school and general work of the mission we have little or no time to ourselves from six in the morning until eight and often ten at night. We hope in the near future to see a suitable Home built with a sufficient staff to meet every demand of this very important branch of the Indian work. We trust our Christian friends may never cease to pray for us and the dear children of Kitamaat.

\* The teacher's wife died last summer.—EDITOR.

## Along the Line *Missionary Outlook* The Indian Work.

*Feb* BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1896

Letter from REV. THOMAS NEVILLE, dated BELLA COOLA,  
December 10th, 1895.

LAST winter I spent at Kitzegucla, on the Upper Skeena. Have had the usual "ups and downs" in common with my brethren in the mission field, but a few words of personal experience may be of interest to some of your readers.

Early in November, 1894, the last mail arrived from the coast, and then we were shut up in our icy prison for the winter, without any word from the outside world and no way of sending any out. Our good Brother Cole must have been nearly seven months without any word or scrap of mail from civilization, while the writer was nearly six months, and then had to walk about one hundred and sixty miles across the mountains, on snowshoes, to get it. But even in the midst of this solitude and seclusion there was always one bright thought at least; though alone, yet it was with God, and orders came direct from Him.

For two full months the potlatchers of Kitzegucla, with their heathen friends from Kitwangak, Kitwankool and Hugwelget, kept up their heathen singing, dancing and feasting. Of all their heathen customs, there is no doubt in the mind of any missionary or other white person who has any sense of morality, that this potlatching is the most degrading and demoralizing. The heathen doctors were more than busy plying their miserable art. To my personal knowledge they had two victims who were hurried to untimely graves. In the face of such things is it not time that the Christian Church of Canada should cry out with no uncertain sound for the suppression of this miserable business which is a disgrace to any Christian nation? True, the Dominion Government has passed a law prohibiting the potlatch, but, owing to some unknown reason, it is a dead letter on the Pacific coast.

In my mind, and I don't stand alone in the opinion, the officers of the Indian Department are to blame for the non-enforcement of the law. When this law becomes a reality, and is put into force, we will have a native race of which no country will have need to be ashamed; but at present they are a disgrace to any enlightened government, and a blot on the record of a Christian one.

Thanks to the faithful work of Mr. and Mrs. E. Nicholas, I found some of the barriers that separate the heathen from Christianity had been broken down and quite an inroad made into the enemy's camp at Bella Coola. During last winter quite a number of the Bella Coolas gave themselves to God and ran well, many of them faithful to-day. Some were induced by their heathen friends, during the summer at the canneries, to desert the ranks of Christ and join their old comrades in sin. Since our return home from the canneries the work has been going along steadily and God has been acknowledging our labors by giving souls for our

hire. We have lately formed an Epworth League, and to see the way the members get to work, both inside and out, would shame many of their white and more talented friends in the society.

What we need is the prayers of God's people and a little of their sympathy. The work brings its blessings. None but the missionary knows the many anxieties, discouragements and drawbacks that come day after day. Preaching and teaching are not his only items of work. He is father (looked up to as such), physician, mediator and adviser in his locality. In times of sickness he not only dispenses the medicine but often has to administer the dose; if not, the patient will in all probability take all in one dose, no matter what it be. But in the midst of this we have the promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

work. *Missionary Outlook*  
*April 1896*  
A Mission Trip to Alaska.

By REV. THOMAS CROSBY.

EVER since 1876 (when with some of our Christian young men from here we carried the Gospel into Alaska, and a short time after that handed over the work to the Presbyterian Church of the U. S.), I have longed to visit them and see how the work was prospering. So after a Sabbath with Mr. Osterhout and his people on the Naas, we set off for Alaska accompanied by Prof. Odlum. We spent two nights and a day at New Metlakhatla with Mr. Duncan, who is so well known on both sides of the line. It is eight years since he left B. C. with about eight hundred of his people. In that time they have built up a beautiful model village, clean, orderly, and prosperous, with large church, good school-house, town hall, one of the largest stores on the Northern Coast, a salmon cannery, and saw-mill, which all tell of the plodding industry of the missionary and people, and God's blessing upon them. Mr. Duncan is, without doubt, one of the most successful missionaries that ever came among the Indians, and has done a wonderful work in the nearly forty years that he has spent on this coast.

Proceeding north, we called at Fits-can, and at the saw-mill in Tongars Narrows, and the Loring cannery, at which places we had service, and then made for Wrangel, which we reached Saturday night. This is the oldest of the Presbyterian missions in Alaska. It was here that our boys started services nearly twenty years ago, and here Philip McRay, one of our young men, the first Protestant missionary to Alaska, labored faithfully, and laid down his life preaching to the Stickeen people. Here we spent a pleasant Sabbath with the missionary, Dr. Thinguy, and his people. Besides the church services, in which we were delighted to join, we held open-air services which attracted many who would not go to the church. A small band of Christian Indians we had with us giving good help. Prof. Odlum spoke to the white residents Sunday living in the Count House.

We left Wrangel Monday morning, were delayed some by weather, but reached Hillsunoo on Wednesday, where there is a large oil factory. A large number of Indians live here, from 500 to 1,000. We found a Greek church but no priest. The Presbyterians had a mission here for a short time, but left. We had service in the streets, and afterwards at different houses in the place.

Friday morning we reached Sitka, the capital of Alaska. There the Governor and staff reside, also a company of marines, and there are two gun-boats in the harbor. There is a large Greek church, which dates from the old Russian period, and a Russian priest. But the religious and educational work is really in the hands of the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. A. E. Austin and his staff are doing a grand work here; besides the church in town for the white people they have a good church at the Mission. The boarding-schools they carry on have accommodation for 100 boys and as many girls, and they teach various trades. These pupils are from various parts of Alaska. Latterly, as the funds at the disposal of the Board were short, the number of pupils has been cut down. There is also a doctor in connection with the Mission who does medical work among the Indians, and a hospital is kept up.

Here Prof. Odlum lectured two nights to the delight of a large gathering of white people, the Governor in the chair.



87 We spent three days of delightful fellowship and work with Mr. Austin and the other missionaries, joined in thirteen public services, and came away feeling that we should never forget the great brotherly kindness shown us at Sitka.

We now decided to go on farther north to Chil-kat, one of the principal mission stations. This brought us again to Hillsunoo, where we spent the night. Monday, service again amongst the people. Next day we made only forty miles run, as something was wrong with our condenser, and we put into Fonturs Bay, where Prof. Odlum spoke to a number of white men who were putting up buildings for a quartz mine and stamp mill. Next day we made a short call at Seward, the outlet of another large quartz mine, and towards evening reached the Haines Mission, Portage Bay, Chil-kat Indian village, three miles across the portage.

In the early days of the Port Simpson Mission great numbers of these Alaska Indians used to bring their furs here to trade with the Hudson Bay Co., and it was from Chil-kat that Chief Rate-Sha and Rin-do Shan, with a large crew of young men, came to Port Simpson to trade, and heard the Gospel of God's love. This is well told in Mrs. Willard's book, "Rindo Shan's Wife." We went ashore and had open-air service, then on to the Mission where we met Rev. W. W. Worne, who arranged for service in the mission school, when we had a blessed time. Miss Willard, a native of Wrangel, who has been educated in the East, and is now teaching the mission school at Hains, is an excellent interpreter. We met also Miss Shutes, the matron of the Home which shelters twenty-seven children. Next morning early we had to heave anchor and seek shelter in another part of the harbor, as a strong south-east wind was drifting us to the shore. We got good anchorage, but were obliged to remain for five days, instead of one or two as we had intended. We held service two or three times some days, sometimes in the Indian camp three miles away or in the mission school-room (they have no church), and they steadily increased in interest till the Sabbath, which was a day long to be remembered. At the evening service at the mission a number made a start for the Kingdom. Among them a notorious gambler and drunkard wept aloud for mercy. The missionary said it was well we had been kept there, if only for the conversion of that one soul. Bro. Worne and fellow-workers all expressed themselves pleased at our coming, and their kindness showed that they were glad.

We weighed anchor and got off at three o'clock Tuesday morning, and had a fine run down the channel (the moon in the last quarter), past a magnificent array of snow-clad mountains and glaciers. It was up this inlet that about a thousand people passed last summer on their way to the Yukon mines. At 5 p.m. we reached the wharf at Juneau, the principal mining town of southern Alaska. There are also two camps of Indians near by. We soon found the Rev. Mr. Jones, Presbyterian missionary, who kindly opened his church for us. Our party walked through the streets singing, which drew a large crowd to our open-air services. We had a fine chance to give them the Gospel, and we think that many a poor boy heard it then who had not heard it for years. A crowd followed us to church, both whites and Indians.

Next day we had service at the Indian village in several places, and also at the church. And Prof. Odlum lectured in the court-house at 8 p.m.

Next day, Thursday, we left, hoping to make Wrangel for Sabbath. Passing by a large mining camp on Douglas Island, near Juneau, we got on about twenty miles, when we found the wind was so strong we were obliged to put into shelter. Next morning we tried again, but could not go against the storm so as to get to Wrangel for Sabbath; so we put back and ran to Douglas Island, where we stayed till Monday. Soon it was apparent that the hand of God was in this. We found a missionary of the Society of Friends, with whom we united in work, and held open-air and other services every day. The manager of the Grant mine, said to be the largest quartz mine in the world, did not give us much encouragement, but told us there was a large hall, called the Bear's-nest Mission Hall, which had been used by some travelling evangelists some time before—that we might have that for our services. And it suited us well, as it was near the Indian village.

Sunday was a very full day. We joined the missionary in his services, about two miles off, and he joined us in our

open-air meetings. In the evening we had a wonderful meeting in the Bear's-nest Mission Hall. Crowds came, and many wept at the Master's feet, and promised to meet us in heaven—whites as well as Indians. Many accom-

panied us to the ship, singing all the way, and stayed till late. Then Prof. Odlum, who had been speaking to whites at New Town, where he gave two lectures, came with a number of friends, wishing to hear our Indians sing.

Next morning Capt. Olun made an early start. We were off at 3 a.m., and though we had some rough weather, we made Wrangel by Tuesday night, where we had a most blessed time in services on the street and in Chief Sheeker's home, etc. South next day; Prof. Odlum lectured at Kit's Cove, and we made home Friday night.

We had been away longer than we expected, and some concern was felt at home on account of so much rough weather. We felt devoutly thankful for our trip, and the opportunities we had had of sowing the good seed. We held sixty-three public services, including thirteen lectures by Prof. Odlum, travelled over one thousand miles, and by the blessing of God without the least mishap. We were thankful for what we had seen of mission work in Alaska. Truly the Presbyterian Church is doing a grand work there. They have 6 ordained ministers, 7 churches, 820 church members, 700 scholars in Sabbath School, 8 day and boarding schools, and 37 teachers; 431 pupils in boarding schools, from 11 different tribes. The Government also is doing a good work for schools in Alaska.

## Along the Line

### The Indian Work.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. W. J. STONE, dated, KLA-OOS MISSION,  
WEST COAST, VANCOUVER ISLAND,  
December 12th, 1895.*

ALTHOUGH you have not heard from us for some time, we have been moving regularly along the lines of missionary labor. There is the sowing of the seed and the careful watching, in earnest expectation that God will, in His own good time, give the increase. There are a few who are diligently seeking a better life. These have given up the potlatch and the dance, saying they wish to obey God's law. The renouncing of those old customs brings no little ridicule from the acquaintances of the new believer. The potlatch is now on in full blast, more vim given to it on account of the law restricting the same. Then there is thoughtless countenance given to the custom by many of our own race. But those fully acquainted with Indian life, and having the moral and spiritual interests of the native at heart, know full well that it deteriorates the good more than anything else with which he has to deal. We do trust that now there is such a complete law to quell the potlatch there will be measures taken to have it enforced.

The men arrived home safely from Behring Sea, with only a small catch, however. The missionary accompanied them this year on their trip to Victoria, to be paid off. Matters went more smoothly with them, though a few were handed over for indulging in intoxicants.

Reaching their village again, all the people made for the creeks and streams or Nitenaat Lake, where they laid in their supply of fish for winter's use. While at their fishing camps we visited them for Sunday services. Living in their smoke-houses, we, too, had to choose one of these as our only place to stretch out in for the night. Here the smoke penetrated our blankets, our clothes, and, I believe, our skins also. As sure as we would return home out would go the blankets for an airing. Having read of the Premier of Canada's experience among these aborigines in his late trip along the coast, I would like to have given him the pleasure of visiting one of these haunts, and I am sure it would have afforded him a deeper coloring for his description.

Taking advantage of the absence of the people I made a long prospected trip along the coast of the island. Leaving KLA-OOS on the the old *Maude*, and accompanied by an Indian, we visited Alberni (the Shishats), Uclulet, Klakwat, Ahousett and Moatebit. Met the Indian agent (Mr.



Guilod) at Alberni; also visited the new Industrial Home erected under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. This is a fine building, made to hold between fifty and sixty. We found the workers patiently waiting to enter the new Home. We wish them every success in their undertaking to educate the Shishat Indians.

At Uclulet, the Rev. Mr. Swartout is carrying on work with a vigor that must bring success. Kla-kevat is an old mission of the Roman Catholic Church, which was abandoned a few years ago, but we learn that work is again taken up though no permanent missionary remains. This would be a good field if only the way was open. Next comes Ahousett, the central point, and one of great importance. The Presbyterian Board has opened up this field, and looking at it in every way it must promise to be the most successful on the coast. Then Nootka Sound, the last place called on, is deserving of special mention. The people of this Sound are divided into four or more tribes. These are without the Gospel. Living in ignorance, they however see their need, and cry to us for help. It is hard to have them ask us for someone to be sent and that we can only say, "Yes, we trust to send you help." Are we not pledged to this? Our missionary Brother Pierce, of the *Glad Tidings*, last year promised these Nootkas to send them a teacher. So when I called this winter they asked why the promise was not kept. Yes, and we are pledged not only as a Church, but universally by the command of Him who said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." As they earnestly look to us

"Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?"

Shall another season pass and no ray of hope—the immortal hope—be carried to Nootka? Let us say, "No" / and not only say it, but let us determine *now*. It is the will of the Master, and any failure to carry out that will must be our own.

We know, dear Doctor, that you are deeply anxious to supply the emergency—for such it is; so let us pray that God's storehouse may be filled this year with the tithes of those resting under His direct favor, that those dwelling in darkness may soon see "the morning light" breaking on their shores. But I am afraid we are trespassing on your space, so will close. Our prayer is that ere long all this West coast will be conquered for Jesus.

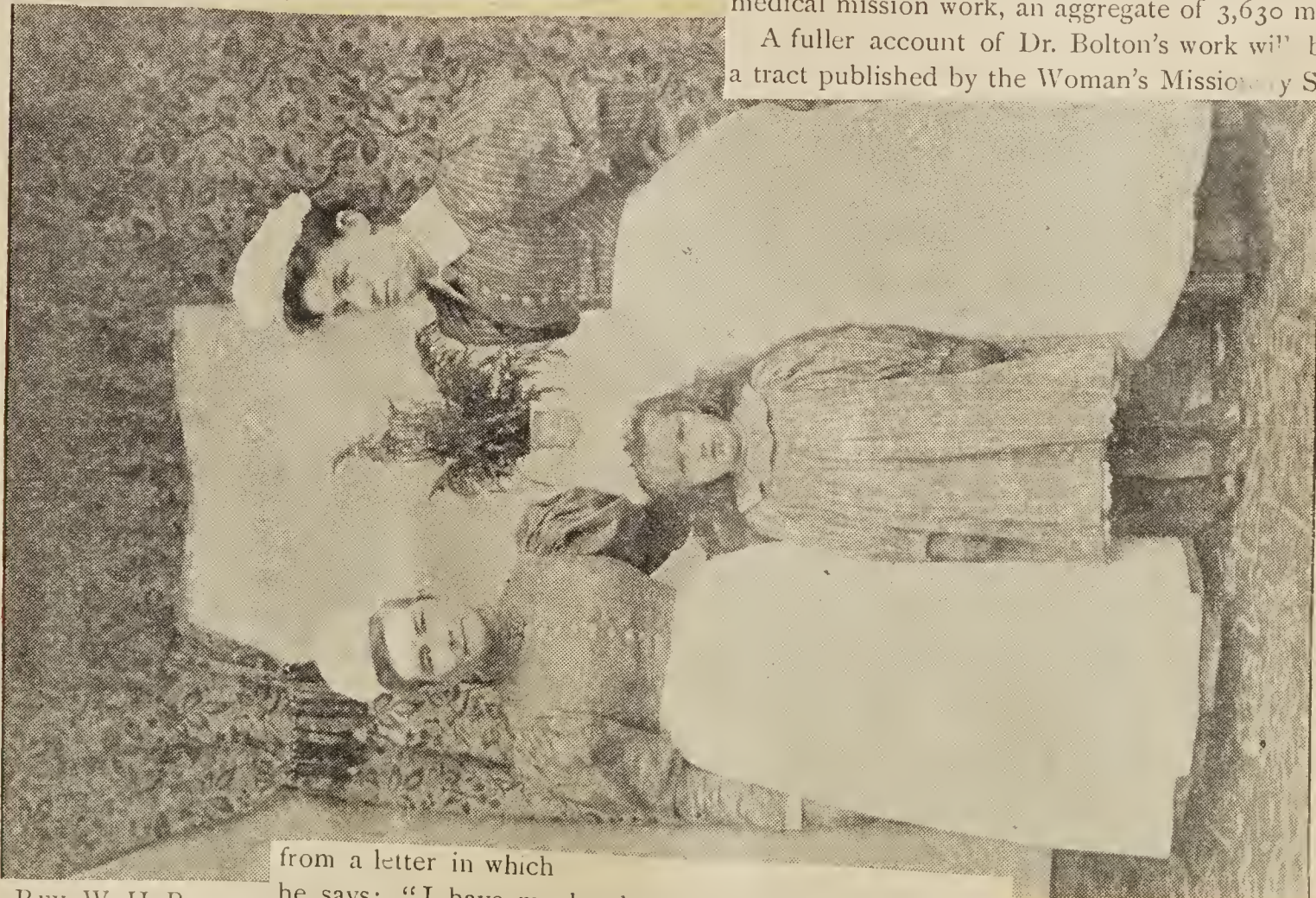
ON the Port Simpson District of the British Columbia Conference there are about 8,000 Indians, who were at one time a strong, hardy race; but within the past thirty years contact with wicked and vile white men, together with the liquor which they brought with them, has made serious havoc among the red men of that Northern coast.

For a number of years the Rev. Thomas Crosby earnestly desired and prayed for a physician who would be willing to forego worldly prosperity and ambition, and come to his aid. In 1889, Dr. A. E. Bolton, a man full of faith, with his no less devoted wife, responded to the missionary's call, and went to Port Simpson. The discouragements were many, but they were more than counterbalanced by many cheering tokens of success. Feeling the importance of a permanent hospital, a suitable building was erected in 1891, for which \$500 was granted by the Provincial Government, the remainder being provided by private subscriptions; the total cost when completed was \$3,000, with an accommodation for eleven patients and the staff.

The next seriously felt need was a trained nurse, which was met by the Woman's Missionary Society sending out Miss Spence; afterwards Miss Lawrence was added to the staff. A photogravure of those courageous sisters will be found on the first page, also of little Belle Bolton, who, it would appear, is following in the footsteps of her parents, judging by her thus early adopting the insignia of the profession. In this work a nurse meets with much that calls for great Christian fortitude; as we heard one remark within the past few days, "those nurses must be thoroughly consecrated women to go out there and nurse such Indians as will be brought into that hospital," and the remark carried weight, as it was made by one who is not ignorant of Indian life in its degraded conditions.

During his six years' residence on the Pacific Coast, Dr. Bolton's attendances have amounted to over 35,000; individual cases, 12,000; and in 1895 he "travelled by steam, sail, and scull, over British Columbia waters, on purely medical mission work, an aggregate of 3,630 miles."

A fuller account of Dr. Bolton's work will be found in a tract published by the Woman's Missionary Society.



TRAINED NURSES, PORT SIMPSON HOSPITAL.

MISS SPENCE.

BELLE BOLTON.

MISS LAWRENCE

from a letter in which

REV. W. H. PIERCE, the native missionary at Kish-piax, Upper Skeena, B.C., has had much encouragement in his work, judging from a letter in which he says: "I have much pleasure in informing you that seventeen children and twenty-nine adults have been baptized here within the last five months, the latter on profession of conversion to God. For several years we have labored and looked for their conversion, and now God has granted us a reaping time and the joy that accompanies it."

*Missionary Outlook March 1896*

*Missionary Outlook, March 1896*



## Woman's Missionary Society.

### OUR INDIAN MISSION FIELDS.

TO the Indian population of our great North-West and British Columbia we owe a debt which can only be cancelled by the gift of the Gospel of Christ. They are a part of the population of our own Dominion, and to us, as Christian people whom God has blessed with Gospel light, they have a right to look for Christian teaching, which alone can lift them out of the degradation of heathenism, fitting them for a better life here, making them peaceable subjects, and giving them a hope for life beyond. This is work which we dare not leave undone, lest they should be, as in the past, a scourge to punish us for our neglect. The watchword of to-day in regard to the Indian race must be, Christian civilization. Numbers of them, for whom Christ died, are perishing year by year, and we have done so little toward bringing them out of their darkness to see the Great Light. Ought we not to give of our abundance, to our brother lying helpless and sin-stricken at our very door?

"The voiceless silence of despair  
Is eloquent with awful prayer:  
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,  
Come over and help us, or we die!  
These brothers to their brothers call,  
And by the love that loved us all,  
And by the whole world's life they cry,  
O ye that live, behold we die!"

5

other vices had done their work, as many hopeless sufferers, some of them innocent babes, gave proof. Still the light was dawning. From the first it seemed to be understood that any girl desirous of improving herself had a training school open to her, or any friendless girl on perilous ground, or outcast trying to reform, had a refuge at the Mission. It was somewhat appalling when one day a dusky, unkempt little native made known her desire to live with the missionary and his wife, and do their housework. But a missionary could not say nay, and she was given a home. The process of training was not an easy one, and disorder, spoiled cooking and broken glassware strewed the way, besides the more trying moral faults and many a discouragement. However, this girl stayed in the mission house until she had become quite useful, when she was married to a native teacher, and set up a home of her own. A sweet singer and of a lively disposition, she has been able to make good use of her knowledge of the Bible, and of things in general.

Others followed in quick succession, remaining for varying periods, from a few months to as many years. Results varied. Two cousins came at one time from a life of sin in the Stickeen mining country. One gladly embraced the religion of Jesus. She married a Christian man, lived consistently, and died happy in the Lord, telling her husband—for she died away from home—to thank Mr. and Mrs. Crosby for ever taking her into their house, which had been the means of her salvation. With the other cousin the force of old habits remained strong—she took the downward course, and found her way to the streets of Victoria.

The daughters of these Indian tribes almost invariably marry young, and in those early years the girls taken into the mission house, in almost all cases, remained there until married, a few being married directly from there.

stones, is a neat dress of print or stuff, a good woollen shawl, and a silk handkerchief of ample dimensions tied about, or rather over, the head. Those who find their way to Victoria usually bring back some finery, the hat being a prominent article, and for gala days every well-to-do woman has a few fancy articles reserved, but the other style is the more common, and vastly the more becoming. Their houses in their uncivilized state were large lodges, built of slabs set on end, and roofed with bark or slabs,—a great hole left in the roof to allow the escape of the smoke from the fire in centre of the one great room. Sometimes the floor was planked, a space being left for the fire, or a platform crossed one end; and in some cases the house was partly excavated, and several steps were to be descended before reaching the level of the fire. Windows were unknown in old times, and the entrance was a small opening, while the great erect or totem-pole, that stood without quite near the door, indicated by its height the social rank of the family. The chiefs' houses were much larger than those of the common people, and each house was the home of several families. The religious ideas of these people were very vague. It was quite common at the death of a chief's child to kill a slave or two to attend it in the other world, and a supply of food in, perhaps, all cases would be kept at the grave. The winter months were made hideous by wild dancing and conjuring, dog-eating, and so-called fire eating, and the noted "pot-latch," where the chief of the tribe would call the other tribes within reach to witness his greatness, as with proud prodigality he would make his gifts of ten or twenty blankets to his guests of high rank, and of a less number to the less important people, till perhaps a thousand blankets would be given away, and the chief and all his tribe, who, perhaps, for years had been working for this display, were left impoverished in all but pride.

7

before, had left this, her only daughter, to the care of the missionary. Never very strong, the disease attacked her throat and lungs, and a quick consumption carried her off in a few weeks. The death of her mother, who had died trusting in Jesus, had made a deep impression on Jane's mind, and for a long time she had given evidence of her love to Christ and desire for heaven. During her illness her chief comfort was in texts of Scripture and singing hymns. The other case was that of a little girl about eleven—she had been in the Home but a short time, but she, too, knew Jesus as her Saviour. From Miss Hendry these girls had the care of a mother. No sacrifice of personal comfort was too much—night and day she watched them, and soothed them with her cheery words and hopeful spirit. This trial over, others followed. The girls were of various ages, from the child of nine years to grown girls. With increased numbers greater restraint became necessary, and to this some of the older girls could not submit. The force of the old, wild, free life was strong, and several left the Home, much against the wishes of those who had charge of them, who felt they were going for no good. The want of better accommodation was felt more and more, and by means of the contributions received towards the Home, chiefly during the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby in Ontario, they were enabled to put up a new building for a Mission house and to make the alterations necessary for the convenience of the Home, in what had hitherto served both purposes. Again death visited them. A little girl about nine years old, one of the many hereditary sufferers in this land, to whom had been given the name of Dolly Robinson, after several months of gradual failing, died trusting in Jesus.

In September, 1885, Miss Hendry was married to Mr. Nicholas, a lay agent in mission work. After spending a year on the Naas they have been removed to Bella Coola.



name. After the day's work is over, there is usually a little time for the little ones to play with their dolls, and the older ones to take up some fancy work, or they read or sing together. With two or three exceptions, they all speak English well. Such books as the "Peep of Day," "Story of the Bible," and "Pilgrim's Progress," they take great pleasure in, and, like all children, they delight in listening to stories. Every evening a text of Scripture is committed to memory by each one, and recited at morning prayers, sowing the good seed, which must bring forth good fruit in their hearts. Seventy-one girls in all have entered at different times. At the present time there are twenty children in the Home, ranging in age from one year to about sixteen years. This is work which commends itself to our support and sympathy as Christian women, for "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

In the North-west Territory there are about 30,000 Indians in the treated-for portions. Among these we have in Keewatin four missions, in Alberta six, making ten missions, manned by nine missionaries and seven teachers. These missions are scattered over an area of about a thousand miles square, and yet we reach but about one-sixth of the native population, or 5,000. In the wisdom of Divine guidance our missions have been geographically well placed, and thus we have reached the most influential tribes. In the above area there are four principal and distinct languages, as also a number of minor dialects of the the same. These Indians never had a home nor village until the establishment of missions, these gradually becoming centres. This constant moving from camp to camp has been one of the greatest drawbacks to education and civilization.

Here the value of such an institution as the McDougall

them each morning before breakfast and recite them, then on Saturday night all are repeated again. In their other lessons they show equal ability. As a rule they are contented, though sometimes when their friends go to see them, naturally enough the home-longing creeps in, but by judicious this treatment is soon overcome. Those whose friends are far away are perfectly content, they know they are better cared for, and acknowledge it. Then, better than all other knowledge, they are taught to know Christ as their Saviour. They have a profound respect for sacred things, and say they are on the Lord's side and that they love Jesus. In the school-room one day their teacher, in passing along looking at the lesson written out on their slates, noticed that one had written more than the appointed task, it was this: "I love Jesus because Jesus loves me." In one of the Sunday-school lessons occurred the verse, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." The teacher in explanation of it referred to every-day occurrences, where it was possible to practice self-denial and a thoughtful helping of others during the week following. The next Sunday being questioned as to the results, one girl said with a smiling face: "I tried, and have been so happy." Reticence is a marked trait in Indian character, and though these children are shy in speaking of their own experiences, yet there is no doubt they are trying to follow the Saviour. They all attend the Indian preaching service on Sunday morning and Sunday-school in the afternoon, they then return home and have religious service in the Home on Sunday evenings. The boys are instructed in out-door work and like it, especially those entrusted with the care of the horses and oxen. The girls are taught everything connected with household work.



## News from the Yukon.

WITHIN a few days a letter has reached the Mission Rooms from Mr. S. J. Mesher, dated Klondike, December 8th, 1897. The letter is addressed to the Rev. James Woodsworth, by whom it was sent on to the General Secretary. The writer, we should judge, is an earnest Methodist who has had some experience in mission work, and is naturally anxious to see his Church well represented amid the rapidly growing population of the new Eldorado. Mr. Mesher did not know, when his letter was written, that action was being taken by the Missionary Committee, nor will he be likely to know it until Brother Turner, our first missionary, arrives on the ground. The following extracts from the letter referred to will be read with interest by all friends of the new mission, and will give increased heartiness to the response which is coming from many quarters to the appeal of the Committee:

"There are about ten thousand people in the district. They are an intelligent class of miners, as a rule, from every nation under heaven, I think. English, however, is the only language spoken to any extent. They are situated in small towns and along creeks, in excellent form for pastoral work, the cabins along the creeks seldom being more than two or three hundred yards apart. Dawson City, the headquarters, has a population of anywhere between two and three thousand, as the people come and go. I judge that next winter its population will not be less than five thousand. Here are three churches, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic; also a hospital run by the Sisters of Mercy, and a school, run by the Church of England.

"I, who happen to have some experience in mission work, consider this a good field to labor in. The missions are thriving well, especially the Presbyterian mission. That, however, receives its greatest support from Methodists, of whom there prove to be a great many hereabout, and many of them good Christian workers. If a Methodist missionary came in here, he would find a people prepared and a field waiting for him. This mission, of all others, would be self-supporting. We should have next summer at least three men in the Klondike and Stewart River settlements. The amount of good a missionary can do here cannot be estimated. Solitude, and often poverty and disappointment, prepares men to receive a word in season. To my mind, no man alive can speak that word better than a Methodist missionary who is true to his calling. The men to be sent in here should be men of good education and pastoral talent. There should be a district superintendent, with headquarters at Dawson City. He should be one of our ablest preachers. One married man would find all necessary conveniences at Dawson City."

## The Klondike Fund.

OUR readers will see, from the appended list, that the response to the Committee's appeal is encouraging, as indicated by amounts contributed, and also by the wide range of places from which they come. It is true that, as yet, only a small fraction of the circuits have been heard from, and the others will report later on; but it would be very helpful if returns could be sent in promptly. It is not advisable to let a matter of this kind "drag its slow length along," as it only interferes with other Connexional interests at the close of the year. Immediately after the Executive Committee decided to open work in the Klondike, an appeal for funds was published in the *Guardian* and *Outlook*. Besides this, copies of the appeal, in circular form, with a supply of subscription slips and envelopes, were sent to all ministers, with a request to bring the matter before their congregations. Probably this has been done

in most cases, and from a Church so large and prosperous as ours a much more general response may fairly be expected than has yet been received. Please do not wait for the end of the year, but let us hear at once. The following is the list to date:

### Special Subscriptions to the Klondike Mission.

Amount previously acknowledged .....	\$629 94	Thomas Ryan, Winnipeg .....	\$25 00
Rev. Jas. Matheson and family, Toronto .....	3 00	Fred'ck W. Watkins, Hamilton ..	10 00
Rev. T. W. Blatchford and wife, Westminster .....	3 00	J. A. Smith, Centreville, N.B. ...	1 00
J. C. Robson, Byron .....	1 00	Rev. J. W. Dickenson, West Selkirk .....	5 00
Mrs. J. E. Richardson, N. Gower ..	5 00	Thomas McCormack, Copetown ..	1 00
W. F. Babb, Linwood .....	2 00	Mrs. W. Parker, Newcastle, N.S. ..	2 00
Mrs. W. Cunningham, Norwich ..	1 00	Rev. J. A. Clark and friend, Newcastle, N.B. ....	1 18
Don Mills, per J. Pearen .....	1 50	Miss Thompson, Seaforth .....	1 00
John Smith, Guelph .....	5 00	Rev. S. Bond, Seaforth .....	5 00
J. F. Middlemiss, Wolseley, N.W.T. ....	1 50	Orono Epworth League .....	5 00
Home Missionary 2nd remittance ..	2 00	Rev. W. H. Adams, Orono .....	5 00
Per Rev. Dr. Rose, Montreal .....	5 00	A Friend, Orono .....	1 00
Fleming Epworth League, W. J. Dimmick .....	4 00	A Friend .....	1 00
Wm. J. Smith, Smith's Parish, Bermuda .....	5 00	Rev. A. Brown, Owen Sound ..	5 00
F. J. Burrows, Seaforth .....	2 00	Wm. Allison, " " .....	1 00
Mrs. Lucy Histon, Burlington ..	10 00	Mrs. A. Frost, " " .....	1 00
Y. P. E. L. of C. E., Compton, P. Q., per R. Smith .....	5 00	L. A. Wilmot Mission Band, Fredericton, N.B. ....	25 00
Mrs. A. McFarland, Scranton, Pa. ..	1 00	Mrs. S. C. McLean, Spencerville ..	5 00
Wm. A. Bunner, Myrtle .....	2 00	A lady of Hamilton .....	5 00
Benj. Squire, Brookholm .....	5 00	J. E. Graham, M.D., Toronto ..	5 00
Mrs. Z. B. Lewis, Niagara Falls South .....	50 00	Mrs. T. S. Kendrick, Athens .....	1 00
W. F. Lawrence, Sarnia .....	25 00	"Welsford, N.B." .....	5 00
The Allison Family, St. John, N.B., per Rev. John Read .....	50 00	Harvey, Warner, Napanee .....	5 00
Mrs. J. R. Narraway, St. John, N.B. ....	2 00	Per Rev. H. J. Miller, Yorkton N.W.T. ....	15 50
Two Friends, St. John, N.B. ....	2 50	Rev. W. Patterson, Olds, N.W.T. ..	2 00
Joseph Philp, Ridgetown .....	5 00	J. W. Freeman, Freman .....	1 00
Joseph Ward, Montreal .....	5 00	Rev. W. Kettlewell, Galt .....	2 00
Mrs. J. C. Willmott, Wallbridge ..	4 00	Per Rev. W. Somerville, Hartney, Man .....	3 00
Mrs. W. R. and Ned Vandervoort, Sidney Crossing .....	2 00	John B. Hamilton, Waba, Ont. ..	1 00
Elizabeth Harris, Guelph .....	10 00	A Friend, Three Rivers, Que., per Rev. E. S. Morrison .....	15 00
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Rev. A. N. Miller, Mission City, B.C. ....	5 00	Mrs. Jas. Thompson, Dealtown ..	1 00
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R. J. White, Melgund, Man .....	2 00	Geo. Robinson, London .....	20 00
W. L. White, Melgund, Man .....	1 00	Two Well-wishers, per Dr. Rose, Montreal .....	10 00
Mrs. John Keeler, Melgund, Man ..	1 00	James Gray, Lemonville .....	1 00
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R. Jackson, Melgund .....	10 00	Mrs. A. P. Brace, Lemonville ..	3 00
Rev. W. Somerville, Hartney ..	9 00	D. Williams, Kingston .....	1 00
Mrs. George Pringle, Markham ..	1 00	Jonathan Ellis, Port Dover .....	10 00
"D," Charlottetown, P.E.I. ....	50 00	Rev. W. H. Learoyd, Epsom .....	2 00
Mrs. E. Chown, Kingston .....	10 00	Rev. P. L. Richardson, Montreal ..	1 00
Capt. Jas. Hardy, Gabarus, C.B. ..	0 50	Miss Carey, " .....	1 00
Rev. J. W. Turner, " .....	1 00	G. Q. O'Neill, " .....	1 00
A. B. Hooper, Fourchie, C.B. ....	1 00	No name, " .....	1 00
Collection, Gabarus, C.B. ....	2 50	Alex., Lydia, Frank Peden, and Alex., jun., Montreal .....	4 00
Rev. John Scanlon, Athens, Ont. ..	2 00	John W. Scott, Macdonald, Man. ..	5 00
A. James, Brockville .....	2 00	Robt. Horwood, " .....	1 00
A Friend, Kincardine .....	5 00	Small sums and collections, per Rev. S. O. Irvine .....	4 00
A Friend, Dorchester Street Church, Montreal .....	2 00	G. S. Miller, Brighton .....	5 00
Rev. John Davies, Stanstead ..	2 00	A Friend of Missions, Sprucedale ..	1 00
Rev. T. B. Darby, Greenspond, Nfld. ....	1 00	John Hayes, Lothair .....	1 00
"I wish I could make it \$10" ..	1 00	Joseph Randall, South Buxton ..	1 00
M. McM .....	5 00	S. H. Mayhood, Calgary .....	2 00
Rev. D. Rogers, Bluevale .....	1 00	A. W., Cobourg .....	1 00
Miss Nellie Henry, Copetown ..	1 00	Hugh Taylor, Owen Sound .....	2 00
A. J. Whitfield, Hespeler .....	2 00	Geo. Landreth, Galt .....	1 00
Mrs. W. W. Gould, Wooler .....	2 00	"D. J. B." .....	1 25
John J. Hodgson, Ayr .....	1 00	H. P. Moore, Acton .....	5 00
E. A. Totten, D.L.S., Lindsay ..	2 00	E. P. Clement, Berlin .....	10 00
"In His Name," Atwood .....	5 00	A. J. Peterson, " .....	1 00
Mrs. B. Brown, Toronto, in mem. Centre .....	50 00	Rev. J. W. German and wife, Berlin .....	2 00
John S. Fisher, Gorrie .....	1 00	Rev. W. C. Henderson, D.D., Berlin .....	5 00
Jas. Leach, Gorrie .....	1 00	A Friend, Oakville .....	10 00
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D.N.S., Tyrone .....	5 00	Mrs. C. H. Peppy, Baddeck, C.B. ..	1 00
Mrs. H. G. Shaw-Turcot, Montreal ..	1 00	Rev. A. Kinney, " .....	1 00
Fanshawe, per Rev. J. W. Robinson .....	5 00	Rev. G. R. Clare, Greenwood ..	5 00
Geo. Heron, West Hill .....	2 00	Mrs. W. Saunders, Ottawa .....	2 00
Burnhamthorpe, per Rev. A. F. McKenzie .....	3 00	Mrs. M. E. Callender, Melgund ..	1 00
Thos. Watkins, Hamilton .....	50 00	Wm. Hicks .....	2 00
R. W. Shoup, Guelph .....	2 00	J. Hilliard, Morrisburg .....	4 00
Matta Thompson, Arva .....	0 50	G. H. Broder, " .....	1 00
Mrs. Johnson, Seller, Micksburg ..	2 00	Miss Gibson, " .....	0 50
A. W. Crow, Louisville .....	1 00	Geo. Cameron, " .....	1 50
Mrs. at Miss Rogers, Sydenham .....	5 00	Mrs. Livingston, " .....	1 00
E. L. of C. E., per Mattie A. Clark, Waterloo, Que .....	2 00	G. Smith, " .....	1 00
Mrs. A. H. Fenwick, Shelburne ..	1 00	Lucius Flagg, " .....	5 00
A. T. Porteous, Cornwall .....	1 00	Mrs. Flagg, " .....	1 50
E. H. Brown, Cornwall .....	1 00	B. S. Wickware, " .....	1 00
Wm. Hamilton, Parkdale .....	7 00	Mrs. L. F. Sellick, " .....	0 50
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		South Edmonton, per Rev. W. B. Chegwin .....	6 00
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		J. L. Russell, Lethbridge, N.W.T. ..	1 00
		M. Pickard, Rutherford .....	3 00
		Mrs. Warner, Louisville .....	0 25
			\$1,642 12



On the bleak heights of British Columbia he has learned to know experimentally what privation and self-sacrifice mean. A friend of his remarked to us the other day, "Brother Turner is just the man for the Yukon; he knows what it is to live in a 'shack' and sleep on the soft side of a board." In all his fields of labor success has crowned his efforts. He is a man full of energy and enterprise and has just attained the meridian of his days. The pleasing feature of his appointment was not simply the perfect unanimity of the "Executive" in choosing him, but the hearty and heroic response he made to what he regarded as the call of duty. The likeness is an excellent one, and will no doubt awaken some interest, on the part of our readers, in the future work of the man who has gone to the far-off frozen regions of the Yukon, not in quest of gold but to succor the tempted and save the lost.

### Special Subscriptions to the Klondike Mission.

Amount previously acknowledged			
Huntsville, per Rev. J. E. Wilson	\$1642 12	Mrs. Samuel Baker, jun., Littlewood	\$0 25
D. Graham, Inglewood	5 00	Jessie and Myrtle Baker, Littlewood	0 25
L. Massey, Wallbridge	1 00	Samuel Baker, sen., Littlewood	1 00
A. S. Hallman, Berlin	1 00	Mrs. Weeks, Littlewood	1 00
Wm. Frank Hawken, Nelson, Man.	1 00	Mrs. Morden, Lambeth	1 00
Thomas Nicholas, Riverview	1 00	Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stevens, Lambeth	2 00
Emma Childerhose, Hartney, Man.	1 00	Victoria McLean, Byron	0 25
A. J. Brown, Tiverton	2 00	Samuel Ellwood, "	0 25
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Mrs. Wm. Weeks, Glencoe	1 25	Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Waite, Byron	2 00
W. L. Bowman, London	10 00	James E. Griffith, Byron	1 00
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Mrs. C. S. Wilson, Pictou	12 00	Miss Flawn, White Oak	0 50
Mrs. W. J. Jolliffe, "	2 00	Wm. Shore, "	0 50
Miss Post, "	1 00	Miss Davis, Tempo	1 00
G. C. Curry, "	1 00	W. M. Orr, Fruitland	2 00
Miss Conger, "	0 50	Thomas Taylor, Galt	1 00
A Friend, Rapid City, Man.	1 00	Enos McRoberts, Lauder, Man.	4 00
A Friend, Madoc	2 00	Rev. Geo. W. Snell, Perth Road	2 00
Harry H. Trowse, Comox, B.C.	2 00	A Friend, Kenlis, Assa	50 00
Rev. Elmore Harris, Toronto	5 00	Victoria C. E. Sharpe, Peterboro'	5 00
Nelson Bartlett, Cassville	1 00	G. T. Boulaing, Regina	5 00
Mrs. Bartlett, "	1 00	Hector Wood, Ivanhoe	1 00
Collection, "	1 60	Rev. Geo. Nickle, Ivanhoe	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Deacon, Stanstead	4 00	Miss Campbell's Sunday-school Class, Quebec	20 00
		Quebec Methodist C. E., per Rev. W. Sparling	1 65

Rev. James Turner. On the first page, as is known to all readers of the Outlook, is the brother who was the unanimous choice of the Executive for Mission Work in the Klondike. Brother Turner has already a record on the mission field which entitles him to a high place in the esteem and confidence of the Church. He possesses the ability, enthusiasm and courage which specially qualify him for the important post to which he has been assigned. He has already graduated in the school of hardship, and won the highest honors.

such as the command of Christ imposes, should go far to furnish a reply.

Sharon Epworth League, Chesley	3 75	W. Kellington	1 00
Miss E. Long, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	2 00	T. Kines	1 00
Rev. W. J. Kirby, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	2 00	Mrs. C. Cosens	1 00
T. A. Howard, Aylmer, Que.	1 00	Miss B. Spence	1 00
Pincher Creek, N. W. T., per Rev. S. T. Robson	4 00	H. Armstrong	1 00
Rev. Geo. E. Smith, Golden, B.C.	2 00	W. T. McKee	1 00
John Thompson, Pine River	1 00	G. Spence	1 00
Hope Church, Minto, per Rev. T. R. Fyde	2 12	A. P. McKee	1 00
Wilton, per Rev. W. Coombe	5 00	Andrew McKee	1 00
Rev. Thos. Cobb, Toronto	2 00	Mrs. Adams	1 00
"A Superannuate"	1 00	Trowbridge, collection	2 89
Adolphus Andrews, Lambeth	5 00	Molcsworth, collection	4 11
James C. and R. Brown, Holland, Man.	10 00	Rev. P. W. Jones, Waukegan	1 00
Miss J. Blyth and Miss J. Mehins, Somenos, B.C.	5 00	Mrs. Lyman Moore, Hamilton	5 00
Simcoe Street, Oshawa, per Rev. J. P. Wilson	7 15	Mrs. (Rev.) Kershaw, Mount Forest	0 50
Simcoe Street Epworth League, Oshawa	12 95	G. P. Rogers, Mascouche Rapids, Que.	2 00
Woman's Missionary Society, Penetanguishene	1 25	Woman's Missionary Society, Waterloo, Que., C. E. Bland	10 00
Wesley Baker, Littlewood	2 00	Edward Bowers, Hartney, Man.	1 00
		Griswold Epworth League, Rev. T. Lawson	5 06
		Isaac Skinner, Alexander, Man.	1 00
		Rev. T. Lawson, Griswold, Man.	2 00
		Edward Truscott, Alameda, Man.	2 50
		Edward Emmerson, "	2 00
		Rev. Wm. Elliott, Manitou, Man.	5 00

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Letter from the REV. THOMAS NEVILLE, dated BELLA COOLA, January 20th, 1898.

THE general mission work is moving along nicely here. This is one of the most depraved tribes of the Pacific Coast, yet the power of God is winning its way, and its influence is beginning to tell. There is not that outward opposition in the heathen village there was three years ago. Only last Sunday our church was full, though most of our Christian men were away hunting. If only the law were enforced relating to the dance and pot-latch, I feel confident that these people whom Sir Alexander Mackenzie called "scoundrels" would soon be followers of God and lovers of His Son Christ.

There has been a great deal of dancing in the heathen village this winter, but one can almost hear its mournful dying beat. I feel sure that it cannot last much longer. We have quite a few members who live with their friends in the heathen village, but do not participate in its festivals. I doubt if the influences are greater on a convert in Quebec than they are here at Bella Coola. One who is not acquainted can hardly realize what offers and inducements are made to get back to heathenism any who have declared their intention to become Christians.

I might mention before leaving this item that one of our members, John Maynard, died triumphantly on Christmas Eve. I never remember reading of a more glorious and happy passing away from earth. His testimony seemed to grow brighter as his body became weaker, and his last words on earth were, "Jesus has come for me." It was worth more in influence than many sermons, and his life and influence is still with us. Many of the people have said to your missionary they "wish to die as John died," happy in the thought of going to be with Jesus. May God grant their wish and make them steadfast. Methodism is still, as ever, noted for its happy deathbeds.

Letter from REV. C. LADNER, dated ROSSLAND, March 4th, 1898.

BRO. WOODSWORTH was with us last Sabbath for missionary services. Collections and subscriptions in advance of last year. This is more than was anticipated, considering the changed circumstances of our people, and the number of subscribers who have removed from the town. I hope our district will make a good report, and that advancement will be made on all our missions and circuits. You will be pleased to hear that Nelson and Kaslo Quarterly Official Boards agree to become self-supporting next year, making four in the Kootenay District—Rossland, Nelson, Landon and Kaslo. This has not been surpassed in any district of our Conference.

Here our circuit income is coming up well. We did the right thing to strike for independence, and to stick to it. Other fields have followed the example, and Rossland will soon return to the Mission Fund all, and more than all, it has received. Revelstoke and Richmond should be self-supporting next Conference.

We must have a man next Conference at Wardner, in Crow's Nest Pass, near Fort Steele. Lardeau is very promising; Grand Forks I will visit next month, and report to District and Conference as to giving them a man next Conference. Slocan City, I think, should be worked from Denver. Trail, also, is improving—Bro. Calvert has done well. They have plastered their church, made it comfortable, paid for the same and for the whole property, excepting a loan of \$500, and also provided for painting the exterior of the church.

You will have seen by the papers that the C.P.R. purchased the C. and Western lines of railway from Mr. Heinze, also his smelter. This purchase secures the future of Trail. To this I may add that several mines are now working on "Lookout Mountain," employing a number of Trail citizens. The outlook for business in both Rossland and Trail is more promising than last year. The War Eagle Co. entered into a contract with the C.P.R. to send one hundred tons of ore per day to the Trail smelter; so



*Letter from REV. T. B. DARBY, dated GREENSPOND,  
NEWFOUNDLAND, March 30th, 1898.*

I AM sending you P. O. order for \$2.09 for Klondyke. Our people are much interested, but they are very badly off. They are doing nobly many of them, but I am afraid I shall be nearly one hundred dollars short of assessment. We have no rich men, and many families have been fed by getting relief work from the Government. One man brought me a dollar the other day. It was the first he had earned for weeks, and although his family had very little, if any, meat or butter for months he brought this money to me. I did not dare refuse to take it, though loath to do so, knowing his need. After I read your letter *re* Klondyke Mission in the Church, two little girls brought me a cent each for Klondyke—candy and sweets were displayed in the shop windows as they came up the street. Probably they didn't have 20 cents pocket money in twelve months, yet they brought me their last cent.

You will have seen in the newspapers accounts of the terrible disaster by which 48 of our brave hardy sealers lost their lives. Twenty-six of these men belonged to this and the neighboring mission, Wesleyville. The Government laid upon me the duty of "breaking the news" in this place and neighboring islands. Two or three hundred men were out "to the ice" from this place, and this was the only report from the steamers since the storm. After I had read the fated telegram from the Colonial Secretary, and the words "25 dead and 23 missing" had burned themselves into my brain, and after a cry for help I went out to seek and share my burden with the Episcopal clergyman. The sun shone brightly, as if to mock the misery that would soon reign in these careless laughing people, who never greeted me as cheerily as they did that morning; and the cruel, treacherous sea, with its floating ice, looked as if it had never known a storm. Thank God, in that land "there shall be no more sea!" I only got back this morning from visiting the bereaved families on the other parts of the mission. Some of our people, we believe, were ready for the summons, and others we must leave with the righteous judge. In the homes of Christians the work was not so hard, but now and again some heart in anguish would ask, "If God is good, why did He let this happen?" or, "Oh! it is cruel, and God could have hindered." In my college days I used to think the words,

“ And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world’s altar-stairs  
That slope through darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope  
and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope,”

were beautiful. But as I tramped last night to see the last family, I thought "if that was all I had I couldn't bear it." This is the kind of work that knocks your perhapses and your maybes to flinders. If I hadn't a mighty Saviour to offer, and a Heavenly Father who couldn't see with equal eye a hero perish or a sparrow fall," I would get out of this work at once. Pardon this tax on your time, but it is the first chance I have got to share the burden.

## The Home Work.

SHOAL HARBOUR (Newfoundland Conf.), February 15th, 1898.—Our missionary meetings have been seasons of blessed influence. The good folk of Random are ever eager to gain information respecting the world at large, and equally earnest to do their best for the kingdom of Christ. But this year they have out-Randomed Random in their zeal. At each of our six meetings the

audiences were large, even to crowding, and the offerings, with the exception of those in one place, were above last years. Bros. Flemington and Chancey spared no pains in preparing their addresses, and the appearance of the same people at each meeting—journeying from four to ten miles to be present—is sufficient evidence to the ability of the speakers and the manner in which they were received.

We believe that the spiritual life of the Church is deepening. Expressions of desires to lead holier lives are frequent ; hands are held up in the public gatherings to signify a request for special prayer, and we are toiling on with a hope for even more powerful manifestations of the Holy Spirit.

W. J. HUTCHESON.

## The Indian Work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from the* REV. S. S. OSTERHOUT, *dated* NAAS RIVER,  
B.C., *February 14th, 1898.*

AT present the Naas is a scene of interest. The snow is exceptionally deep. Snowshoes and dog trains are all the rage. The villagers are busy cutting and hauling wood for home consumption and for the approaching "small fish season." Some miners are coming out of the Omineca district to join the excited crowds marching still further north. Other would-be miners are also on their way to Klondike, having chosen the Naas as their point of entry. It is an amusing, yet pitiable, sight to see men so full of zeal for the glittering dust that they hazard even life itself; men who never saw snowshoes, dog trains, toboggans or even camp fires, wildly venturing to scale hundreds of miles of icy mountains; young men and old, from banks, stores and farms, unaccustomed to the severities of northern climates, heedless of warning from natives or brother whites, rushing on to apparent death. Would to God that the world was as thoroughly aroused to a sense of eternal riches. How the devil's spectacles magnify the possessions of earth while the real possessions, through them, are indiscernible. We have had several chances to drop into the ears of these travellers the words of life, hoping that in camp or on the trail they may be brought to remembrance and perchance accomplish the purpose for which they were given.

Our mission work is quite encouraging. I send a group of our little tots in the school, ages from five to twelve. We have several older ones, but these are the hope of our work and we are very proud of them. I wish our readers could hear them sing the love of Jesus, repeat the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer.

We are this winter enlarging our Fishery Bay church, thus lengthening the ropes and moving the pins out a bit. Pray for us, that we may with increased facilities add greater numbers to the fold.

*Letter from R. J. WALKER, Missionary Teacher, dated  
CAPE MUDGE, B.C., February 1st, 1898.*

HALF of another Conference year has gone, and a few words in regard to the state of our Cape Mudge mission may be of interest. Since the return of our people from the fisheries there has been a growing interest displayed in all our mission work. As you will see by our quarterly reports, the attendance has been larger and more regular than usual, and for the month just closed the average attendance (twenty-three) of those of school age has been larger than ever before in the history of the school. The general interest in all our school work has greatly increased, and the progress has been likewise good.

The interested attention in all our religious services has been very marked at all our meetings, whether on Sabbath or week night. Our school-room is crowded, every available space is taken up, no matter what efforts are made to attract them elsewhere ; and although a great many things are continued which we deplore, yet, as we compare the people with their condition four years ago, we note the following improvements : Drunkenness on the Reserve has practically ceased ; the potlatch, though still continued, seems to be with flagging zeal ; immorality has decreased ; the health of the people, and especially the children, has improved. We cannot yet report any church members,



but there is evidently a growing reverence for God's Word ; a greater interest in and larger attendance at all religious services ; a desire to become familiar with the Scriptures. In this connection I think it is much to be deplored that arrangements are not made by our Conference that some of the older and more experienced brethren in it might visit missions situated as ours is, when some special effort might be made for the spiritual good of the people.

A few words in regard to the white work adjacent to this mission : There are, within a radius of fifty miles of our village, about eight hundred white people, mostly men, some married, with families all growing up without any religious teaching, except what is supplied by the missionary at Cape Mudge. True, they represent all classes and all creeds, many of them from the Eastern provinces, and a number from our beautiful and much blessed Ontario, very many from Christian and otherwise cultured homes. We find them surrounded by all the vices, temptations and discouragements of this Western coast. If there is a place in this world which will test a young man's religious principles it is a western logging or mining camp.

*Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated KISHPIAX, B.C.,  
Upper Skeena, January 6th, 1898.*

I WROTE you last year respecting the prosperity of the work of God on this mission. I am glad of the opportunity of sending you a few lines this year also. We thank God for sparing our lives, and continuing to carry on His good work amongst us. Notwithstanding all our trials, troubles and difficulties, the Lord is still blessing us by His Holy Spirit. Second Sunday in November a love-feast was held in the afternoon in the church, when several men and women received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and others prayed, with tears flowing down their cheeks, for the like gift. It was a feast of love to all our souls. It is cheering to say that our congregation is increasing rapidly.

sometimes we have more than two hundred persons who attend divine worship on the Sabbath day. Our Sunday School scholars are doing well ; the day school is in a good condition, and, on the whole, there is ground for encouragement. After Christmas we gave an examination to the



NAAS RIVER, INDIAN SCHOOL.

From a number of these settlements, early in 1897, came calls for help in the way of a service occasionally, and though there seemed to be great difficulties in the way—the great distances, dangerous travelling in an open boat, the unfavorable time of the year, etc.,—yet the attempt was made, early in January, 1897, to extend our mission with the following results : We have been able to reach over four hundred of these people at intervals, and regularly, on an average once a month, between two and three hundred, and though there have been dangers and considerable hardship, yet the success and blessing has been greater. Sabbath Schools have been started and regularly attended ; backsliders have been reclaimed ; cold hearts have been warmed, and we believe much good has been done.

In connection with this white work alone we have travelled over twelve hundred miles in an open boat on the most dangerous inland waters in British Columbia, and I think I can safely say, without once neglecting my school work or any of my duties as an Indian missionary. What little we have been able to do is only small compared with what could and should be done for the people in this neighborhood.

We had a short visit from Brother Crosby since Conference. He brought with him a breeze of life and energy. We visited together some of the white settlers, baptizing in all fourteen children, and still there are more waiting for his next visit, which we hope may be soon.

school children, which pleased their parents very much. Several conversions have taken place this winter during our special services. The Gospel of Christ, in defiance of every obstacle, continues to triumph gloriously in this dark place. The heathen are continually throwing away their old customs, renouncing the superstition of their fathers, and embracing the religion of our Saviour. Eighteen adults have been baptized and received into the Church as members this winter. Seven couples have been married, and others are preparing to follow their example. Our Epworth League is doing well ; they have made a trip to Hazelton and Hugwilget. Twenty-five of them are now in the woods sawing lumber to build a new school house—they have decided to pull down the old one and rebuild themselves, as the church may not be finished for some time. There has been no potlatching and very little heathen feasting in this village this winter. We have had no sickness amongst the people so far. Let the friends of missions remember us at the Throne of Grace.





ALERT BAY CHURCH AND CHURCH ARMY.

## Alert Bay, British Columbia.

BY THE REV. A. J. HALL.

HERE at Alert Bay the missionaries have sufficient tokens of God's blessing to work on in faith and hope. They are also often reminded of our Lord's words when thinking of those who have rejected the Gospel, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." It is a mistake to think the Heathen are eager to embrace Christianity, or that it is easier to convert a savage than one civilized.

Missionary work in one of our heathen villages is usually commenced by the missionary itinerating, who periodically stays three days holding services and teaching from house to house and round the camp fire. He returns and reports such a village favourable for a teacher, and when we can get one from England or provide a native teacher he is sent to reside there.

A missionary, I ought to explain, can in six months read fluently the Gospels and Prayer Book, and at the end of a year deliver simple addresses written in the native language.

We build a school twenty by forty feet and a little cabin. The children are collected daily, taught to read and write, to sing Indian hymns, and repeat prayers and texts of Scripture. The adults are visited in their homes in the evening, and then the children repeat what they have learnt at school.

There are always a few who regularly attend the services, and these are invited to a Saturday evening prayer-meeting and encouraged to pray for a blessing on the work of the morrow.

Here then we have the nucleus of a Church, and souls are led on to baptism and confirmation.

At this Mission we are in close touch with one thousand Indians, and after twenty years one hundred are baptized. You ask, "Where are the nine?" They have all been taught, but the majority positively refuse to accept baptism and take up the yoke of Christ. But there are those who come out one by one, and prove the power of God's Word.

We have two schools and a church at Alert Bay, and a missionary and school at both Fort Rupert and Gwayasdums.

Last Sunday there were seventeen at the monthly Indian Communion. The last to come up were eight men, who filled the rail. As I looked at them I loved them; I knew them to be faithful, and some had suffered for the faith. When I placed the Bread in their hands I saw the marks of hard toil ingrained in the palm, but those hands had often been lifted up in prayer and exhortation.

During the winter the Heathen assemble in large numbers. Last winter 500 spent four months at one village and 350 at another; next winter they will assemble at other villages. Every effort is then made to uphold Heathenism and to win back those who have become Christians. Last winter, at a large feast, a man who had been with us for five years publicly abjured his faith, and was welcomed back with songs and gracious speeches. Such things as these are the chief sorrows of a missionary.

Let us now look at these pictures. The man holding the flag is, I regret to say, the one who left us last winter. Will you pray for him and his wife that they may repent and return? The others are faithful members of our Church Army. During the winter they visit the heathen villages with a missionary and preach the Gospel. We have a monthly offertory, and with these funds food is purchased for these journeys. Their services are voluntary. Next to myself, nearest the door, is Michael, an eloquent man, full of zeal and a leader of the singing. The next, Charles, has passed through the Industrial School. Next to Mr. Corker is Joseph, a man who has for years steadily grown in grace; he



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, ALERT BAY: BOYS' PLAY-TIME.

is always listened to with great respect. Next comes Carey, wearing the cord girdle of the captain. He is a reliable man, thoughtful and just; not very eloquent, but his addresses are well prepared. He is thirty-five years old and has six children. Carey and Joseph read in church the lessons in the vernacular; they were both brought up in the Mission-house.



Mr. Corker is the Principal of the Industrial School, where twenty-five boys are taught and trained at the expense of the Canadian Government. This year we are preparing to receive thirty-five boys. I cannot speak too highly of this school; it is a Christian home, and already many have been led nearer to God. Four of the boys are communicants. They spend four hours daily in school and work four hours, the elder boys with Mr. Halliday in the carpenter's shop. At eighteen they leave school, and each boy is presented by the Government with a chest of tools. Having learnt a trade, he is sent forth fully equipped to earn his living.

About twelve are able to enjoy a game of chess, and when the boys are off duty the harmonium is never silent.

Thousands of tourists and miners on their way to Klondyke have visited our village during the past two years, and perhaps hundreds have taken a snap-shot at our famous totem-pole. It is carved from one cedar-tree. At the bottom is a figure of the raven with a beak nine feet long. The lower part of this pole can be removed, and when the upper part, which works on a hinge, is tilted upwards, a door behind is opened, and this forms one entrance to the house. The next figure above is the grizzly bear. Then comes a fabulous bird with a long beak called by the Indians *huh-huh*. Next is the figure of a man holding a copper shield with a wolf above biting the man's head. Above is a black fish or whale, the spike on the right being its dorsal fin; the eagle above has its claws in the whale's head.

The Christians have a graveyard at the back of the church, and the fourth picture represents the graveyard of the unbaptized. The figure near us is that of a man dancing with a sun-mask on. In the two top corners are sketches of copper shields. These shields are made of native copper; they change hands at nearly every *potlatch* or distribution of property, and are of great value. On another grave is seen the figure of a whale. On the left in the distance are three grave posts. One is surmounted with a sun-mask used in dancing; the other two by eagles, and underneath the eagles are "coppers," representing the wealth of the deceased.

Before the missionary came these people put their dead in boxes about three feet long, which were lashed to the branches of the spruce tree. Once I counted twenty-three such boxes in one tree.

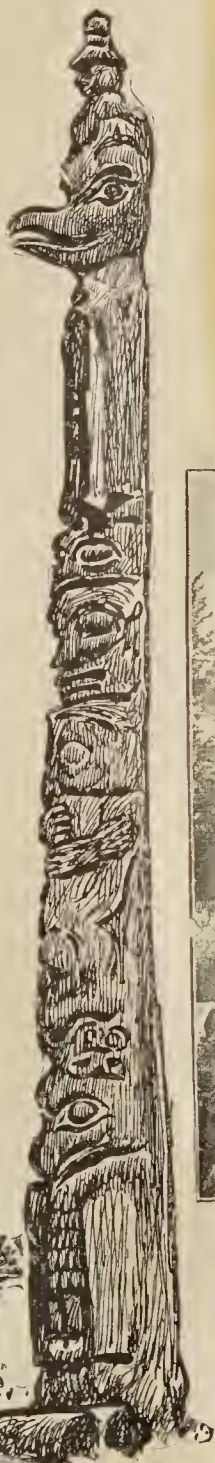
We have also at Alert Bay an Indian Girls' Home and a Cottage Hospital with four beds in it.

The Gospel has wrought a wonderful change in these people. Those not baptized have been evangelized and have long since given up all their cruel heathen customs of torturing the body. The missionary knows the names of all the Natives baptized and unbaptized; they all come to him for medicine and advice, and consider him their friend. You could travel now in an open boat alone six hundred miles along this coast with life and property quite secure, because every twenty miles you would pass a church or school.

With God's blessing on our schools and the faithfulness of our Native Church all the Indians will soon be brought into the Good Shepherd's fold, for the Gospel is still, as of old, the power of God unto salvation.

At another British Columbian station, Giatwangak, a chief asked the Rev. A. E. Price not to try to win any more young men of the village of Gitwun'lgol, lest there should not be enough Heathen left to raise the totem-pole.

At Alert Bay, two strangers, who did not believe in mission work, examined some girls from the school. "Well, well," said one to Mrs. Hall, "I know children, but these are splendid."



AN INDIAN TOTEM-POLE.



TOTEM-POLE, ALERT BAY.



GRAVEYARD, ALERT BAY.



## The Home Work.

### BETHEL MISSION, QUEBEC.

THE special services held at the Bethel appointment, this mission, last spring resulted in much good. July 29th, the Superintendent was at the three places, holding the Quarterly Services at Bethel. The services were well attended, interest and spirituality encouraging. A Board was held on the 30th July. The former pastor, Rev. F. W. Bates, has his admirers, who view him as a rising man. Rev. B. B. Brown is well received, and, with God's blessing, a successful year is before him. There was a small advance in the promise to pay.

E. S. HOWARD.



## Letters from Missionaries

### The Indian Work.

*Letter from REV. R. W. LARGE, M.D., dated RIVER'S INLET, B.C.*

OUR Bella Bella Indians went out to Goose Island in May to hunt fur seal. This island is about twenty miles from Bella Bella, and is in an exposed position. In fair weather the Indians start out at dawn and row, paddle, or sail away to sea. They catch the fur seal napping on the top of the water and shoot them. In former years they have done very well during the six weeks or two months spent here, getting between 200 and 300 fur seals, which bring anywhere from \$8.00 to \$13 a piece. This year the weather was rough and wet, and all the time they were out they did not get more than four or five days good weather. As a result they secured very few seal, and the big contribution of skins we had expected to help in the re-building of our new church resulted only in the securing of six, which we sold for \$70.00. To add to the disappointment of their poor success at hunting, an epidemic broke out among the children. I went out to visit them early in June, and found over forty sick ones. I never saw so many really serious cases among them at one time, and when I looked at the unsanitary condition of the beach and their homes, and the way they were huddled together, I feared we were going to lose some of our little ones. My supply of medicine was soon gone, and I returned home.

Four Indians in a big canoe came to Bella Bella to take me back to the island again. They were strong fellows, and although the wind was against us part of the way—to say nothing of rain—we made the trip in fairly good time and comparative comfort. I took back with me a tent, bedding, food and a good supply of drugs. On our arrival at Goose Island, many of the men and boys came down to the beach and carried up all my things. Some of them pitched my tent in the Indian house they had built for a church. Others helped by getting boxes for chair and table, and also tacked up one on the wall that I might use it for a cupboard. All this was voluntary, and to one accustomed to the want of visible appreciation on the part of the Indian, this welcome was cheering. They showed in many ways that they were grateful for my visit. I was very cosy indeed. The church is a log structure, perhaps thirty feet by twenty feet. The roof is covered with shingles of their own making, and there is no window in the building. The front gable end is left open, and this lets in ample light and fresh air. They had carried pebbles and small stones, and covered the ground so that it looked quite clean. My tent was pitched in a corner, and I slept and ate inside of it. The first night I found I had made a mistake. The small stones looked very well, but they were a hard thing to sleep on along about four o'clock in the morning. Next day I secured some boards—a rather scarce commodity—and I found them much softer to lie on. I remained four or five days, and on the whole had a pleasant but busy

time. In the good providence of God none of the sick ones died, although some were in a critical condition when they returned to Bella Bella. They came home the day after my return, and it was much more satisfactory treating them away from the odor of decomposing fur seal and fish. I gave them a talking to about being more cleanly in their camps; but when they leave their village they do like to drop indolently into the old life of filth, smoke and overcrowding.

As soon as we could safely leave Bella Bella, we came to River's Inlet Hospital, as many people were already on the Inlet. We arrived at midnight, June 20th, after a somewhat rough trip. Dr. Spencer had opened the hospital about a week before, and had done much to get it in shape for the summer's work. We had two Japanese carpenters at work about ten days, and had patients right from the start. The office calls and visits for the month have totalled almost 500, and there have been twenty in-patients during that time. This morning we had a family of fourteen all told, but some will be going out shortly. There are five of us to look after the hospital, and it seems to keep us all pretty busy with the nursing, cooking and housework, etc. Most of my time is spent in the office, or travelling from one cannery to the other seeing the sick in their homes. This week I have had to add to my duties of preacher and doctor those of a magistrate. There were a couple of cases to be tried, and one of the Fish Commissioners and myself sat on them. One Indian had been drunk and disorderly, and another had cut the net of another fisherman, and had hauled the greater part of it into his boat. I must say I do not take kindly to this work; but some one has to do it, or wrong-doers will have the impression there is to be no check placed upon them.

There is much drinking and gambling at times here, which should be stopped. Only quite recently a crowd of Indians were gambling and one of them pulled off his shirt and put it up as a stake. They gamble with two pieces of bone, one of which has a ring on it, the other has not. One player takes these in his hands, and under cover of a coat or something else, keeps them in motion, so that the others who are watching, while beating with sticks and singing, cannot be certain in which hand the bone with the ring on is. After he thinks he has his opponents puzzled, he stops, and they guess in which hand he holds the ringed bone. It is almost similar to the game of head and tail, only many play at a time. Two tribes generally take sides, one against the other, and gamble for hours, especially on Saturday when they are not fishing. Only certain tribes gamble, and I am glad to say that the Port Simpsons, Kitamaats and Bella Bellas do not do it, neither have I seen one of them under the influence of liquor. I have spoken to some of the cannery managers about it. Some of them say they do not allow gambling on the premises. One told me it was a harmless amusement and helps business. That is to say, putting it in plain language, he does not object to it because the Indians in his employ gamble away their clothes, etc., and have to buy more in the cannery store, on which a profit is made, and there is not so much cash to be paid out at the end of the season. White fishermen gamble openly, and so do the Chinese in their houses. The Japs and Chinese get up whiskey from below regularly—for their own use, of course—which is landed on the cannery wharf, and no objections raised. It is not much to be wondered at that the Indian takes exception to being treated differently to the other nationalities, and so buys the liquor from the Chinese mostly, I think. It is a difficult matter to deal with, and it is hard to say just where the greatest measure of blame lies. Everything is at such high tension, because so much is at stake and the season so short, that much is overlooked that should not be. While this is almost universally lamented, there is much uneasiness when one proposes having the whole thing straightened out. It may endanger the putting up of a good pack of fish. Sometimes we get the "blues," which makes matters worse. We are trying to realize that there is just so much we can do, and if that is done by us we can leave the directing of all these diverse forces to the One who has them all in His control and us in His keeping.



sailboats, a smattering of English, and a council to uphold law and order. Eaton's and Simpson's catalogues come to them regularly, and what more is to be desired; and yet they are not satisfied. As they sit in their white men's houses, around his stove, eating his rice and hard tack, drinking his tea, well sweetened with granulated sugar, their thoughts go back to the former days, and the older ones who have been left behind in this march of progress, strongly affirm they are now neither one thing or the other—poor specimens of the old-time Indian and very indifferent white men. They extol the time when they wore a bark blanket as their only clothing as protection against snow, wind and rain; the time when the boys and young men were trained to endure cold. Who now among them could go out in the early winter morning, when the strong wind blows, and bathe for an hour or more in the waters of the ocean and come in to a blazing fire and a rub down with switches, and feel invigorated by the morning's bath?

They note the prevalence of colds and rheumatism among them now; the rapid decay and loss of their teeth; the great demand for things out of their reach, and sagely remark that this has come because of a too hasty discarding of what was good enough for their ancestors. Where is the old-time freedom? A man used to be able to change his wife when he got tired of her, and get a new one, or exchange with another man—now the minister marries them for life, and all the little grievances which in the old days were good and sufficient reason for separation, have to be brought before him or the council and there settled with admonition not to let it occur again. He goes back to try and live the married life of the white man. Little breaches of moral law, which were neither here nor there in old days, are now the cause of the imposition of a fine by the council of chiefs. These chiefs in the old days possessed a different power. They were looked up to and feared by the people. They received their portion of the spoils of the chase, and their word was law. They were the possessors of secrets unknown to the other members of the tribe, and jealously guarded their rights. The dance, with all its fascinations, the songs that told of the prowess of their ancestors, and the worthy deeds of those still among them; the potlatch, with its distribution of gifts, equalizing wealth, have all gone. And what has taken their place? A greater knowledge of the civilized life, but not a corresponding increase of enjoyment.

And so they talk—for who can surpass them in this pastime? Saying many things that are foolish, some that are imperfect truths, and some things that have their source only in a vivid imagination. And while the result is not an upheaval, it creates a stronger desire in the hearts of all to get a more complete blending of the two lives—the old and the new, and thus get the greatest measure of happiness. Thus it is that we find some questionable feature in connection with apparently harmless enjoyment. A man gives a party and calls his friends to dine with him. They come dressed in their best, and a blessing is probably asked upon the food, and all goes well till the after-dinner time. Then some one gets up, perhaps, and gives a new name to the giver of the feast, and he in turn may distribute some small gifts, handkerchiefs, dress goods or spoons. The departing guests carry home with them food, and it may be a more generous supply is given to the head chiefs. Small things these, you may say, but they are the over-shadowings of the old potlatch.

One of their number dies and a tombstone is purchased. This must be placed in position at the grave. The firemen and the brass band are paid to do the work, and paid handsomely, and there is a feast afterwards, and perhaps gifts distributed in memory of the departed. Food, blankets, dishes, and clothing will generally be burned at the grave of the deceased, not once only, but several times. They are ashamed to be found doing it, but every now and then as one looks over to the graveyard a curl of smoke ascending bears testimony to the fact that old customs and beliefs die hard. It may be their friends do need these things, think they, and it does seem harder to rob the dead of their dress than it does to neglect the living.

A couple wish to get married. The friends come to the minister, who talks the matter over with them, gives a little

advice, the bans are called on three successive Sundays, and they are then married according to Discipline. But quietly, in many cases, a present of money or goods has been given by the groom or his parents to those of the bride, according to old established usage; and so we might go on and weary you; but I must now come to the experiences of the last few weeks.

In my last letter I told you a Port Chester Indian was training the Christmas choir. Early in December the festivities began, and we were pained to see that promises made to myself, Dr. Jackson, and others, were being broken. They said they wanted amusement; when their feasts were over they must have a good time, and not simply eat the food and go home again. This was their excuse for reviving some of the old-time songs and dances to be given as an amusement to the assembled guests. I told them of the danger of such a course; told them they were playing with fire, and someone would be burned; and also reminded them that they had returned to the old customs, and it would gladden the hearts of those tribes who still cling to them. The fever was on them, however, and they would not be dissuaded. They were going to expose the secrets that had been hidden from all but the chiefs in the old days, and make fun of their former pastimes. They entered upon it with zest, going so far as to paint their faces and decorate themselves in fantastic costumes, and the sound of the drum, and the beating of time with sticks to old songs and dances was heard in the new town. Our Christmas choir took part, as did also the Port Chester Indian. Some of our staunch members would have none of it; warned us of the danger ahead. After careful consideration we decided not to have our usual Christmas tree, to do away with the carol singing and the singing of their anthems Christmas day, and to have services every night Christmas week to try to win back the hearts of the people from their wrong-doing. They were decidedly shocked at the idea of taking such a course. They had intended to have all their own fun over with well before Christmas, so they would have ample time to be sorry and still be able to enjoy the Christmas in the church. The chiefs had a meeting and discussed the matter, and then invited me to a conference on the building of the hospital. After this had been discussed at some length, they asked for my opinion upon their recent conduct. In their simplicity they had concluded that no strong rebuke would be administered, as it would endanger the giving of free labor on the hospital. Right living is, in our opinion, the supreme object to be attained by our labors among them, and they were told kindly, but plainly of their wrong, and informed that we could not have as carol singers and church choir, persons who indulged in heathen practices. Then, one by one, they stated their views. The responsibility of their misbehaviour was placed upon the missionary, and they were incensed at being stopped in their good work of singing carols, etc. The missionary was informed that he could take his departure any time. Then they all went out. They were angry—too angry to be ashamed, and they said what they did not mean, as is usual under such circumstances. We were soon waited upon by many of the tribe, the oldest chief among them, and told to stand firm, and all would in time be well. Our church services were well attended, and we were daily encouraged by those who had the best interests of the work at heart. We had a good time Christmas—had magic lantern views after our service Christmas night, and had an attendance of 150. The services all through the week, too, were attended. The angry ones sang carols at the new town, and tried to have a good time, but failed, and gradually they came back penitent for the most part. They had acted very foolishly and knew it, and now feel very much ashamed. We asked them last week to carry up the hospital lumber from the wharf to the mission land. Over fifty men turned out to work the first day, and it was all carried up in a day and a half. It would have done you good to see them working—they wished to make amends for their previous misconduct. We had our meals in the same house where the chiefs invited me to the meeting, and now the little tempest in the teapot has subsided.

Perhaps some of you may be saying, is this the work we





REV. AND MRS. W. SPENDLOVE IN SUMMER DRESS.

## The Western Eskimo.

BY THE REV. W. SPENDLOVE, *Mackenzie River Diocese.*

CERTAINLY the Eskimo are among the most interesting people in the world. They inhabit inhospitable regions, and their lives, condition, and dwellings are the most pitiable that can be imagined.

I am a missionary to the Indians, but am greatly interested in the Eskimo, some of whom I have seen and have preached to them through an interpreter. They dwell in small parties along the sea-coast between Behring Straits and Cumberland Sound. Some are found on the shores of the Great Bear Lake and Coppermine River; others live somewhat inland near the dreary Barren Lands, Chesterfield Inlet, and at Marble Island; also on the bleak shores of Hudson's Bay and at other points.

The Western Eskimo differ very much in appearance, language, and habits from the Greenland and Labrador varieties of the same people. Notice the men in the pictures—they are tall and strong, and are all clothed in garments cleverly made by the women from skins of animals. Their boats are made of skin, and their *kyaks*, made of seal-skin, are a marvel of ingenuity. If the *kyak* capsizes, the occupant does not fall out, but simply turns over and rights himself. In this singular craft he rides on restless waves,

bobbing up and down, skimming and shooting along, feeling no fear.

Out of hard wood, bones, walrus teeth, musk ox heads, horns, copper and black-stone, the men make tools, implements and vessels such as spears, harpoons, fish-hooks, knives, spoons, buttons, and drinking vessels; and they carve out of the same materials various ornaments, such as dogs, fish, and human figures, very nicely.

The Eskimo live principally upon the flesh of sea-monsters, whales, fish and other animals, drinking quantities of blood or oil, with the latter of which they also besmear their bodies. In the winter, with blocks of ice and snow, they make huts of beehive shape, lighting and heating them with fish oil. In these *iglos* the Eskimo do nothing but eat, sleep, and quarrel for weeks together. In summer they travel along the coast, or ascend the Mackenzie River in their skin boats, whaling boats, and *kyaks*. Their summer dwellings are sod huts or a temporary summer house made of a few rough poles and a tent. They have but few actual pastimes except dancing (see picture). During the summer night, when for six weeks the sun is shining twenty-four hours, they dance to the beating of a drum, singing a monotonous wordless song, accompanied by shouting, gesticulating, and bending of the body, legs, and arms in every conceivable posture, making much merriment and laughter.

Some of the Western Eskimo have fair complexions. Most of them carry a large sharp knife attached to the waist. It is made from a file and is constantly handled



AN ESKIMO FAMILY.





AN ESKIMO DANCE.

praying to one as God. Certainly they practise no ceremonies or rites with any reference to their Creator. Frequent recourse is had to medicine-men and conjurers, who by a kind of witchcraft and very wicked practices seek to drive away the evil spirit from the sick ones.

Our C.M.S. Mission to the Eskimo in Mackenzie River is the most northern Mission in our Empire. Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker are the most isolated and lonely missionaries in the world. Here, amongst such people as I have described, our missionaries labour on from twenty to thirty years, enduring every hardship for

and appealed to for settling quarrels, disputes, or ordinary arguments; with it they sometimes kill each other under very slight provocation, being very passionate. An Eskimo will approach a missionary or trader, brandishing the knife in his face, and will thrust it close to his heart dexterously, just, as he says, "to try your pulse and nerve." They have acquired the habit of speaking softly, almost in a whisper, yet in a moment they will change the tone to one of extreme gruffness, accompanied by a hideous grimace, or they will assume a frightfully sulky, stupid look.

Eskimo mothers carry their children in a kind of pouch on their backs and do not attempt to clothe them until they are three years old. A sad part of Eskimo life is the fact that the men are polygamists, but they are passionately fond of their bairns.

These Western Eskimo have simply no religion. They believe in a Great Spirit, but do not feel the need of worshipping or

the sake of their Master Christ and those for whom He died. Pray for them.

"For each kinsman at his post  
Claim the dower of Pentecost—  
Comfort of the Holy Ghost.  
Brethren, pray for them!



ESKIMO SUMMER-HOUSE, MACKENZIE RIVER.





INDIAN SERVANT WITH LOAD OF ICE, HERSCHEL ISLAND.

have to live there. One of the coldest and most remote parts of the mission-field is Herschel Island, whence some of our illustrations are taken this month. It is in the far north-west corner of the diocese of Mackenzie River, and is the most northern of any of the Society's Missions — farther north, in fact, than any other in the British Empire. For a missionary to go there is, indeed, to be a "witness" for Christ in "the uttermost parts of the earth." The island is occupied by the Americans as a whaling station, and their being there made it pos-



## The Most Northern Mission Station in the British Empire.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

THE cold weather which we have been having lately has probably made us think of other parts of the world where the temperature is so much lower, and pity those who



AMAGOK (= A WOLF).



WOMEN AND CHILDREN, HERSCHEL ISLAND.

sible to open a Mission amongst the Eskimo on that part of the Arctic coast. Mr. Stringer, whose portrait, with that of his wife and children, is shown on the next page, was the first missionary to go there eleven years ago, and when his bride joined him a few years later it became their residence, and it was there that their little boy, Herschel, was born. After doing excellent work, and gaining the respect and affection of the people, the smoky camps, the cold winds, the unrelieved expanse of ice and snow, &c., &c., so affected their eyes that they were obliged to give up the work there, and have been transferred to the diocese of Selkirk. Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker have succeeded them.



The island is as cold, dreary, and desolate a spot as can well be imagined. There are no trees on it, nor within forty or fifty miles; a few stunted willows, a little coarse grass, and a few lichens manage to grow, and in the sheltered spots a few wild flowers bloom during the brief summer.

In mid-winter the sun is not seen at all for nearly two months, and in summer the place is often enshrouded in thick, gloomy fog. The Natives, as will be seen, retain their own native costume (although some of them like to have a European garment on the top), and the missionaries dress in like manner. Indeed, the cold is so intense and the winds so cutting that ordinary cloth clothing would not be a sufficient protection. The ice which the "Indian servant" is bringing is for drinking and cooking purposes, and has to be fetched from a little creek a few miles distant.

The Mission is at the whaling station, about ten miles from the mainland. A few years ago quite a number of vessels wintered there, and some hundreds of Eskimo were attracted to the spot from both east and west, but now that the whales have disappeared the ships have also gone, and the probability this winter seemed to be that there would be two ships to the eastward, but none at the island. This means that there will also be fewer Eskimo, and that the difficulty of living there at all will be greatly increased; for these ships, although not an unmixed blessing by any means, are a protection and source of supply to the missionaries. Two or three years ago, when there was no ship in harbour, some of the Natives

made demand-spares, the lives helper, Writaker prom-

themselves very troublesome, food which could ill be and even threatened to take of Mr. Whittaker and the lay Mr. Young.

ing about that time, Mr. Whittaker said, "The work here has no ise in itself of any encouragement, and except that the Lord keeps us here we could not stay, seeing all is against us"; and a little later, "My wife is really dying by inches of the loneliness, the barrenness, the care, and work. . . . She is little more than a skeleton, and has hardly strength to keep about."

"Drink" obtained from the whalers has been a cause of trouble among the Natives. Latterly, however, there were a few gleams of encouragement. Services had been held regularly, with an average attendance of forty-nine. Some of the people seemed impressed, and Mr. Whittaker believes that "God has good things in store for us among the Eskimo." A foretaste of these "good things" has just come from Archdeacon McDonald, who mentions having baptized, at his very earnest request, the first of these wild northern people. May God grant that, the "first-fruits" having been gathered, an abundant harvest may speedily follow.

[The photographs of Eskimo on this and the opposite page were sent to us by the Rev. C. E. Whittaker, of Herschel Island. "One or two of these," he writes, "seem more interested in our teaching than the rest."]



OONILINA.



OTOOMIKCHINA.



REV. I. O. STRINGER.

HERSCHEL STRINGER.

MRS. STRINGER.

ROWENA STRINGER.



June 1894



A FISHING VILLAGE IN THE NORTH PACIFIC. (See p. 90.)

## III.—A Fishing Village in the North Pacific (p. 88).

Our picture shows a fishing village on the North Pacific Coast. Lofty mountains rise in the background, pine-clad at the base, and along the sea-front are the wooden houses, and, in the distance, the wooden church. The beach is littered with fishing gear and spars of wood, with here and there a fishing boat drawn up ready to be launched when required. The life in such places as these is isolated indeed for the missionary, and it is no easy task to win the hardy Indians to love the Story of the Cross. But of many has it been written in the heavenly annals, "This man was born there"; and in not a few such villages, whether on the mainland or on Vancouver's Island, there may be found to-day a Native Church of living souls.

## Arctic Pearls.

BY THE REV. E. W. GREENSHIELD.

THIS is a strange title perhaps, a title that will make our readers pause and look again, and wonder if the writer is trying to be funny, or whether he is acquainted with the fact that pearls are practically unknown in the Arctic regions.

No by-play of words, however, is intended, neither is any mistake made, but it is a title which suddenly suggested itself to the writer as he looked for a few minutes at the pictures shown on the opposite page, and as the strange comparison struck him.

We all remember well the

parable of our Lord in St. Matt. xiii., concerning the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found one of great price sold all that he had and bought it.

These three little pictures illustrate incidents in the lives of two classes of men who are indeed seeking for "pearls of great price" in the Arctic regions, viz., those whose business it is to search for that huge monster of the deep, the whale; and, on the other hand, those whose higher duty it is to seek for the souls of

the Eskimo, the inhabitants of those far-away, desolate regions.

Let us look for a moment at the first picture, illustrative of the whaling industry. It represents the cutting up of one of those mighty leviathans, the size of which may be estimated by comparison with the Eskimo standing upon it and those gathered around. It has been killed a long way out at sea, and having been towed ashore by a number of boats, manned by sturdy Eskimo oarsmen, it is hauled high and dry upon the rocks, and the process of cutting out the parts needed for commerce is in full swing. This work is accomplished by means of sharp spade-like knives fixed on

the end of long poles, some of which are to be seen in the picture.

Only part of the bone in the head and the oil of the whale have any marketable value in Europe; but these items are valuable enough, especially the bone, which now is selling at about £2,500 and upwards per ton. When it is remembered that there is often nearly a ton of this valuable bone in the head of one whale, it can be understood that the man who seeks for whales in the Arctic regions practically seeks for "pearls of great price."

In the bottom picture a mass of the bone from the whale is shown, having been separated from the



rest of the carcase. It is evidently obtaining some preliminary cleaning from a few Eskimo dogs previous to that which it will need before it is ready for exportation.

But let us look at the central picture. It is an illustration of one phase of life of those other "seekers" in the Arctic, the objects of whose quest are indeed of "great price." It represents the building of a hospital on Blacklead Island, into which sick and afflicted Eskimo may be received.

There is a great deal of sickness at times in those pitiless regions, and sometimes serious accidents occur. In such cases it is the duty of these "seekers" to do all they can in their Master's Name to alleviate the sufferers. This has often, however, in times past been a most difficult matter when everything had to be done in the tents or snow-houses of the Eskimo themselves. Now with the addition of this small wooden hospital matters will be much simplified.

The hospital is large enough to accommodate about half a dozen patients, who however will doubtless be obliged to lie on the floor, as we do not as yet possess bedsteads. That will not prove an inconvenience or discomfort to the Eskimo, whose natural place of sleeping is on the floor.

The place is strongly built, to resist the terrific gales which are constantly occurring in that country. It is fitted with double walls, the space between these being filled with dried moss, or stunted heather, in order to keep out the cold. A slow combustion stove will be the method of heating.

Here we hope to be able to take in any poor suffering Eskimo from their cold and cheerless surroundings, in order to do what we can to relieve them, and as far as we are able follow in the footsteps of those early missionaries who were sent to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick.

All such work as building, &c., has to be undertaken with the greatest promptitude during the few weeks of milder weather



CUTTING UP A WHALE.



BUILDING THE HOSPITAL, BLACKLEAD ISLAND.



PART OF A WHALE'S CARCASE.

in the summer, when the snow has to a certain extent disappeared from some parts of the land.

In the foreground of this little picture may be seen our old friend the Rev. E. J. Peck, who has practically, like the merchant of the parable, parted with all, that he may win those Eskimo souls for Christ. In the background may be seen the late Mr. Jay Jensen, who, although he was a seeker of the pearls of commerce, yet of late

had learned to become a seeker after the pearls of greater value. The last thing he did on leaving the country was to help in the building of this hospital. He himself was called to rest, in Guy's Hospital, London, on Dec. 31st, 1903.

So much for the description of these small portraits, but may we not learn a lesson from them? Before that whale could be obtained there was the necessity of constant watchfulness. Day by day the boats must be manned, and the daily cruise must be taken, often in the midst of many perils. Men must isolate themselves in that desolate land, and cut themselves off from all whom they hold dear, and must endure many and various hardships, that these "goodly pearls" of the commercial world may be sought. Vast sums of money must also be expended, that whaling-stations and ships may be fully equipped; and how many a man has staked all that he had in the carrying out of this business?

Shall we, who seek for pearls of inconceivable value, whether our sphere be in the Arctic regions, or elsewhere, shrink from such duties as the seekers after the pearls of worldly gain would gladly fulfil? Shall we flinch from the enduring of hardships which they would undergo without a thought considering the end they have in view? Nay, let us be ready to endure hardness, to take the lowest place, and to do whatsoever our Master may bid us in seeking those "pearls" for whom He paid such a price.



## Pen Pictures of Pioneering.

### IV. IN HUDSON'S BAY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF KEEWATIN.

**I**N 1882 I was asked by the C.M.S. to go out to Hudson's Bay, and begin a Mission to the Eskimo on the western shores of this vast inland sea. The Rev. E. J. Peck was then at work at Little Whale River, and in order to get acquainted with Eskimo life and learn something of the language, it was thought wise that I should spend some months with him.

Leaving London in June, in a small sailing vessel, I landed at Moose Fort on Aug. 17th, and was met by Mr. Peck. After a few days we started for Whale River in a birch bark canoe. The distance is only about 500 miles, but the journey took us over a month, a time of no slight hardship for a beginner.

I spent the winter at Whale River, living as much as possible with the Eskimo, and learning to speak their language as a child learns to speak, which is by far the best way of acquiring any language.

In April, 1883, I left Little Whale River to get to Fort Churchill, on the western side of Hudson's Bay. On July 2nd I reached Moose Fort, and after a few days there started on a canoe journey of twenty-one days to Michipicoton, on Lake Superior, for there was then no Canadian Pacific Railway.

I finally reached Winnipeg—then only a very small town, with awful streets—and after a time started for the north to try to reach York Factory. Most of the way was by birch bark canoe, and we had a rough time, but we arrived at our destination on Oct. 2nd, having been travelling quite five months, and covering in that time fully 3,000 miles.

I was still 200 miles away from Churchill, but found it was impossible to go any further, for winter was setting in, and no boat could get through to Churchill. I had therefore to remain at York Factory, and got an insight into Indian work with the Rev. G. S. Winter, who was then in charge of this Mission. In the following February I was told there was a chance of paying a visit to Churchill if I could walk; the distance was only 200 miles, and after staying there a month I should have to walk back.

February is not quite a summer month in these regions! The journey took us eight days, and the thermometer was never higher than thirty degrees below zero. Every man in our party was frozen, the missionary included, but we reached Churchill, and I spent a month there and saw many of the Eskimo who came in from the far north, after which I trotted back to York Factory in six days.

The following summer, 1884, the Rev. G. S. Winter and his family went to England on furlough, and I had to take charge of his Mission; but in July I heard that a certain young lady whom I knew something of at

home was coming out to join me in my work and to make two workers one. The ship in which she was to come from England went first to Churchill, and I thought it would never do to let her land there without any one to meet her, so I started out along the shores of Hudson's Bay for another walk of 200 miles. There are no roads in this part of the country, and as the western shores of the Bay are very flat, most of the walking is through swamps up to the knees in water. However, we got there in eight days, footsore and weary, and waited anxiously for the ship; but she did not appear until I had been a month at Churchill. When she arrived I went on board with great expectations, only to be told that the young lady had been prevented from coming! I had to return to York Factory low spirited and weary.

The Rev. G. S. Winter and his family left for home a week after I got back, and during the winter of 1884 I carried on the Mission at York Factory. In July, 1885, I received the good news that this year the young lady was really coming out, and I joyfully started for another walk of 200 miles to Churchill. This trip was a pretty hard one, for we were two whole days without food, and, of course, could get none until we reached Churchill. The young lady arrived, we were married, and returned to York Factory to continue the work, the Winters being detained in England.

In July, 1886, my wife and I with an English servant started for Churchill in a small open boat. For six days we were at the mercy of the wind and waves, but at last ran safely into the Churchill harbour. There was neither mission-house nor church, but the year before lumber for a house had been sent out by kind friends in Ottawa, Canada. We took up our abode in a small iron building that had done duty as a church, and lived in it for three months—a place in which I would not wish to put my worst enemy! We had a great deal of rain during the first two months, and it rained nearly as much inside as out.

In early October winter set in; the ground was covered with snow, and the thermometer went far down below zero. We often went to bed at night leaving our kettle boiling on the little stove, and in the morning would get up to find it solid ice. During these three months I was busy every available moment building the mission-house, but as my only assistant was a half-breed boy of fourteen years, the progress was slow. However, by the middle of October it was so far finished that we went into it. Could some of the critics of Missions have seen it, or better still, have lived in it for a winter, there would be no more talk about missionaries living in luxury—at least in Hudson's Bay. All that winter, school, church, and the work of the Mission was carried on in that little place; but it was the beginning of better things, and we lived to thank God for that time, for it did much to win the hearts of the people.





(To be continued.)

paddle your own canoe." And so we parted from our fellow passengers with many a hearty good-wish for success in our work. The captain wished to push on to Fort Wrangel, Alaska, to land his passengers, and would call and land our goods. The sea was calm and we were soon ashore three miles south of the village. Here we met a canoe whose occupants begged we would delay an hour or so while they would hasten to the village with the news and make ready to receive us. It was a delightful June morning, serene on sea and shore. We paddled into a lovely bay on an island and sat down to wait awhile; at our feet the deep blue waters and opposite, behind the mainland shore, the rugged line of mountains that was to grow so familiar through the years to come. Still a little farther to the north and east is old Mount McNeil, about 6,000 feet high. Here some say the big canoe rested at the time of the flood. For generations this old mountain was looked upon by the natives as the place where the great Evil Spirit dwelt, "Tha-am-sum." Hence they would never pass along the shore at the foot of this mountain without praying and crying for his help or mercy, and would throw over sacrifices of food, etc., to appease his anger, especially in a storm, for they believed he had power to ward off diseases and danger and give them success in war and hunting.

ready to go north, and also bidding good-bye to many old friends, both Indians and whites, fruits of the great revival at Chilliwack some five years before, we started on our northern trip on the old Hudson Bay trading steamer *Otter*. A number of miners were on board, bound for Cassiar gold mines. Who can fully describe a trip up that coast of nearly six hundred miles with its thousands of islands and its long stretches of inland waters! Seymour Narrows is always a point of interest; Johnson Straits is a fine long stretch of inland waters with rapid tides; then come Queen Charlotte and Milbank Sounds, which are sometimes rougher than quiet land-lubbers like. Then come the long reaches called Fraser, Talmay and Granville, names of H. B. Co.'s men. The mountain scenery is always full of interest. It was not unusual in those days to see from the deck of the boat, far up on the mountain side, beautiful mountain sheep skipping from one crag to another. Our fellow passengers were a genial lot of men and we had a most pleasant trip together. When about two hundred miles south of Simpson the captain took a good sized canoe in tow from one of the Indian villages, and when crossing Chatham Sound, about ten miles out from Simpson, he had his men haul the canoe alongside the steamer, and the missionary and his bride were let down into the dug-out and the captain shouted out, "Now,

Thousands of miners crowded in from the gold mines of California and other parts of the world. Thus the Indians came in contact with the white man and became an easy prey to his fire-water, debauchery and death. It was painful for good, kind-hearted Christian people to see so much sin and degradation in their midst without trying to do something to stem the tide; so after years of waiting and listening to the faint-hearted ones saying, "Nothing can be done; they are too low, too vile and deceitful," yet fired with love for the perishing, a number of such devout souls as Father McKay, Mrs. Amos E. Russ (wife of the pastor of the Methodist Church at that time) and others went forth from that prayer-meeting to try to rescue and save some of those lost sheep.

to send a missionary, and on his return to Victoria he sent Mr. C. M. Tate, missionary teacher at the Nanaimo Indian School, to teach school and hold services till Crosby, the missionary, would arrive. He was at this time, after twelve years among the Flatheads, missionary deputation to the churches in the East, and had now been appointed to Simpson. Special appeals were made in the churches towards opening the new mission in the north. One church gave one thousand dollars after they had given fifteen hundred to the general fund. After nine months spent in deputation work the writer was married, and then started west on the Union Pacific to San Francisco, thence by steamer up the coast to Victoria. After a few days spent at Chilliwack camp-meeting, waiting till the boat was





A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE TOWN OF PORT SIMPSON, B.C., 600 MILES NEARER THE

1. Dundas Island. 2. Finlayson Island (Indian Reserve). 3. Cunningham Passage. 4. Methodist Church. 5. Cape Northumberland. 6. Cape Fox. 7. Inskip Passage. 15. Entrance to Wark Channel. 16. Pearse Island. 17. Hudson's Bay Company's

AUGUST, 1899

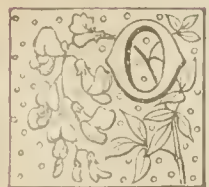
THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK.

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## Letters From Missionaries.

### Indian Work.

From REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B.C.,  
June 16th, 1899.



On returning from Conference on June 5th, I found a great crowd of people gathered from the cardinal points. There were people from Kitlacadanmux, Aiyensh, Lak-kalzap on the Naas River from Port Simpson, Metlakahtla, and Kitkahtla on the Coast; from Hartley Bay and Kitamaat on the Douglas Channel; from Kishgagas, Kishpeax, Kitanmax, Hagwulget, Kitzegucla, Kitwangah, on the Skeena River; as well as people from far away Babine. Towards the end of the week, the Hydahs of Skidgate teemed in, crowding their large canoes and Columbia River boats in which they had crossed over the broad Hecate Strait, separating the Queen Charlotte Islands from those adjacent to the mainland. Your missionary met many of this polyglot gathering in the Band Workers Armory, where he heard them giving their Christian experience in their own respective languages. As he sat listening to those varied experiences, he was reminded of the multitudes assembled at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost; the latter had come to commemorate the giving of the law and to sing their harvest home, and the former had come to this place to share in the profits of the salmon industry, and to provide themselves with the necessities of life for the coming winter.

As the foreigners in Jerusalem heard the blessed Gospel in their own tongue and returned home baptized by the Spirit of truth, so we trust the tribes now assembled on the river, will carry home with them a fuller knowledge of the truths of the same Gospel and a richer baptism of the same Spirit.

If the friends and supporters of missions now in the East could have seen the large congregations it was our privilege to preach to on the second Sabbath in June, and could have witnessed the great interest with which the multitudes listened to the precious word of truth, and with the knowledge that many of those people less than a quarter of a century ago were pagans, they would now exclaim, "What we now see is marvellous in our eyes." Look at the vast area of this great province that will be influenced by

the assembled tribes at the mouth of the Skeena—the territory reaching from Anneth Island in Alaska to Babine, hundreds of miles into the interior of British Columbia, from west to east—and from Kitlacadanmux on the Upper Naas to China Hat from north to south. Indians are able to talk. Their custom on returning home from a journey is to tell to their friends what they have seen and heard. In this way they will preach Christ to one another and seek an advance in civilization. If space would permit I could tell you of some remarkable changes that have taken place since I first came to this coast, giving due credit to my fellow-workers on the field.

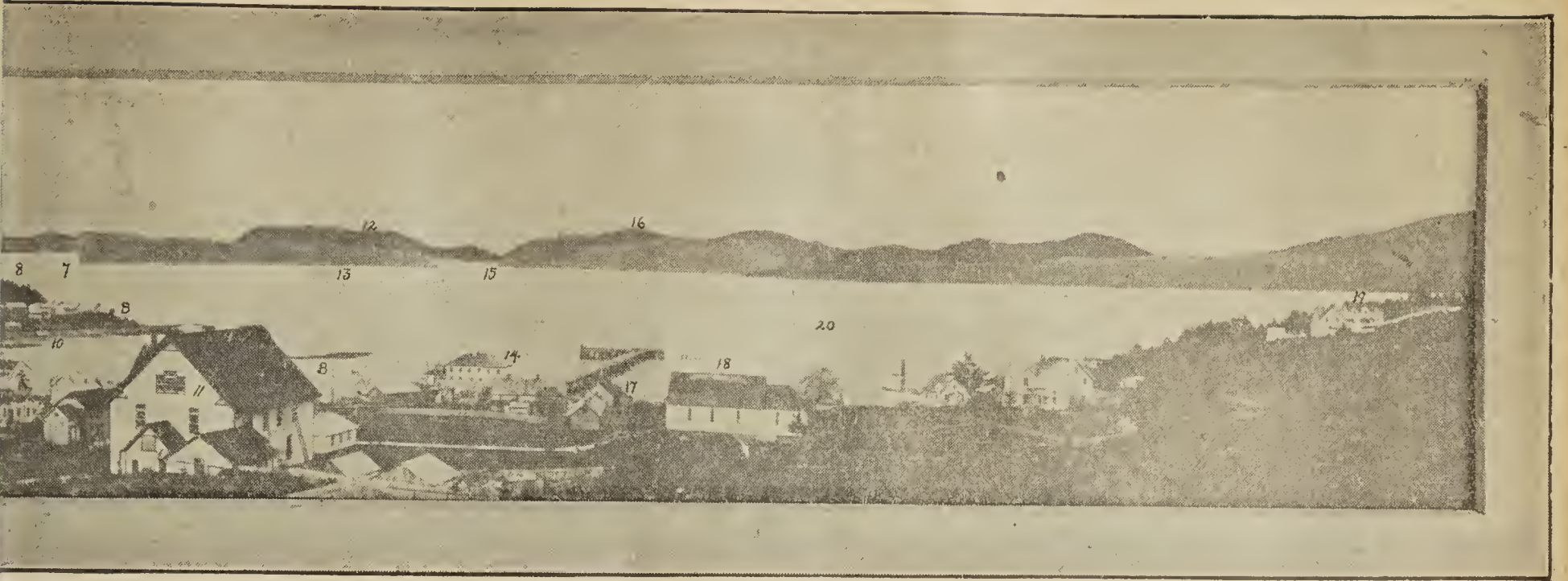
Report received from W. T. RUSH, M.D., dated LAK-KALZAP, NAAS RIVER, April 8th, 1899.

It is difficult to comprise the history of a winter's work within the limits of a few lines, and though there is much to tell, our report must be brief.

We arrived in Lak-kalzap on the 2nd of December. The Lord has favored us with a most gracious revival, and among the converts were four heathen chiefs, with their families, one of them being one of the great men of the river. This leaves only two or three chiefs in the neighboring heathen villages, and we are hoping and praying that both these villages may be claimed for God. Brother Osterhout, the former pastor in this place, came up for Easter Sunday and baptized thirty men, women and children, and dispensed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to his old congregation. The reception of these converts, particularly of the four chiefs, into the Christian Church, was a most solemn ceremony, and Bro. Osterhout's impressive words will, I am sure, never be forgotten by those who heard. His visit, to which we had been eagerly looking forward, was a great blessing to us all, and, though he made the trip from Port Simpson in a canoe, he must have felt repaid for his trouble by the delight of his old people at seeing him again.

We have a hospital now at Lak-kalzap, which was fitted up and is being looked after by the people themselves. During the "small fish" season, now in progress at Fishery Bay, this hospital, primitive as it is, has been a decided boon to the sick, who would otherwise have had to lie in the open, cold, fishing shacks at the bay—and there has





ORIENT THAN VANCOUVER, WITH ONE OF THE FINEST HARBORS IN THE WORLD.

8. Harbor Reefs. 9. Steamer Passage. 10. Rose Island (Indian Reserve). 11. Crosby Girls' Home. 12. Wales Island. 13. Birnie Island (Indian Reserve). 14. Hotel Buildings. 18. English Church. 19. Hospital. 20. Port Simpson Harbor.

building into better shape, but, in the meantime, the present accommodation has answered our purpose very well. From about the first of the New Year—for I didn't get my supply of medicines until nearly the end of December—up to the present date, April 8th, I have a record of over a thousand prescriptions in my case book, and the most of these represent visits.

We have an excellent teacher, Mrs. Shaw, and the school is doing good work. I have visited it every week, and have often been surprised at the progress of the pupils. Altogether, have very much for which to thank God, and the outlook is hopeful.

*Report received from REV. S. S. OSTERHOUT, B.D., dated June, PORT SIMPSON, B.C.*

DESPITE the stolid indifference and the utter lack of appreciation, either expressed or implied, so often mentioned as discouragements in the Indian work, we have, nevertheless, been able to discern encouraging features and hopeful evidences in our work of the past year. Particularly have we been pleased with the interest manifested by the young men and middle-aged, in the prosecution of theological studies. They have delved away most patiently with the doctrines of our Church, sometimes spending two, three, and even four nights at the translation and commitment of a single definition. Owing to epidemics, we have had to record a very high death rate. Several adults were included in the roll, all of whom left bright testimonies of Divine presence, with clear and certain hope of heaven. Victoria Young, a chiefess of considerable distinction and influence, who gave to the Missionary Fund last year the sum of ten dollars, was among the number. We are certain that to-day she does not regret that she erected this beautiful little monument of her faith in Christ and love for the Church which led her from the thralldom of heathenism into the liberty of the Gospel. Another faithful old soldier has labored and sacrificed not inconsiderably to purchase a bell for one of the fishing camps near by. He has succeeded, and, in his evident delight, says: "The bell will ring people to church long after I am in the skies."

The connexional funds have been well supported, and especially are we encouraged by the missionary collection, \$354.95, the greater part of which, of course, was contributed by the mission workers and the sympathizing whites in the vicinity. Some Indian families gave over ten dollars each, and that without excitement or undue pressure.

We are glad to state that the services have been well attended by the natives, as well as by white population. To meet the demands we have found it necessary to

preach two sermons at every service, one in the Indian tongue and one in English.

The year has been one of toil, but the Master has been ever near.



—Some idea of the extent of the territory of the Canadian dioceses, says the *Church Worker*, may be gathered from the fact that the Bishop of Moosonee exercises jurisdiction over an area as large as Europe, extending all around the Hudsons Bay Territory and reaching up to the North Pole. Ten thousand people are under his care in this vast region, and there is no resident minister of any other body of Christians beside the Bishop and his seven clergy. The distances are enormous, and the shortest way to the northern part of the diocese is to go to England first and then go out on the yearly ship which enters Hudsons Bay. The Bishop has everything to do for himself, and is a good printer, bootmaker, carpenter, bricklayer, etc. He has been a worker in that far-away locality for nearly forty years.

*November 1885*

ENCOURAGING letters come from the North Pacific Mission. Bishop Ridley writes that the work at Kincolith under the Rev. W. H. Collison is progressing well, and the people who were disaffected "have come to themselves." The Bishop confirmed thirty-three adult converts there on Aug. 9th, "some quite decrepit old people that needed assistance before they could rise from their knees," and who refused to come forward when the first confirmation was held three years ago. "It was a day of gladness." "On Monday," he continues, "there was a picnic, and much speaking. One man said they had the hammer, which is the Word of God; the fire, which is the Spirit of God; the iron, which is themselves; but they want the anvil, which is the needed church." At Aiyansh, higher up the Nass River, Mr. T. McCullagh is doing an important work, both among the Kitikshean people, and in translations. This is a new station, but there are already more than fifty adherents. The Bishop speaks of the "inestimable use" to him of his little steamer *Evangeline*. "I have taken," he says, "nine voyages in her this year, and yet rarely been absent from Metlakahtla on Sunday."

#### NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

THE Bishop of Mackenzie River (Bishop Bompas), asks for two earnest Christian men as Industrial Agents, to work in his diocese in the far North. They should have a practical acquaintance with farming or carpentering, or both. Applications should be addressed to the Rev. C. C. Fenn at the C.M. House.

A LETTER from the Rev. G. S. Winter, of York Factory, Hudson's Bay, gives a pathetic account of losses and sufferings sustained by himself and his wife through the wreck, in Hudson's Bay, of the ship in which he left England last June. He writes from York Factory on Sept. 14th:—

The voyage from beginning to end has been one of the most unpleasant. Head-winds, snow, hail, gales, ice, fog nine-tenths of the voyage. About 11 a.m., August 30th, the ship struck very heavily a reef several miles out.

Monday, August 30th, may very fitly be described as a day of agonising suspense, for the ship was striking the reefs and bottom more or less from 11 a.m., till she finally went aground, as high as was possible for her to go, at 9.30 p.m. On Tuesday we walked ashore to a wild, barren spot, where we had to remain in a state of suspense for a fortnight, amid the cold, biting winds, hail and snow-storms from the northward and eastward. We came on here in an open boat in fifty-six hours, and truly thankful we were to get inside a house. The place where we were cast ashore is near Cape Churchill, forty miles south of Churchill post, so there was no possibility of walking there. We had simply to remain until succour came. We have lost everything except a few boxes containing personal effects. Our pantry will be completely empty all through the winter; but we trust in God to provide for us. I know the Indians will do what they can to help, but that will be very little, for many died of starvation last winter, and it almost breaks my heart to have to tell them we have no clothing for them.

I thank God that we are all well, although my dear wife was beginning to feel exhausted, owing to the exposure and want of sleep.

#### *Church Missionary Steamer, July 1886*

NORTH-WEST AMERICA.—The Rev. E. J. Peck's annual letter reports his return to his people (the Eskimo of Hudson's Bay) after his visit to England, 1884-5. He and Mrs. Peck arrived at Moose in July, 1885, but owing to the health of the latter he went on alone to Little Whale River. The journey, over 600 miles, had to be done on snowshoes, or in a sledge, and took twenty-eight days. His people, the Eskimo, gave him a hearty welcome. They had been kept steadfast during his absence, which was, in a measure, made up to them by the faithful service of two native teachers. One of his flock, he found, had died a triumphant death, having borne a joyful witness to the Saviour's love and power. Before returning to Moose, he visited the Indians at Fort George, and he and his companion had a narrow escape through the breaking up of the ice. In July, 1886, he and Mrs. Peck were able to proceed to Fort George, Mrs. Peck going by canoe, he in the little steam launch, the *Messenger*, the gift to the Mission of numerous friends in England. Mr. Peck's intentions were to spend the summer among the Indians at Fort George, going on to Little Whale River for the Eskimo in the winter.

Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.  
Druggists.  
"The most important thing in the world is to be healthy."  
"They not only cured me of that  
terrible disorder, but gave me new  
life and health."

## PILLS

raising. It is well-watered, and in hundreds of places would need little or no labor in clearing large tracts for cultivation. The most important feature, however, to his mind, is the facility afforded by nature for opening the country up to settlement. From the head of Observatory Inlet easy access can be had to the interior. It would be a very practicable plan to lay a line of rails from Aieyanish, a natural harbor, on the Nass river, via the west shore of Babine lake, to a junction with the Canadian Pacific either at Kamloops or Lytton, thus opening up the most valuable agricultural district in the province to civilization and development. He says "it does not need the spirit of a prophet to predict the future of such a splendid country as lies between the points indicated, given the advantages of a commercial highway." The climate is remarkably fine, the snow disappearing by the end of March and only reappearing in November, allowing a long open season for the husbandmen. While the climate is severe lower down the river, where the mercury has been known to freeze, in the land spoken of it is very different. Being east of the coast range it is not subject to the northerly gales as is the coast. This year the snow did not fall until December, and up to January there had been only two really cold nights when the mercury fell to zero.

The winter is far less rigorous than in most of the northern states of the union or in the eastern provinces of the Dominion. The summer is very warm, the thermometer ranging between 90 and 97 degrees in the shade, but the long, bright, cool evenings afford ample opportunity for getting field work done without being exposed to the noon-tide heat. Cattle would have to be housed during the winter months, so that farmers would have to limit their stock to the quantity of fodder they could provide. According to the reports of the Indians there is coal in the district, and there is little doubt that, if properly prospected, gold would be found. There is a plentiful supply of timber, cedar excepted, and a number of sites suitable for lumbering purposes; indeed, in some places the mills might run throughout the year, since several of the streams do not freeze over. It is said that cedar is abundant in the vicinity of Observatory Inlet. Any scheme for the settlement of the country would have to be prefaced by the adjustment of the Indian claims, since the aborigines claim a right of hunting over the whole land. He expresses the belief that a satisfactory arrangement could easily be made. A long-felt want is the presence of a magistrate, by whom the Indians could easily be influenced, and the most beneficial results would surely follow. It would seem that none of the geological or other reports refer to the country north of the Skeena Falls, and there is little doubt that this section of the country is well worth a careful survey. As yet it is comparatively an unknown land, but one would judge from such unbiassed opinion that it is destined to be in time one of the richest districts of the province.



CONTINUING IN THE FIELD—BISHOP BOMPAS.

Popular sentiment does not generally connect the heroism of missionary life with Canada. It demands in missionary literature a background of waving palms and other tropical vegetation, with incidents of slavery, kidnapping, and the like. Devotion is apt to be measured by the height of the thermometer. It may well be considered whether there be any lives more heroic than those which are passed by the Moravians in Greenland and Labrador, and by the Romanist communities and our own brethren in the sub-Arctic regions of northern Canada. They do not obtrude their labors on public notice; they stay at their posts, and rarely visit England. They are consequently unknown; and yet what lives they lead! Of educated society they have no share; their people are but the poor Indians and Esquimaux, whose highest energies are given to the snaring of wild beasts and to the catching of fish. For food (only the keen air, which gives equally keen appetite, will enable a man to keep body and soul together on three meals daily of whitefish), the food of the dogs which haul their sleds, which Providence gives in abundance, and which is stored in autumn and allowed to freeze. Luxuries from the outer world can never reach the remote stations on the Athabaska lake and on the Mackenzie river; numberless portages impede navigation when the rivers are open, and over each of these every pound of freight has to be carried by hand. Tea and flour must be forced into the sterile region, for they are necessities; but for animal food the missionaries must depend on what the country may produce, and for eight months in the year the whitefish is the standing dish.

Has Mr. Tucker noticed what a significant illustration of one of these picturesque sentences his own book supplies? "They do not obtrude their labors on public notice; they stay at their posts, and rarely visit England. They are consequently unknown; and yet what lives they lead!" That is a picture of Bishop Bompas to the life; and, in perfect consistency, his name is not mentioned. For twenty-one years he has been making journeys of thousands of miles on snow and ice, or in canoes; only once has he been home, for five months only, to be consecrated. It is absurd to mention the travels even of a Patteson by the side of his. Since he went out 5000 wandering Indians have been brought into the Church; yet he has remained all but unknown, and even the historian of "The English Church in other Lands" omits his name! Certainly, Mr. Tucker's words are true!—*Ch. Miss. Intelligencer*, September, 1886.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, MONDAY, OCT. 11, 1886.

THE HUDSON'S BAY REGION.

RETURN OF THE STEAMER ALERT FROM A FOUR MONTHS' CRUISE.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, Oct. 10.—The Government steamer Alert returned to Halifax this afternoon after an absence of nearly four months. She put into Port Hawkesbury yesterday morning on account of heavy weather, and proceeded in the evening for her destination. This was the final trip of the Alert to the Hudson's Bay region, all the observing stations being dismantled, and the observers, their instruments, and other property brought back to Halifax.

Commander Gordon made the following statement: "We sailed from Halifax on June 24 and proceeded direct to Nachvak Station. On our arrival off the station the ice was so thick and heavy that the steamer could not get in to the coast. So we pushed on to the entrance to the straits. Thick fog then beset us, continuing for three or four days, during which the steamer became surrounded by ice and drifted south in it a distance of 50 miles. When the weather cleared we worked to the eastward out of the ice pack, and steamed up its edge to the north side of the strait. Here a perfectly clear entrance was found, quite different from the south side, where the ice field prevented our entry into the bay. No ice was encountered again until North Bluff was reached, and in making from that point to Diggs seven or eight days were occupied."

At Diggs the Alert remained a couple of days, making repairs and receiving a general overhauling. During this time the propeller, from which a blade had been lost in the ice, was fixed. On the fourth day the expedition was continued to Churchill, that point being reached at the end of July. Churchill Harbor was surveyed and was found to be a splendid harboring place, with not less than 24 feet of water at dead low spring tide. This survey proved very satisfactory. York Factory was reached two days after leaving Churchill, the length of the trip being occasioned by delays by a thick fog. Here a reconnaissance survey was made of the estuary of the Nelson River, and we found it a villainous place. During the stay here a gale was experienced, and the Alert rolled so much that her boats hanging in their davits would dip water up out of the sea. The water was so shoal at such a distance from land that a vessel could be in only five fathoms of water and at the same time land could not be sighted from her deck. The roadstead affords a very unsafe anchorage, and the channel of the river is narrow and tortuous.

From this place the steamer returned to Churchill, and then proceeded over to the west coast of the bay and Marble Mountain, arriving at the latter place in the middle of August. Here a letter was found from two American whaling vessels, the barks Wave and George and Mary, which had spent last winter there. The Wave reported having one fish, but it was not stated how the other vessel had fared. One of the Wave's crew, aged about 25 years, died from scurvy early in the spring, while all hands had been seriously ill. After observations on the west side of the bay and island we intended to proceed north, but the weather now became so bad that we gave up the idea and proceeded to examine the accuracy of the position of Cape Southampton as laid down on the charts. The Captain of a Hudson's Bay vessel had reported to us that it was wrong, and we found such to be the case, the cape being placed six or seven miles too far south and east. Diggs Island was again visited, some very stormy weather being encountered on the way, and one night of extraordinary darkness was experienced. The men at three of the Western stations, Diggs, Nottingham, and Stupart's Bay, all reported observing the same peculiarity of darkness, one man at Stupart's Bay losing his way while carrying a lantern. The darkness was so dense that a person could not distinguish his hand three inches from his face.

On arriving back at Diggs Island more observing work was proceeded with, and an inner channel, apparently affording a mode of access clear through to the bay, was discovered.

This discovery we regarded as especially important, as the channel might give ready entrance into the bay while all the rest of the straits were blocked with ice. From Diggs Island the Alert went to Nottingham, and thence to North Bluff and Stupart's Bay. At the latter a party was sent to make a general observation of Prince of Wales Sound. Observer Payne, who was stationed here, reported finding some relics of very ancient guns. There were four altogether, two of them about the size of the 9-pounders of the present day, the other two the size of the 4 or 6-pounders. They are of cast-iron, which is covered with rust, and so old are they that the year marks have rusted out and it is impossible to estimate their age. The two smaller guns were brought home, the others being left behind. Inquiries concerning the guns were made among the Esquimaux, but they could tell nothing whatever about them. They were undoubtedly some of the very earliest attempts at cast iron ordnance.

After remaining at Stupart's Bay through several severe storms, the steamer left there in the middle of September for Port Burwell, where one of the observers, a son of Capt. Shaw, of the Cunard steamer Beta, was found to be suffering very badly with scurvy, but he has since entirely recovered. On the way north from Port Burwell soundings were taken, and the water to the east and south of Cape Chidley found to be very shoal. One bank, where there is less than 100 fathoms all over it, extends 75 miles into the sea, while in the centre of the straits, between the Buttons and Cape Best, there is a depth of over 250 fathoms. Returning to Nachvak, the station that could not be reached before because of an immense ice field, the observers were taken on board the steamer and their station house was sold to an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Alert was then headed homeward.

Rough weather was met on the first day of the return voyage, but on the second day it became fine, and favorable weather was experienced to the Straits of Bello Isle. Here one night of stormy weather was experienced and the steamer anchored in the straits. The returned observers who spent last year in Hudson's Bay and the straits are all in excellent health, and fared excellently during their exile. At most places game of various kinds was so plentiful that the men rarely tasted the salted or preserved beef with which they were provided. The only case of illness to speak of was that of young Shaw. Several suffered from colds, but they were of a trivial nature. Birds and fish abounded, and some of the men frequently killed more than could be eaten. During their absence the man on the Alert killed nine polar bears, four of them being shot one morning before breakfast when the steamer was on her way home.



## CANADA.

Lo! what a glorious vision starts,  
From all those humanizing arts,  
High intellects, and manly hearts,  
Here in our forest land.  
Throughout the past, all that's been done,  
All that from chaos has been won,  
By human effort 'neath the sun,  
Is here at our command.

Heirs of a race of rugged mould,  
Of simple virtues manifold,  
The high heroic hearts of old,  
That true men dared to be;  
The fruits of all their toil and tears,  
Their high endeavors, hopes and fears,  
Heart-heavings of a thousand years,  
Inheritors are we.

Tho' history like a caldron swims,  
With headless trunks and severed limbs,  
Yet still the martyr's dying hymns,  
From selfishness would win us;  
To us their mighty deeds they bring,  
That through our souls forever ring,  
Like flappings of an angel's wing,  
To rouse the God within us.

Then hail the monarchy of mind,  
And onward progress of mankind,  
Shall the Dominion lag behind  
The lights of other ages?  
Are there not men as true to-day  
As in the ages past away?  
More longings for the better day  
Foretold by seers and sages.

The world has never seen the whole  
Powers of the wondrous human soul:  
With selfishness under control,  
What things may come to birth?  
Oh! unimagined human powers,  
Even this "Canada of ours,"  
May strew with spiritual flowers,  
This sin-afflicted earth.

*Christiana M. McLachlan in Grip.*  
*Canada 1887.*

### SUNDAY IN HUDSON BAY.

The houses, not more than twenty-five or thirty in number, are so scattered as to extend along the river-bank for nearly a mile; and being all painted white, form conspicuous objects against their dark background of pine woods. On stepping ashore at the landing-stage we find ourselves at the foot of a flag-staff indicating the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom, indeed, the whole settlement owes its existence, the entire resident population, except the mission staff, being composed of their officers and employes. Round this centre are grouped the residences of the officer in charge and his subordinates, and also one or two large warehouses. Beyond these stretch away to the right the cottages of the company's laborers. Every building on the island is made of wood, suitable stone not being easily procurable. In shape and size, however, the dwelling-houses are not unlike those of an English country village, except that only the larger houses have any upper story.

Taking now a path to the left, and following the bank, we make our way toward the mission station—easily recognized even at a distance by the flag which floats over it, bearing the letters C. M. S., this being a station of the Church Missionary Society. On our way thither we pass the mission church, a modest little structure of wood surmounted with a steeple, and capable of accommodating about three hundred persons. Leaving this, we soon reach the mission buildings, which, besides the school, includes the residences of the Bishop of Moosonee (this station being the headquarters of the diocese), one European clergyman, and a native catechist. Between the Bishop's house and the water is a grassy slope, on which the Indians erect their tents during their stay. The resident population, the bulk of whom are half-castes, number,

together with the few Europeans and Indians, about one hundred and fifty souls; while the Indians who visit the place only during the summer are estimated at between four and five hundred.

We will now see how Sunday is spent in this little community. As both English-speaking people and natives have to be provided for, the services are begun early enough in the day to allow of four being held in all—two in each language. At 6.30 a.m., therefore, the church-bell sounds, and soon a stream of Indians (mostly men at this early hour) winds its way to the church door. Let us take up our stand here and observe them as they enter. At the outlying settlements the Indians dress almost entirely in one style; but here at headquarters, where they come a good deal in contact with Europeans, they adopt something of the variety of European dress. Some of the well-to-do Indians (*i.e.*, the most skillful hunters) appear in black cloth suits and colored neckties, and a few even wear English boots, though the majority seem to prefer the soft deerskin shoes usually worn in the country. The women naturally allow themselves still greater freedom, and not unfrequently adorn themselves in a dress of glaring hue, with a striped shawl or beaded jacket equally conspicuous, and the whole surmounted (but this not often) with a straw hat and colored feathers.—*The Quiver.*

### *Missionary Observer* NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

AN interesting testimony to the value of missionary work among the Indians of North-West America was given in the *New York Herald* recently in a communication from Colonel W. R. Gilder, who is at the head of an expedition to discover the North Pole. The message was dated York Factory, Dec. 10th, and stated that he would be detained there until after Christmas, owing to the refusal of the guides to start on a journey before they had partaken of the Christmas Communion.

BISHOP BOMPAS of Mackenzie River has been much encouraged by the reinforcement lately sent to him, viz., the Rev. C. G. Wallis and Mr. J. W. Ellington, who reached Fort Simpson on Mackenzie River in August and September, as also Archdeacon McDonald on his return to the Diocese. On Aug. 29th the Bishop admitted Mr. Ellington to deacon's orders, and also Mr. D. N. Kirkby (a son of Archdeacon Kirkby), who has joined the Mission from Winnipeg. On Sept. 21st a Synod of the Diocese was held, at which the Bishop and five clergymen were present (those just mentioned, and the Rev. W. Spendlove), being the largest number ever gathered together at one time in the largest diocese in the world! Archdeacon McDonald, Mr. Wallis, and Mr. Ellington have since gone forward to the Tukudh Mission in the farthest North-West.

### *April* NORTH PACIFIC. 1887.

THE annual letter of the Rev. C. Harrison, of Massett, in Queen Charlotte's Islands, is a record of hopeful and important work. Besides the services on Sundays, every night of the week, except Saturday, was taken up with classes and meetings of various kinds. Eighty Hydahs, adults and children, have been baptized, making a total on the baptismal register of 178. There are 30 members in the catechumen's class; and 23 have been confirmed by Bishop Ridley. No less than 100 blankets, value 5s. each, were contributed on one Sunday by the congregation towards a new church.





BISHOP BOMPAS OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

## A BISHOP NOT AT LAMBETH.



JULY, 1888, will be memorable in the annals of the Church of England for the great assembly of Bishops from all parts of the world to take place at Lambeth Palace under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Many of them are noble servants of God, who deserve all honour for devoted labours in lands north, south, east, and west. But some of the noblest of our Bishops will not be present; and we wish to remind our readers of one of these.

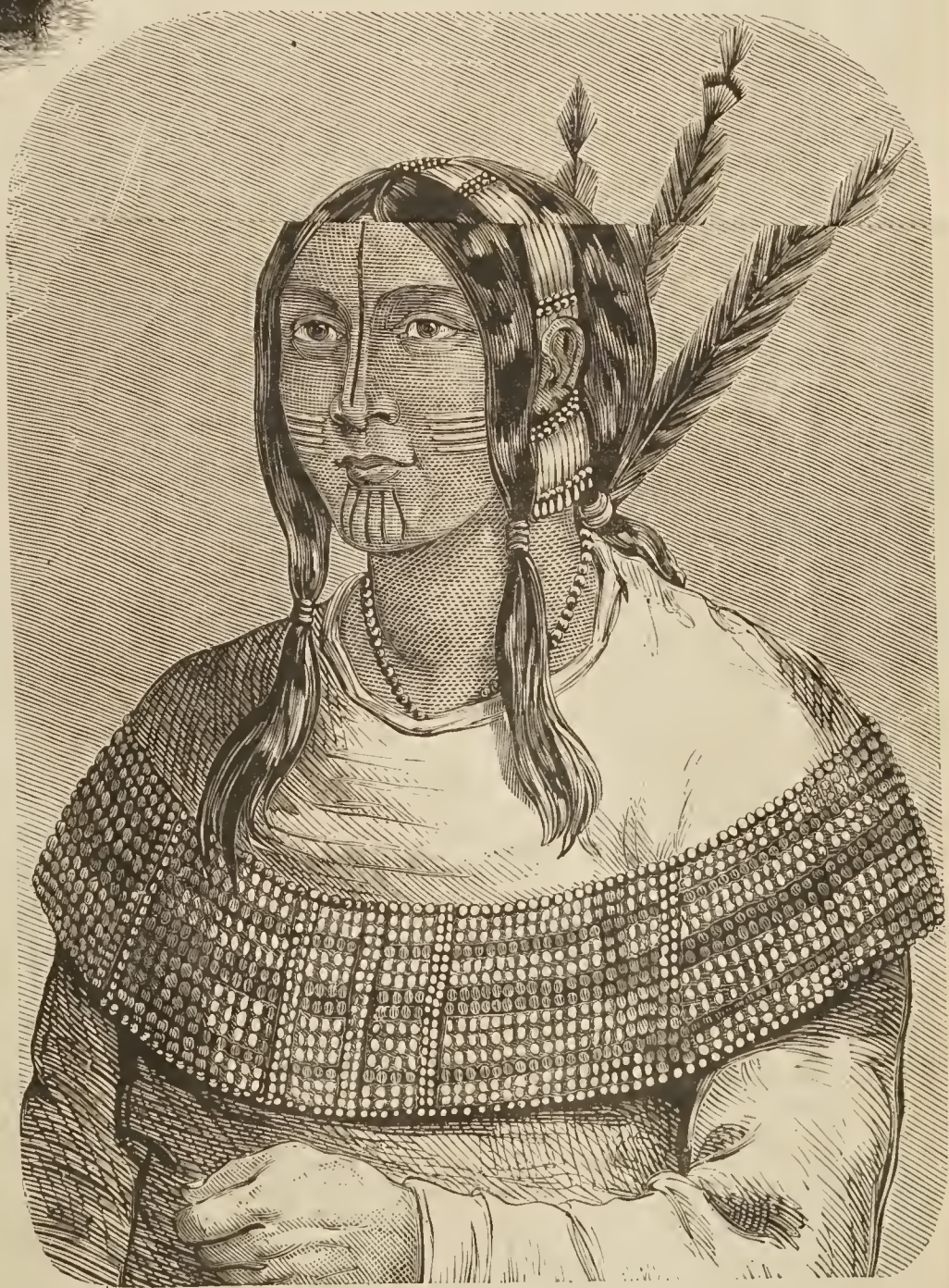
His story is a remarkable one. On May 1st, 1865, the C.M.S. Anniversary sermon was preached by the late Bishop Anderson, of Rupert's Land, who had lately come home from that remote diocese. He read a letter from the pulpit which he had received from the furthest corner of the vast territory, stating that Mr. McDonald, a solitary missionary within the Arctic Circle, was "sinking in rapid decline." "Shall no one," said the Bishop, "come forward to take up the standard of the Lord as it drops from his hands, and occupy the ground?" The call met with an instant response. A young Lincolnshire clergyman, the Rev. William Carpenter Bompas, went into the vestry and offered himself on the spot. "Can you go at once?" "Yes, I am ready." Within a month he had started.

He crossed the Atlantic, made his way to Winnipeg, the capital of the great North-West Territories (see GLEANER of December last), and thence began his long journey northward. On he went, week after week, month after month, summer changing to autumn, and autumn to winter; in canoes on the great rivers until they were frozen, and then on the

snow and ice in snow-shoes. He reached Fort Simpson, on Mackenzie River, on Christmas Eve! An arrival in mid-winter had never been known there before. Next morning he preached a Christmas sermon in the little wooden church from the words, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy"—the very text of Samuel Marsden's first sermon to the New Zealanders fifty-one years before.

Twenty-three years have passed away since William Carpenter Bompas went out into the frozen wilds. Only once has he ever left them since. In 1874 he came to England to be consecrated first Bishop of Athabasca, the enormous territory in which he had been labouring. He went back a day or two after his consecration, and has never again come away. All these years he has had no home; and he has no home now. He spends all his time in journeying from station to station, and staying a few weeks or months at each. There is no other such travelling Bishop in the world. Mrs. Bompas has shared his hard life, but they have often had to be separated, because there was not food enough at one station to keep them both through the winter.

The diocese is now divided into two. The name of Athabasca belongs to the southern half, where Bishop Young labours. Bishop Bompas chose for himself the



A CHIEF OF THE TUKUDH INDIANS.



northern regions, the larger and harder field, and his diocese is now called Mackenzie River. Some thousands of Indians have embraced the Gospel—Dog-Ribs, Beavers, Slavics, and Tukudh. The Eskimo have also been reached, on the shores of the Polar Sea. The Tukudh or Loucheux Christians are numerous and exemplary. This tribe is described below in verse, by Bishop Bompas himself.

Well may we remember the Bishop of Mackenzie River, away in the Far North while so many of his brethren are gathered in council. Well may we thank God for his labours, and pray for a continued blessing upon him in body and soul.

### THE TUKUDH INDIANS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. C. BOMPAS,  
*Bishop of Mackenzie River.*

#### I.

FULL often have the poets sung  
The groves of southern climes among,  
And poured their spirit-stirring strains  
Where summer zephyrs fan the plains.  
Scant music has the boisterous north;  
Rude Boreas calls no raptures forth:  
Yet may the piercing Arctic breeze  
Shrill whistling through the forest trees,  
Re-echoed from the poet's lyre,  
Some notes of harmony inspire.  
In natives of more favoured lands,  
Who, fed by Nature's bounteous hands,  
Too oft unthankful claim her store,  
And discontented crave for more.

#### II.

And can the poets anything  
In Arctic regions find to sing?  
No shepherd there his flock to fold,  
No harvest waves its tresses gold,  
No city with its thronging crowd,  
No market with its clamour loud.  
No magistrates dispense the laws,  
No advocate to plead the cause,  
No sounding bugle calls to arms,  
No bandits rouse to dread alarms,  
No courser scours the grassy plain,  
No lion shakes his tawny mane.  
No carriages for weary feet,  
No waggons jostle in the street,  
No well-tilled farms, no fenced field,  
No orchard with its welcome yield,  
No luscious fruits to engage the taste,  
No dainties to prolong the feast,  
No steaming car its weighty load,  
Drags with swift wheel o'er iron road.  
No distant messages of fire,  
Flash, lightning-like, through endless wire,  
No church with tower or tapering spire,  
No organ note, no chanting choir.

#### III.

Must then the poet subject want  
Because the works of man are scant?  
Where human fabrics there are none,  
We praise the works of God alone;  
For aye abide the eternal hills;  
For aye its flood the river fills;  
For aye the pines of evergreen  
Brave the hard frosts of winter keen.  
The treasures of ice and snow  
Do their Creator's glory show,  
And Nature's God His power displays  
In Arctic regions many ways.

Prevails the art of puny man  
A river wide with bridge to span,  
Yet who the instrument may find  
With icy chains its flood to bind?  
And when the months of winter's reign  
Relax their tightened grasp again,  
What mortal spirit might be bold  
To loose the frozen fetters' hold.  
Melt with soft heat the lessening snow,  
And bid the rivers bounding go!

#### IV.

The patient Indian of the north  
Sees nought to call ambition forth:  
Pine-trees and snow, and hills and sky,  
Are all that meet his restless eye.  
What lure has he to worldly greed,  
Whose chase supplies his every need?  
The reindeer's flesh his frugal fare,  
Their hairy hides his garments are:  
The fox and sable yield their life,  
To buy his axe and gun and knife.  
His shifting tent and simple ways  
Remind of patriarchal days:  
His generous welcome still may vie  
With Abraham's hospitality;  
His ready skill and active sense  
Betoken keen intelligence.  
Try, stranger, frame his bark canoe,  
Or shape and lace his long snow-shoe;  
Essay the woodland fire to light  
With flint and steel on rainy night.

#### V.

The Northern Indian has enough  
For him of rail and telegraph:  
On frozen snow the train he rides  
More smoothly than on metal glides:  
And distant tidings he can show  
From footsteps printed on the snow;  
Will tell you where the traveller's home:  
His business, actions, all confessed  
By tracks upon the snow impressed.  
When white-man to the Indians came  
What taught he them but sin and shame?  
Alas! that such the arts he tries  
Poor savages to civilise.

#### VI.

In eastern land has set the sun.  
In eastern world the day is done:  
In gloomy night and darkness drear  
Is wrapt the eastern hemisphere:  
Then Youcon's flood sees morn awake,  
On Loucheux hills the shadows break,  
And morning sun its radiance pours  
On far Alaska's ice-bound shores.  
In Eastern land the Sabbath chime  
Has ceased its call at evening time:  
In eastern world the homeward crowd  
Returning leave the house of God;  
Is hushed the voice of prayer and praise  
In hemisphere of older days;  
Then Loucheux voices tune their hymn  
Mid dreary winter's twilight dim;  
On Youcon's bank ascends afar  
From feeble band the voice of prayer.

#### VII.

In Arctic regions hearts are found  
That with the love of Christ abound,  
That joy the whole day long to pore  
O'er lesson-book of sacred lore,  
That gladly leave the reindeer chase  
To meet the messenger of grace,  
And humbly learn in frozen air  
To trust a Heavenly Father's care.  
Shall not these exiles put to shame  
Some who disgrace the Christian name  
In lands that centuries ago  
The word of truth were taught to know?  
Alas! that Albion's favoured land,  
That lends her light to distant strand,  
Should many a sadder tale unfold,  
Where skies are warm and hearts are cold.

#### VIII.

'Neath skies with stars that never set,  
But round the pole still circle yet:  
Where streamers of magnetic light  
Enliven winter's lengthening night:  
Where niggard suns must stint their ray,  
To spend on climates far away;  
There Christian brethren bend their knees  
In shelter of the forest trees.  
Hearts that with heavenly fervour glow  
Are found amid the Arctic snow:  
And in the dreadful day of doom,  
When all the dead to judgment come:  
When worldly sentence all reversed,  
The first are last and last are first:  
What if these tribes of sallow face,  
Hindermost now of human race,  
Their want and poverty lay by  
For robes of immortality?

#### IX.

When reindeer migrate to the north,  
When bear and sable sally forth,  
When birds and rabbits change to brown  
Their winter garb of snow-white down;  
When bashful earth in vest of green,  
With snowy veil uplift, is seen,  
The sun his chariot mounts on high,  
And lingering days no longer fly;  
Then latest of all earthly lands  
The spring revisits Arctic strands;  
As when, eight months of Deluge passed,  
Noah's thankful eyes beheld at last,  
Amid the waste of waters drear,  
Once more the mountain tops appear:  
So joys the dweller in the north  
Once more to greet the face of earth,  
And scan with thankful heart again  
Where eight months' snow have deeply lain.  
Mid moss and herb, his hidden store  
Of winter's treasures once more.

#### X.

And so, thank God, a moral spring  
To Arctic lands her way doth wing;  
In frozen climes are hearts that melt  
When Christian influence is felt,  
And heathen darkness yields its sway  
To brightening light of Gospel day.  
In southern climes the summer's o'er,  
And harvested the autumn store,  
Yet souls unsaved still careless roam  
Unready for their wintry tomb.  
Oh! will they not a lesson own  
From natives of the Polar zone.  
And chafe to a returning glow  
Their chilled life-current's slackened flow?  
Revive their bosom's feeble fire  
Ere it in earthliness expire!  
Then welcome to their heart's embrace  
All brethren of the human race,  
And constant seek their heavenly goal,  
As points the magnet to the Pole?

NOTE.—On the preceding page we give the portrait of a chief of the Tukudh or Loucheux Indians. Archdeacon McDonald thus describes their appearance: "The Tukudh are an athletic and fine-looking race, above the average stature, and well-proportioned; they have black hair, fine sparkling eyes, well-set teeth, and a fair complexion. They perforate the septum of the nose, and insert two shells joined together and tipped with a coloured bead at each end. Their dress is a kind of peaked shirt, made of deer-skin, dressed with the hair on, and trousers to which shoes are attached. The hinder part of the shirt is fringed with fancy beads and small leathern tassels, wound round with porcupine quills, and strung with the silvery oleaster. The hair is tied behind in a cue, and bound round the root with a fillet of shells and beads, and loose at the end. The tail feathers of the eagle or fishing hawk are stuck in the hair at the back of the head."



THE Rev. E. J. Peck's annual letter reports his return to his people (the Eskimo of Hudson's Bay) after his visit to England in 1884-5. He and Mrs. Peck arrived at Moose in July, 1885, but owing to the health of the latter, he went on alone to Little Whale River. The journey, over 600 miles, had to be done on snow-shoes or in sledge, and took twenty-eight days. His people, the Eskimo, gave him a hearty welcome. They had been kept steadfast during his absence, which was, in a measure, made up to them by the faithful service of two Native teachers. One of his flock, he found, had died a triumphant death, having borne a joyful witness to the Saviour's love and power. Before returning to Moose he visited the Indians at Fort George, and he and his companion had a narrow escape through the breaking up of the ice. In July, 1886, he and Mrs. Peck were able to proceed to Fort George, Mrs. Peck going by canoe, he in the little steam launch the *Messenger*, the gift to the Mission of numerous friends in England. Mr. Peck's intentions were to spend the summer among the Indians at Fort George, going on to Little Whale River for the Eskimo in the winter.

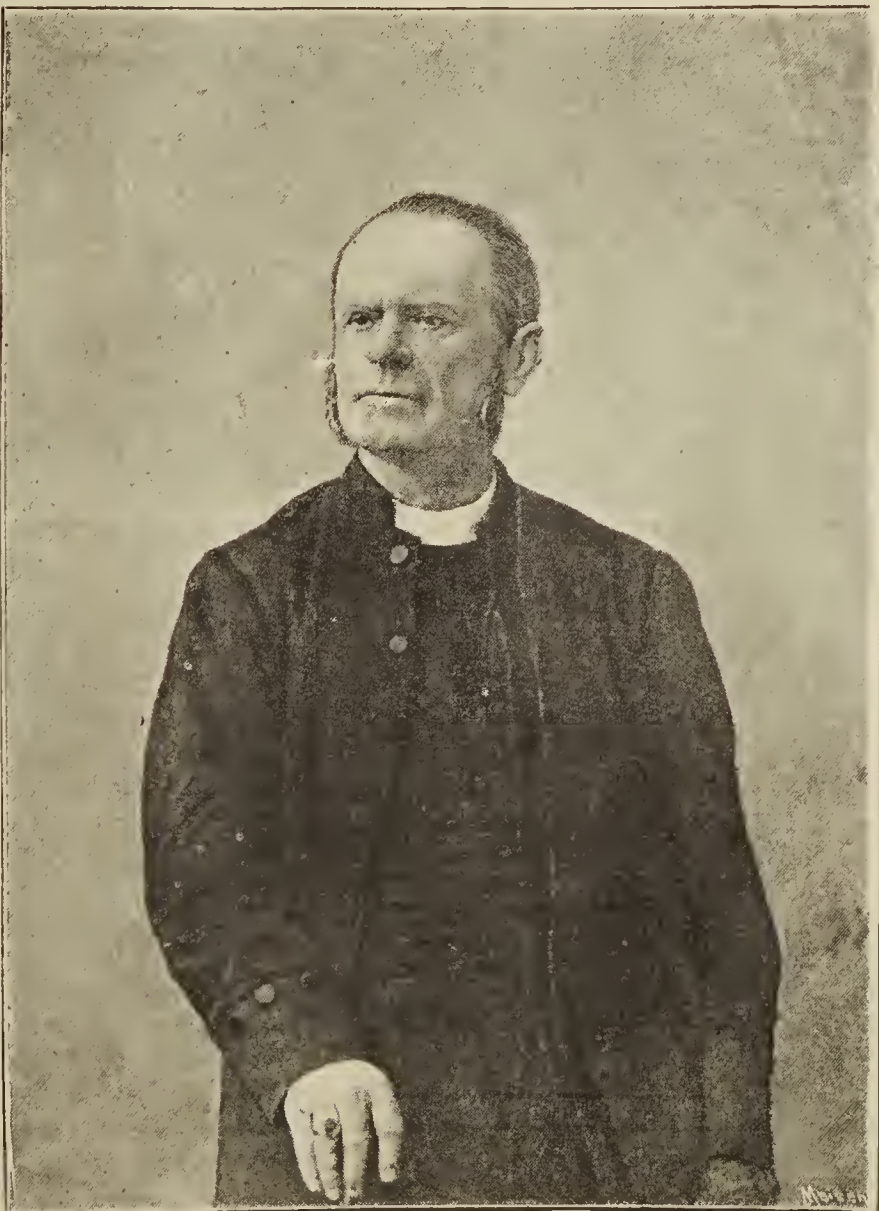
ARCHDEACON VINCENT also has returned to Albany, Hudson's Bay, after a short stay in England, and he, too, received a warm reception, not only from his own Native flock, but from a party of the Crane Indian tribe, who had come quite 200 miles in their little bark canoes to welcome him back. They had been preparing for baptism, and Mr. Vincent was able, after examination, to admit to the Church 78 adults and children.

### THE LATE BISHOP OF SASKATCHEWAN.



present a portrait of this most energetic of Missionary Bishops. The Dominion of Canada owes much to enterprising Scotchmen, but Scotland never sent a more vigorous worker there than John McLean.

In his young days he gained all sorts of honours and prizes at the University of Aberdeen. After some years of business life in London, and of a clergyman's life in Canada, he, in 1866, joined his old college friend, Dr. Machray, Bishop of Rupert's Land, and became Warden of St. John's College, Winnipeg, and Archdeacon of Manitoba. In 1874 he was consecrated first Bishop of the vast and wild Diocese of Saskatchewan, and there he worked with extraordinary energy for twelve years, fostering C.M.S. Missions to the Indians and S.P.G. Missions to both Indians and white colonists. On October 22nd, while on a long journey, the waggon he was in was upset, and he was seriously injured. He was taken down the river some days' voyage in an open boat, suffering greatly, and reached his home; but then, in a few days, he was called to his eternal rest.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. MCLEAN, *Bishop of Saskatchewan.*

*Church Missionary & Cleaner*  
*Feb 1887.*



## MOOSONEE VIEWS.

NOTES BY BISHOP HORDEN.

## I.—Moose Factory.



In front of Bishop's Court a small plain extends to the river 400 yards distant, but it is intersected by a small creek, which, when the water is high, makes the outer part of the plain an island.

The great guns, signalling the commencement of the break up, were fired at five o'clock, May 8th, and soon afterwards the water began to rise, and the ice very gradually broke up, the operation occupying two or three days, there being an occasional push, when the ice would rise, break, and move forward, followed by perfect quiet, continuing for many hours. The plain in front of Bishop's Court became a heavily ice-burdened lake, which threatened destruction to the buildings on its banks; but we did not feel much alarm, neither did we leave our house, having often seen things as bad and worse without sustaining damage. It certainly looked dangerous enough to see such immense ice blocks floating about, and carried swiftly along by the water, and that within a few feet of one's house. The water came to the path in front of the garden, the ice not quite as far. The photograph gives a view of the scene when the water had somewhat subsided. The whole plain is covered with ice, and there seemed a probability of our being incommoded with it for a considerable time. Happily we had a few days of very warm weather after the break up, and already there is scarcely a particle to be seen; the place has almost assumed its summer appearance, the grass is getting green, the cattle are feeding in the meadow, the woods are musical with the song of birds, most of the Indians have come in, and all well. The plain alluded to above ceases just below the church, and the houses below the church are all on the river's bank.

REFERENCES TO PICTURE.—1, Bishop's Court. 2, School-house. 3, Cottage (residence of a good helper). 4, Cottage (residence of catechist). 5, Stores. 6, Church. 7, Residence of Chief Factor. 8, Residence of Officers. 9, Large Store and Sale Shop. 10, Cattle Byres. 11, Ponty-pool, a mile below the Church.

## II.—Albany.

The second station in South Moosonee is Albany, situated a little way up the Albany River, and a hundred miles north of Moose. It is the centre of a large fur trade, and to it are brought all the furs collected at the interior trading ports. Here we have a flourishing Mission under the charge of Archdeacon Vincent, who has the superintendence of the large Albany district. It is very liable to inundation in the spring, on the breaking up of the river, which sometimes inflicts frightful damage. Many years ago the place was almost swept away, and all the cattle drowned, and but a few years since the ice came over the place with such force that five houses were entirely destroyed, while of one or two, the solid logs of which the walls were composed were literally ground into matches. It is noted too for



MOOSE FACTORY, CAPITAL OF THE DIOCESE OF MOOSONEE.

its goose hunt, in some years as many as thirty thousand geese being killed and salted for consumption at Moose and Albany.

The Indians, a very quiet race, are a religious people. As to faith, they are divided, about a half being Romanists, the rest forming the Archdeacon's parishioners. These are all baptized; all the adults are confirmed. There is a large number of communicants; almost all who are grown up can read. The English-speaking community, all connected with the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, are under the Archdeacon's charge, and form a good congregation, for whom the English service in its entirety is used every Sunday. My friend Dr. Bell was at both Albany and Osnaburgh last summer, and kindly sent me the beautiful photographs taken by him of the two places.

May 18th, 1887.

JOHN MOOSONEE.

[The picture of Osnaburgh will be given in a future number.]



ALBANY, HUDSON'S BAY, DIOCESE OF MOOSONEE.

*Church Missionary Gleaner March 1888.*  
MOOSONEE VIEWS.

NOTES BY BISHOP HORDEN.

## III.—Osnaburgh.



OSNABURGH is the most western station of Moosonee, and is under the charge of Archdeacon Vincent, who visits it yearly. Its distance from Albany is 550 miles, and for a good part of the way travelling is difficult and dangerous, some of the rapids particularly so.

I have myself visited the place, the last time three years ago, when the Archdeacon accompanied me.





INDIANS OF OSNABURGH, DIOCESE OF MOOSONEE.

The number of Indians is large, between three and four hundred. Nearly all are well-disposed towards the Gospel, nearly all have been baptized, many have been confirmed, and a goodly number can read the books we have prepared for them in their own language. Their knowledge is not yet very extensive, neither could it have been expected considering the few opportunities they have had for receiving instruction; but on my last visit they quite came up to my expectations. Both myself and the Archdeacon were engaged with them daily from morning to night, he in one room, I in another, and I have scarcely ever enjoyed a visit to any station more than I did this one. The chief, who stands in the foreground, is a great friend of the Mission, was never absent from any service, paid the deepest attention, and uses all his influence for good. Osnaburgh is situated on the bank of a large and beautiful lake well stored with fish.

Aug., 1888.]

THE CHURCH MISS

# *Church Missionary Gleaner* REALITIES OF A BISHOP'S LIFE IN ATHABASCA.

*August Letter from the Bishop's Wife. 1888*

[In the July GLEANER we gave some account of Bishop Bompas, of Mackenzie River, whose diocese was formerly called Athabasca. The southern and less cold and wild half of the old diocese is now the Diocese of Athabasca, over which Bishop Young presides. What we mean by less cold and wild will be seen from this touching letter from Mrs. Young, in which also we see the grace of God at work in that "corner of the earth."]

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, FORT VERMILION, ATHABASCA,

January 2nd, 1888.

DEAR —,—My heart is stirred up with longings that the Holy Spirit will dwell with us, and not be so grieved as in the past. This seems to be the message on my heart for every one this new year: "Lord, and giver of life, Mighty Spirit of love and grace, be Thou more welcomed and acknowledged by Thy people than ever, that we may recognise Thee as the revealer of Jesus, and all that Thou doest in our hearts and art willing to do." My heart is full, and tears will come as I think of my three precious children so far away. The Communion Service yesterday was so precious, also on Advent Sunday. Yesterday was such a busy day. A young Englishman often dines with us, as we are anxious to show him every hospitality. Can you picture us in a small room—beds curtained off; in the kitchen six Beaver Indians all waiting to be fed. It does make pressure of work for me. Yesterday afternoon I hurried off to church for three o'clock children's service. Darling W. and E. so contented and happy to go with me. Little pets, they are so precious to us. Life is real this winter. I had no idea what it meant here. Food is obliged to be so measured out; Indians so often in, that I prepare and bake bread as much as possible at night. There were instances of cannibalism last winter for sheer want of food, and my heart is often aching at the thoughts of it lest it should break out again. Even plate scraping and potato water I put into the soup for the Indians when they come. We need much prayer to go up for us. It is such a distance from the civilised world, and there are such difficulties of transport. We fear we shall be very much straitened with regard to provisions until June, when the first boats come in.

January 25th.—Mail has come, and not one letter. I have been living on, longing for this third week in January, and the men came in yesterday saying letters had not reached Fort Chipewyan, so they had to come on, bringing only a few old papers! It is such a disappointment. I feel truly chastened by it. Now we cannot hear from home until March. But we have had great mercies and blessings this new year already. The nights are fearfully cold—41° below zero this morning. So soon as the warm weather sets in we hope to continue the building of the house, which as yet is only half finished—no upstairs rooms.

February 2nd.—I must tell you of the work amongst the Indians. On New Year's eve a Hudson's Bay officer came in from Little Red River, about sixty miles away, for New Year's festivities. He popped in to Mr. Scott's, and said, "You must go to Little Red River; there are some Indians there desiring baptism. But wait for me; I shall be going back in a few days, and will take you with me." Mr. S. assented, but on second thoughts came to R. [the Bishop] and said, "I will go off at once, for the Roman Catholic priests are sure to hear of it and will go before

us and gain the people over to themselves." So R. felt he dared not let Mr. S. travel alone—it was too great a risk in such intense cold—and decided to go with him. They started off before six o'clock one fearfully cold morning, long before dawn, dragging blankets and provisions on a sleigh for sixty miles. They did it in two and a half days, sleeping out two nights. Poor Mr. S. froze one of his toes, and suffered much in consequence. They had poor nights from excessive cold, and arrived January 7th, at Little Red River. They were hospitably received by the wife of the Hudson's Bay officer who had come to Vermilion. It appeared that a young man, originally from St. Peter's, Dynevor, Archdeacon Cowley's Mission, who had been staying for a while at Fort Vermilion, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, had gone away determined to work for Christ. Stationed at Red River, he had spoken to an Indian and his wife, convinced them of their need of Jesus, and they had offered themselves for baptism. Flett, the Indian who had been instructing them, greeted R. and Mr. S. warmly, and said he would fetch the Indian and his wife and their four little girls, the eldest six years of age. On Sunday, January 8th, they had the joy of receiving them by baptism into Christ's visible Church, after much questioning and most encouraging answers. The Indian, Flett, proved a most earnest sponsor, teaching them to sing hymns far into the night, in what is called the "Indian Hall," a part of the house in each fort set apart for the Indians, where, if their camp is at any distance, they can sleep.

At Fort Vermilion we have been deeply interested in the case of an Indian and his wife, named "Kewatin," i.e., "North Wind." They are Cree Indians. The man was a great conjuror. He must be about fifty years of age. They came into Vermilion from their hunting ground in December, and soon visited us, wanting medicine for the wife. Kewatin seemed to seek instruction; though in his appearance he looked wild, still there was a nice expression in his eye. They have come forward to confess their faith in Christ by baptism, and on Sunday, January 15th, they were baptized. It was the most touching service I have ever witnessed. Those two Indians so firm and steadfast, in spite of the priests' bribes, who came late on Saturday night to the camp, carrying away seven or eight others, who had also offered themselves for baptism. But Kewatin and his wife stood firm, and stayed alone that night in the camp, coming to us early on Sunday morning and had breakfast. I went to the church early to arrange a little font, which was placed near the Communion rails. We sang the hymns for baptism in Cree. R. read the service in Cree, and then repeated several verses from the Bible both of warning and comfort. They received the names of "Matthew" and "Sarah." After it was over they walked back to their places so bravely.

Oh, I shall never forget that Sunday! Afterwards they dined with us, as we thought it would make them realise more our oneness in Christ. They are now at Vermilion again, owing to there being no animals to be found, and their hunters grew too weak from long fasting. We believe that our Father is overruling it for trial of their faith, and ours too. Provisions are not too plentiful.

The last remaining one of the cannibal camp came in last night, and she is also in the Scotts' outer kitchen, with Kewatin and three others. This poor woman had shared in cannibalism, and she and her sister were left at last alone, and had no chance of getting food. Finally, reduced to the last extremity from hunger and cold, she killed her sister and ate her, and then struggled to some fort, crawling like a maniac. From there, being chased away from an Indian camp she tried to join, for the Indians have a horror of such, she managed to find her way to Fort Vermilion, a distance of over 100 miles. She has confessed it all, and was



evidently not really accountable. Now she has for the of Jesus, the sinner's Friend. Is it not a privilege to be a one of Him who is mighty to save? and yet one shudders she has been *driven*, one may say, to perpetrate.

We seem to be living in the midst of *realities* with regard to God and of Christ. Thursday evenings Mr. Scott and I come in for united prayer with regard to this work and for guidance as to every effort put forth among the people for our other missionaries. The one at Slave Lake is doing such a real work.

In July the Bishop hopes to have a general meeting here of all the missionaries of the diocese, as we hope each other's hands, and then he will go off to visit Chipewyan Lake, returning about October.

## THE EDITOR'S LETTERS FROM THE

Hudson's Bay: a Narrow Escape

From the VEN. ARCHDEACON VINCENT.

I HAD a very narrow escape of being drowned last summer running a very dangerous rapid at the time, and at part the steersman lost control of the canoe, and she ran against a large stone. One man was thrown out by the moment he was carried away by the boiling waters. At the canoe was upsetting; I sprang up to get rid of it, which I was partly covered, and was ready to plunge but had no hope of being saved. Scarcely had I done great rush of water forced our frail bark over the stone,

We were safe, thank God! To ascertain that we were was the work of a moment, and we at once went in pursuit. Long before we could reach him, his hands only had water, and then disappeared again. This was agony went on. By the eddy of a stone he was thrown up again, sank, we caught him. He was quite unconscious when he soon revived, and at once began to pray. I cannot tell how full I was for our deliverance. Surely the Master has willed that I may be more faithful in doing so.

THOMAS

ALBANY, HUDSON'S BAY, Jan. 11th, 1888.

## NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

THE Rev. J. W. Tims, missionary in the Saskatchewan Blackfoot Indians, writes that the first two baptisms of the tribe have taken place, one Indian being baptized by him and the other by another missionary. Mr. Tims has been at work among the Blackfeet since 1883, and besides attending to his spiritual work has prepared a Grammar and Dictionary of the Blackfoot language.

gave \$20.

*Spirit of Missions Dec 1893.*

## AN INTERESTING LETTER.

THE *Church Missionary Gleaner* contains an extremely interesting letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Ridley, Bishop of the North Pacific mission, of which the following is a part: "It would not be fair for me to tell you the good news I have heard from the lips of our brethren in the North Pacific mission, especially from Archdeacon Collison and Mr. McCullagh. The story should come from the pens of the chief actors themselves. It will be no small loss to you if they find no leisure to record the work of the Holy Spirit on the Nass river, where the Christians have been powerfully energized in trying successfully to win the heathen for Christ. From time to time written accounts reached me and cheered my seclusion as with spiritual tonics.

"The joy of these tidings, I believe, really improved my health, which you know has been broken for about two years. During the winter I have been an unwilling prisoner, so that the pastoral care of this place has been entirely in Mr. Gurd's hands, and they have been efficient. This enforced seclusion has been ordered for the best. The discipline must have been required or it would not be imposed by the Divine Bishop of souls. No longer do I impatiently chafe as a caged bird, though I am glad to be on the wing, set free to go and come by the same kind hand that shut me in.

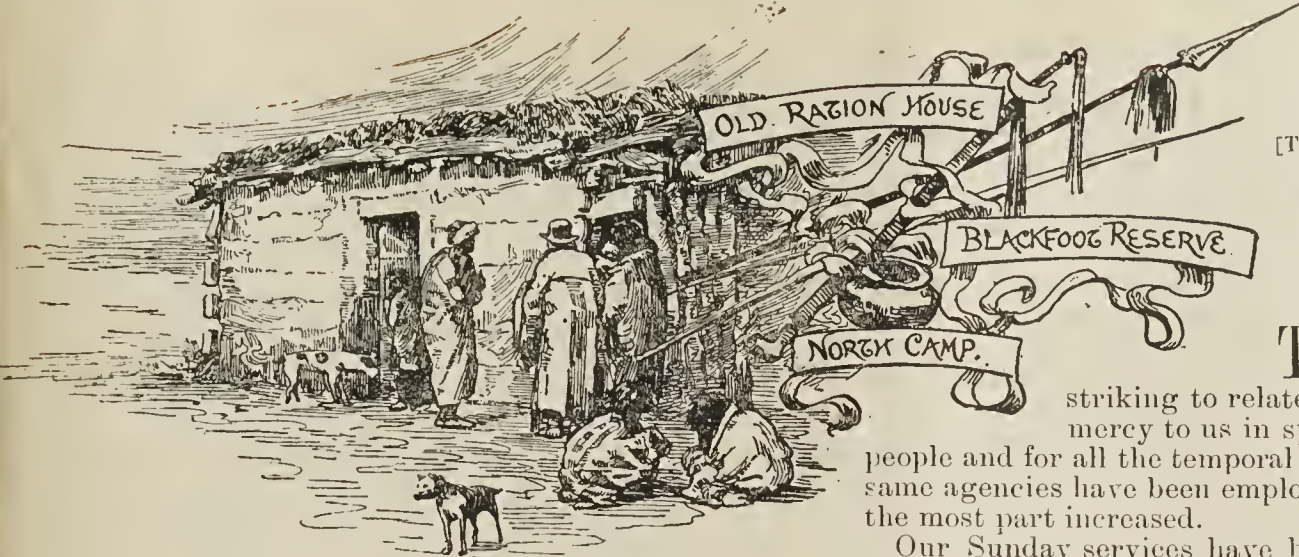
"Sympathy is very sweet, and of this I have had innumerable proofs. But my weather-tanned face and hands barded by the paddle make no further claim. Since April my writing-desk has been rarely opened because of my constant voyaging. My fingers, lately so thin and pliable, now are stiff and scarred and blistered. On the twenty-seventh anniversary of my wedding-day I paddled sixteen hours in steady rain, and during the week's travelling slept two nights in the bottom of the open boat anchored close in shore. As I dozed I was startled by what I at first thought was a steamer's whistle, but it was only the buzz of a bold mosquito exploring my ear, which I smartly boxed to kill the poisonous intruder. He did me a service, however, for being wide awake I became conscious that on my right side my blankets were soaking in the rain water that accumulated in the boat. Wringing them out I tucked them more tightly round me for the night, and next day, on my arrival at Kincolith, Mrs. Collison hung them round her kitchen to dry.

"I can scarcely realize that I am the same man that spent the winter months watched and tended as an invalid. It had its advantages, for though often weary with bodily infirmity I was able to devote an average of six hours daily to linguistic work, which has already proved valuable to my brethren, and will be yet more useful to new missionaries. As long as I was able to follow my out-of-door episcopal work I could make no leisure for the literary department, so God enforced the leisure, and it has borne as good fruit as the most active winter I have ever spent in this country.

"Another effect of seclusion is in keener sensibilities and perceptions towards nature as showing forth the glory of our God. Long absence enhances the delights of once more wandering among the sweet solitudes of forest, and river, and ocean. How many voices harmonize in the concert of praise! The birds are envied no longer, for I have wings, too, stronger and more than they. The mountain ridges stoop down, not only to faith, but to fancy and imagination, to form the substratum of the Mountain of the Lord's House, with the ensign of Redemption crowning all.

"I must add yet another pleasure I have enjoyed, and that is the meeting amid their work our honored brethren who are God's instruments in winning souls and building up His Church in regions where a sympathetic visitor is welcomed as an angel of God."





# AMONG BLACKFOOT INDIANS.

when the service is over, and show no signs of marked interest in the message, and no after-effect is visible. A few of the men will say they believe the true God and worship Him, but when the time for the heathen festival comes round they dress up in paint and feathers, and join in the dances as do the others. Some of the young men who have been taught in our schools come regularly to service dressed in civilised costume, and worship with us as devoutly as any white man. They have their Bibles, and follow the reading of the Word both in their own and in the English tongue.

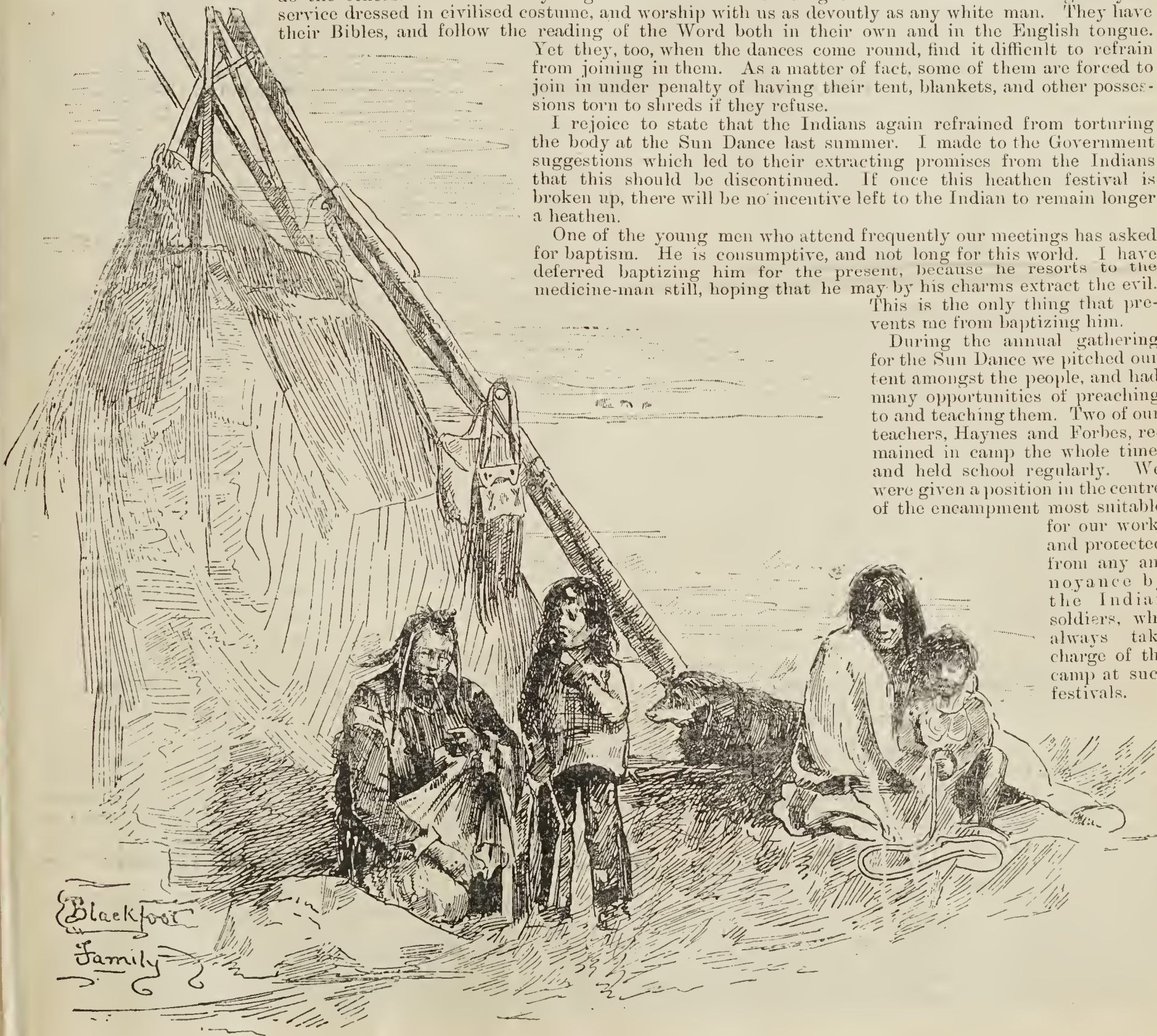
Yet they, too, when the dances come round, find it difficult to refrain from joining in them. As a matter of fact, some of them are forced to join in under penalty of having their tent, blankets, and other possessions torn to shreds if they refuse.

I rejoice to state that the Indians again refrained from torturing the body at the Sun Dance last summer. I made to the Government suggestions which led to their extracting promises from the Indians that this should be discontinued. If once this heathen festival is broken up, there will be no incentive left to the Indian to remain longer a heathen.

One of the young men who attend frequently our meetings has asked for baptism. He is consumptive, and not long for this world. I have deferred baptizing him for the present, because he resorts to the medicine-man still, hoping that he may by his charms extract the evil.

This is the only thing that prevents me from baptizing him.

During the annual gathering for the Sun Dance we pitched our tent amongst the people, and had many opportunities of preaching to and teaching them. Two of our teachers, Haynes and Forbes, remained in camp the whole time, and held school regularly. We were given a position in the centre of the encampment most suitable for our work, and protected from any annoyance by the Indian soldiers, who always take charge of the camp at such festivals.



Blackfoot Family



I have sought during the year to have our boarding-school enlarged, and this is now being done.

At present we have twenty-two children, six of whom are living in the Mission-house, as the boarding-school will not now contain them all. The steady progress which the children are making in every way more than rewards us for the step we have taken in establishing the school. We lost by death a little girl who had been some time in our boarding-school. She was fetched away by her friends at the time of the Sun Dance, but as I was returning on one occasion, having been to visit her, she begged us to bring her back with us in the waggon. We did so on the condition that her friends followed and pitched their tent near the school, where they might look after her, for the change in the food and life in camp had told fearfully upon her, and I did not care to have her die in the institution, on account of the other children, who would then have been afraid to sleep in the place. But before reaching the Mission the poor child died in the waggon. On the arrival of her friends there was much mourning, and the first request of her brother, the young man now asking for baptism, was that she should be buried according to Christian custom (she had been baptized as a child). Accordingly she was robed in white and put into a coffin and left in the school-house for the night. The next morning, after reading part of the burial service in the school, we took little Katie's body to its resting-place on a hill overlooking the Mission. This I record because it was the first Christian burial I have taken amongst these Indians.

The day-schools on the reserve now number three, one here, one at Eagle Rib's camp, eleven miles down the river, and one about three miles down the river, on the opposite side of the stream. I have been fortunate so far in securing teachers for the schools, but I cannot be sure of retaining them for any length of time. We feel the need of men who will come and settle amongst the Indians, teaching the young and setting forth Christ amongst them.

## THE MISSION FIELD.

### AFRICA AND MOHAMMEDAN LANDS.

**Sierra Leone.**—The Annie Walsh Memorial School has witnessed a remarkable outpouring of spiritual blessing on some of its older girls, which has greatly encouraged the missionaries. Special meetings were held during Lent in the school by the Rev. W. J. Humphrey, Principal of the Fourah Bay College. Previous to this continued prayer had gone up for the conversion of the girls. The Spirit of God manifestly worked amongst the pupils, who are giving clear evidence of changed hearts and lives.

**Yoruba.**—The pupils of the Female Institution, Lagos, have undertaken to support a Native teacher. Miss Higgins writes, "We determined to have 'Our Own Missionary.'" The cost will be about £18 per annum. The agent to be thus supported is a young man who volunteered for missionary work. He is stationed at Ilaro, a town between the coast and Abeokuta, recently taken under British protection.

The Rev. H. Tugwell informs us that the roads from the coast to Abeokuta and Ibadan are closed. The Egbas and Ijebus, the two powerful tribes who occupy the southern portion of the Yoruba country, have mutually determined on this course in pursuance of a policy hostile to the Lagos Government. Mr. Harding passed safely through to Ibadan at the beginning of February, but the carriers whom he sent to fetch his goods up from the coast were beaten and robbed *en route*, and driven back to Ibadan. Mr. Tugwell, who went to Ijebu Ode to make inquiries, was abused and ultimately driven out of the town. Earnest prayer should ascend for the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Wood at Abeokuta, and the Rev. T. Harding at Ibadan, thus cut off from communication with Lagos and the outside world. Several attempts have been made lately to expel Mr. Wood from Abeokuta, but hitherto these efforts have been overruled. The last news from Mr. Wood was dated March 17th. At that date the messenger who carried his letter reported that "things were quiet."

Just as we go to press a letter has reached us from the Rev. T. Harding, dated Ibadan, April 11th. It was brought down to the coast through the closed roads by an Ijebu Christian, who risked his life voluntarily in the attempt. Mr. Harding reports the Ibadan people as anxious to retain himself and the Rev. D.

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condition, and Native Christians are holding high and honourable positions in society as clergy, Government officials, doctors, barristers, &c. For the education of their daughters this school has been welcomed as supplying a great need." It was opened in 1883 and was filled immediately, and it is hoped very soon new and suitable commodious buildings will be erected for the school, capable of accommodating 100 boarders.

The Rev. H. J. Molony contributes to the North India *Gleaner* some interesting particulars of the Gond Mission. Recently eight people have been added to the Church by baptism. On Trinity Sunday two men were baptized at Marpha with their wives and two children, and on Sunday, July 9th, two more young men were baptized at the same place. The latter had come to the Mission from villages a few miles away, in which the Gospel has often been preached, but none have been baptized before. "Both of these," Mr. Molony writes, "are able to read a little, and are particularly intelligent for Gonds, and they seem to have got a firm hold of the truth of salvation through Christ. They have now returned to their villages, where we hope they will witness a good confession." Mr. Molony reports the loss of one Christian Gond by death. "He died in joyful hope and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

**South India.**—Our readers will remember the article by the Rev. T. Walker on the Nilgiri Mission, and his appeal for the Todas. On May 31st, in the presence of the Bishop of Madras, a second school was opened for this Hill tribe. The funds for the maintenance of the school, we learn from the Madras *C.M. Gleaner*, are provided by the Native Church in Tinnevely, and the schoolmaster is a young man from the same place, who has been willing to take up this lonely life that he may proclaim amongst the Todas the unsearchable riches of Christ. The school is built in the midst of about eight *munds* (villages), a *mund* consisting generally of about two or three huts, besides the temple and the buffalo kraal.

Annual Letters from missionaries contain numerous instances of educated Hindus and Brahmins who are secretly convinced of the truth of Christianity, and the Rev. E. A. Douglas, of Palamcottah, says that in his itinerating work he has found abundant illustrations of the remark of the late leader of a sect called the Brahmo Somaj, that the spirit of Christianity had already pervaded the whole of Indian society. "Take for example idol worship," Mr. Douglas writes. "We were preaching one day in a Pariah village, when one of the Pariahs, of his own accord, said, 'Our idols are nothing; with one part of a stone we make a stone for grinding our curry stuffs, and with the other part we make an idol. That is our idol-house (pointing to an old ruined mud-walled building). The rain has come in and washed away part of it. We haven't repaired it. We don't believe sufficiently in our god.'" Mr. Douglas also speaks of a letter written by a late Vice-President of the Benares Hindu Shastric Club, which appeared in the columns of the *Christian Patriot*, in which the writer spoke of the critical position in which Hinduism now finds itself, and concluded with a list of the names of educated Native preachers who have of late "almost ceased from preaching the decaying, almost dead, Hinduism to the people." The writer also quotes the words of the editor of a well-known vernacular Hindu paper in North India, in which he says, "Hinduism is now on its deathbed, and unfortunately there is no drug which can be safely administered to it for its recovery." In the native village of the late Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan, the students of the Hindu College invited Mr. Douglas to address them in English on Sunday afternoons. Of the visits of inquirers, Mr. Douglas gives several instances to show how the heaven is working. "God's Spirit alone," he says, "can enable a man to leave *all* and follow Christ. A Hindu, a private Vakil at S—, was, so his friend told me, a three-quarter Christian before he came to see me. When he went away, his friend, seeing how near he was to accepting Christ, said of him, he was now a fifteen-sixteenth Christian. But it is this last one-sixteenth part that is so hard to supply."

That the working of the same Spirit can be traced in the results of the efforts of the missionary in the college and school, is apparent in the following instances related by Mr. R. F. Ardell, of the College in Tinnevely Town (see *GLEANER* for May, p. 74).—"One young man (of thirty!) who came to the College determined to use all his efforts to prevent the others younger than he from being misled, went away after a year thanking me for the Bible lessons. He actually told the boys that it was their duty to attend to the words spoken, as they would find them necessary for their soul's salvation . . . Another student told me that he would have to leave our College and go to Madras, 'Not,' said he, 'because I have anything against the College, but because I'm afraid if I stay here I shall fail in the F.A.; for as long as I'm here I only think of religion, so I must go away.' . . . Speaking lately during the Bible hour, I said to the boys that I was sorry to find that while they were very anxious about their F.A. examination they were careless about their own souls. To my surprise a Brahmin student whom I thought was indifferent, if not bigoted, stood up and said, 'You must not think, sir, that we are careless about these things. I and a few of my classmates (likewise Brahmins) often spend hours talking about these things, and searching out what claim Christ has upon us.'"





*Mission House*

*Church*

*Industrial school The Home*

## ROUND THE NORTH PACIFIC COASTS.

A LETTER TO THE "C.M. GLEANER" FROM BISHOP RIDLEY.

METLAKAHTLA, July 25th, 1893.

IT would not be fair for me to tell you the good news I have heard from the lips of our brethren in the North Pacific Mission, especially from Archdeacon Collison and Mr. McCullagh. The story should come from the pens of the chief actors themselves. It will be no small loss to you if they find no leisure to record the work of the Holy Spirit on the Nass River, where the Christians have been powerfully energised in trying successfully to win the heathen for Christ. From time to time written accounts reached me and cheered my seclusion as with spiritual tonics.

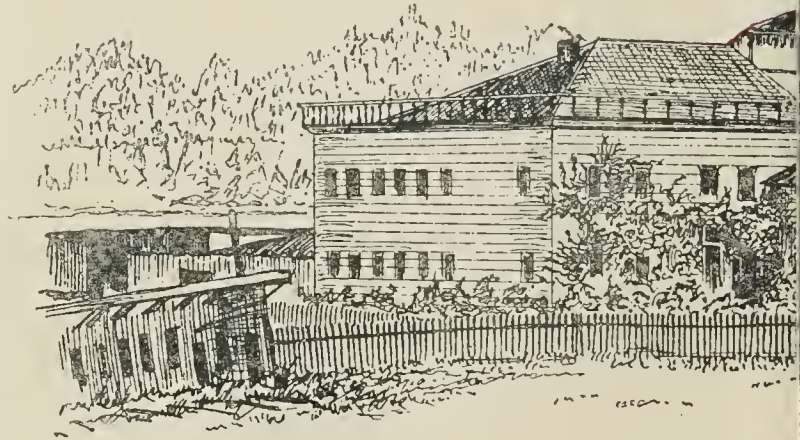
### Renewed Health.

The joy of these tidings, I believe, really improved my health, which you know has been broken for about two years. During the winter I have been an unwilling prisoner, so that the pastoral care of this place has been entirely in Mr. Gurd's hands, and they have been efficient. This enforced seclusion has been ordered for the best. The discipline must have been required or it would not be imposed by the Divine Bishop of souls. No longer do I impatiently chafe as a caged bird,

though I am glad to be on the wing, set free to go and come by the same kind hand that shut me in.

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*The Mission House as seen from the houses — Workshops*





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#### The Lessons of Seclusion.

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I must add yet another pleasure I have enjoyed, and that is the meeting amid their work our honoured brethren who are God's instruments in winning souls and building up His Church in regions where a sympathetic visitor is welcomed as an angel of God.

How little does even the true Church, much less the crowd of self-centred Christians and the world, know of the travail and

glory now to cheer, but concealing more in order to reveal it when He shall have accomplished the number of His elect.

#### Triumphant Deathbeds.

Rarely do I write of those who die in the Lord, because a consistent life is a greater triumph than a happy death; but the latter is sometimes worthy of remark. The most inclement winter we have ever known here has been wonderfully conducive to health. At our Nass River stations not a death occurred. Here we lost a young man who had been long ill. The day he died he asked for writing materials, and though he was in a state of exhaustion he intended to write a letter to his brother living on the Skeena. So he wrote, "My dearest brother, I am going to Jesus and I want you to come." His task on earth was done; he could write no more.

An old chieftainess, a woman of great force of character, who gave to the Society the land on which the Mission premises are built, had been ailing for more than a year, and after much suffering passed away. Just before she died, after having lain many hours in silence, she began to recite the Apostles' Creed in Zimshian. Her strength failed before she could finish it, but she proceeded, I believe, as far as "He sitteth at the right hand of God."

#### "Following the People."

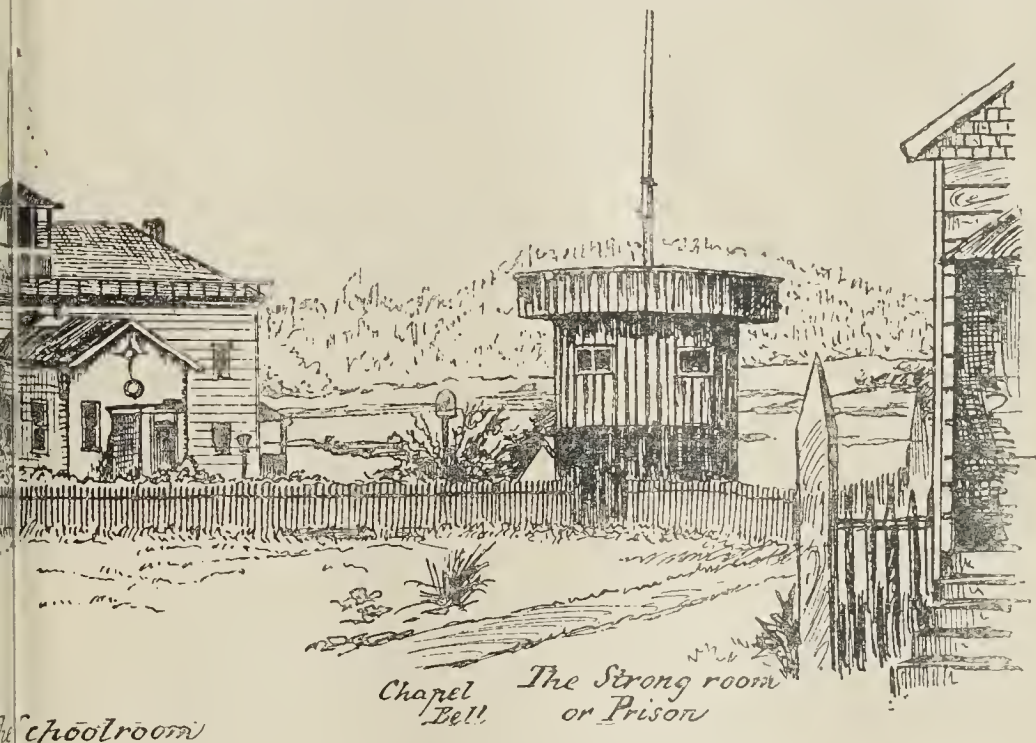
At present nearly all our staff are concentrated at the mouths of the Skeena and Nass Rivers, ministering to all classes of people engaged in the great industry of canning salmon for foreign markets. Formerly as the Indians dispersed from their winter homes the missionary remained behind and ministered only to the mere handful of feeble persons unable to accompany the rest on their hunting expeditions. Half the year was spent in a solitude.

In 1886 I outlined a plan of following the people. Now the rule is that the whole year is economised. Services and school work go on with redoubled energy. Already is plainly evident the solid results of this continuous labour. Our young people are steadier and the children more advanced. Formerly they forgot in summer what they learnt in winter, and so the work had to be done over and over again. Now there is a marked contrast between the behaviour of our Christians and others, so the employers of labour say, and of course we see it yet more plainly. Our school children are far advanced beyond all others. I am most glad to hear and see such testimonies.

Dr. Ardagh, from Essington as headquarters, is expected to regularly visit all the other little fishing towns, so rendering good service. The work is arduous. Mr. Gurd has been most successful at Claxton, where he has been instrumental in building a very pretty and substantial church to seat 150 persons. The S.P.C.K. has kindly made a grant of £20 towards it. Mrs. Gurd's activity has largely contributed to the success.

#### A Lady "singlehanded."

Miss Dickenson and Mr. Keen, in succession after Miss West, and now Mr. and Mrs. Hogan, have worked at Sunnyside, chiefly among the Indians, who come over annually from Mr. Duncan's ill-fated station in Alaska to work in this diocese. Many of them call on me and behave most courteously. They deplore the blunder they made, and cannot understand why they may not be allowed to enjoy the privileges their brethren here possess. Not only is the Holy Communion forbidden them, but also Baptism. Several infants of theirs were baptized by Mr. Gurd. Last week they asked Miss West to write to Mr. Duncan on their behalf to obtain his consent to her instructing their children with ours. She has spent already three months at the Inverness fishery, where she has won many hearts. Until Sunnyside could be supplied she held school there once a day and once at Inverness, rowing her own boat over the mile and



joy of the missionary? Not that he thinks of this; his one concern is his work, a commerce directly between him and his Master, Who makes His servant's life as full and complete as may be possible amid the city's concourse, and much more healthy. It makes him self-contained, and this tends to make him reticent and to restrain his pen when a full record of the common incidents of his work would be as fuel to kindle sacrifice of praise in many a pure and devout heart at home. Often do I wish they would write just what they tell me, for though it is the fruit of faithful endeavour, it has the bloom that only the sunshine of heavenly grace can paint.

The real romance of Missions is not yet written, and never will be, because God's greatest works are like the diamond and the dew—perfected in the secret places of the Most High, and await the great day to reveal them. Then will they go to swell the praises of eternity. God is a true economist, giving sufficient but not wasting His grace on us, shedding gleams of His





a half between the two places. Swift are the tides and often difficult the landing on the slippery rocks; but in all weather she pursued her steady course, so that she has become an expert sailor, handling her sixteen-foot boat all alone as well as any man on our staff. She had it all to learn to her cost. Once she got into serious difficulties, being capsized in deep and rough water, and was half drowned before she could climb back into the boat. It was a risk to appoint a lady to such a station single-handed where there are some hundreds of Indians, Chinese, Japanese, and a band of white men unaccustomed to social or religious restraints.

The issue has justified the methods. The sick have been assiduously nursed, the children regularly taught, twice daily, and Bible classes held for adults. For the Sunday service a band of suitable Indians was organised, and what is more important, carefully instructed in the subjects of the sermons. The Divine blessing has manifestly scaled these strenuous efforts with a success that disarms criticism.

At first the white men asked what they had done to have a woman sent among them, forgetting they had threatened (though they were idle words and not really meant) to drown the parson if he ever came again among them. It was the old outcry, "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee."

This is all changed now. Frowns have been turned into smiles and rudeness to respect. They saw how true womanliness accorded with self-sacrificing service for Christ, and therefore dropped their scornful arguments, ashamed to use them against this type of ministry.

Miss Appleyard, our latest arrival, entered on similar work the week after her arrival, and will continue it to the close of the fishing season.

It must not be inferred that only the unmarried ladies actively promote the great work. The missionary's wife in several instances resists the tendency of absorption by domestic affairs. In these instances they have succeeded in speaking the native language, and so become valuable yoke-fellows with their husbands in spiritual husbandry. But those who do not attain to this standard often prove themselves valuable accessories in their vocation.

One thing is certain, viz., that the Society's method of selection and training is proved to be inferior to none by the average excellence and general standard of my fellow-labourers in the Mission Field; and I have had large experience in two hemispheres.

You will again exclaim at the length of my letter if I proceed further, but as I have more to write I will stop here and begin afresh when I can make the leisure. This is the fourteenth anniversary of my consecration, and now I stand seventh in chronological order of Canadian Bishops instead of sixteenth, as in 1879. I have had seven years of storm and seven of fair weather, but fourteen of guidance *gratia Dei*.

The Bishop and his Crew.

July 26th, 1893.

The only fiction about this is the calling it a second letter. I wrote the former pages working till nearly midnight yesterday, and resume my task this morning because I am in the humour, and on Friday must start again on further voyaging, when letter-writing will be impossible.

The arrival of Mr. Hogan was on the 9th inst., in one sense opportune though it was Sunday. I was here alone, and in the evening he read the lessons. Next day I shipped him as mate, able seaman, and cook on board the *Rescue*, an open boat 19 ft. by 5 ft. 8 in. beam, for a voyage to the Nass River stations, *via* Fort Simpson, and back. Though unaccustomed to sailing, he did the work of two men at the oars. Don't think me cruel to impose such labour on a new-comer. He stands six feet two, measures forty-five inches round the chest, and therefore contains as much muscle as, say, two and a half average missionaries. On my previous short voyage to the Skena, I took only an Indian, who was not too big to sleep across the boat. I had to take four planks seven feet long to accommodate my present crew, by placing them lengthwise of the boat on the thwarts. I slept in the stern, eighteen inches lower in the bottom of the boat, a snug place out of the wind, which my crew seemed indifferent to, seeing he was usually barehead in rain and sunshine.

Wanted—a spoon!

Rowing and sailing, we only accomplished on the first day thirty-seven miles, between two in the afternoon and ten at

night. Then we had some trouble in finding water shallow enough to anchor in, because it was a dark night, and the narrow sea hemmed in by lofty mountains that added to the gloom. As soon as we found anchorage, we dropped the anchor and moored also to the shore. It was perfectly still. At two A.M. we were aroused by our uncomfortable position. We had not reckoned rightly the condition of the tide at this distance from the ocean. As further sleep was out of the question, I lighted our little petroleum stove, got ready the oatmeal, and water for the coffee. The pots we had to lash to the stove to keep them from slipping off, on account of the list of the boat. Then my cook took it in hand, but as our kitchen box was under his bed boards, it was difficult to get at a spoon. But burnt porridge is unpalatable. Stirred it must be, for we cannot take off the pot without unlash both. It was too hot for a finger, and too deep for a rowlock. My umbrella stowed away for use on shore was within reach, and after looking in vain for anything else, handed it to the cook, who first washed the ferrule, then stirred the porridge.

One day, since then, while we were at luncheon, Mr. Hogan suddenly asked: "Och, my lord, will I put in the umbrella?" We were not then without spoons, but talking of our voyaging. He had been during the morning writing a letter to Mr. Fenn, and questioned the propriety of telling of the umbrella. Yes, I replied, put it in. Since then I find he thought it discreet to suppress it. But why should you not know how we extract amusement from what some would call little miseries! It was a new use to put a gingham to and a wrinkle for you.

At Kincolith.

At 2.30 A.M. we were afloat, and the sea like glass. Fortified with our repast and prayer, we bent to our oars, and after about nine miles' rowing got a breeze, which, as the day advanced, grew stronger, until we had to shorten sail, and then run before the half gale, with the crests of the waves flush with the gunwale. On we bounded exultant, my hand for nine hours on the tiller and eye on the stem, the wind steadily rising, until twelve hours distant from our weighing anchor we ran into the river at the back of Kincolith, and received such a welcome that we soon forgot we had been hungry.

The Archdeacon and Mrs. Collison were greatly delighted to hear Mr. Hogan speak in the highest terms of the earnest Christian character of their eldest son, from whom he parted on the wharf at Dublin exactly one month before. This young fellow, now studying medicine, has a longing to become a medical missionary, but unless some friend of Missions at home can pay his fees, £40 per annum for four years, he must relinquish the idea. Who will make him his substitute? I wish I could help him through, but cannot.

A Wonderful Parsonage.

From Kincolith, next day we sailed to Echo Cove, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. McCullagh. During the fishing season they, with their little daughter, contrive to be happy and extremely useful in a hut consisting of one room with a narrow lean-to, as we call this kind of shed. Wonderful parsonages some of them are! I will suppose your committee room is at least say 55 ft. by 28 ft. Into that space you could set up the two parsonages at Echo Cove and Sunnyside, my picturesque old palace at Hazelton, and leave a choice of situations to pitch my tent on. A cabman's shelter would make a commodious parsonage by dividing it into two parts, thus adding a luxury.

We called again at Kincolith on returning, where contrary winds detained us two days, which our hosts would gladly see extended to many more. This detention gave us a chance of recruiting our strength, for the short nights and long days induce weariness.

—♦♦♦—  
**Pictures from the North Pacific.**—The pictures of Metlakahtla and neighbourhood on pages 152 and 153 are etched from some exquisitely fine pencil drawings done by Mr. West, father of the lady missionary of whom Bishop Ridley speaks in his letter. On his return from the North Pacific Mr. West most kindly put his sketches at our disposal, and numerous readers familiar with the old pictures of Metlakahtla as it was will be glad to see Metlakahtla as it is. The notes embodied in the sketches sufficiently indicate the various buildings, &c. The lower picture on page 152 is a scene in Alaska, the great territory north of Bishop Ridley's diocese, which belongs to the United States. A group of Indian women have clustered outside a trading station of some kind, bringing pails of freshly gathered berries for sale.







## ROUND THE NORTH PACIFIC COASTS.

A LETTER TO THE "C.M. GLEANER" FROM BISHOP RIDLEY.

(Continued from page 154.)

July 27th, 1893.



IT may be cruel to inflict further pages of manuscript on you, but I hope and think it is not, because you must be habituated to it. Do not be scared when I assure you that I have not written a line of what at the beginning I intended to say. My first voyage this year was to Hazelton, and that braced me for those that succeeded. The

whole have been full of the goodness of the Lord. Nine times I have ascended the Skeena River by canoe: this time by steamer. The unexpected has happened. I thought the fierce rapids would baffle science, which has really scored a victory. Some of the rocky impediments have been removed by dynamite, but even now the struggle is fierce. The ship's speed of fourteen knots an hour allows her to drop astern hopelessly. In the swiftest places strong cables hooked to ring-bolts in the rocks are hove in on the steam capstan, when slowly inch by inch science masters blind force and surmounts the down rush of the torrent. But the swiftness is a difficulty rather than a peril. Not so the whirls and cross currents at the confluence of some of the largest tributaries. At these points skill and nerve are summoned to the contest, and exciting it really is. Let me try to describe one such. I was in the pilot house by permission. Charley, an Indian, is at the wheel, and the captain with his binocular surveying the water ahead. "There she is, that nasty Copper river. What do you think of her, Charley?" asks the captain. But Charley deliberates as he gazes on the murky

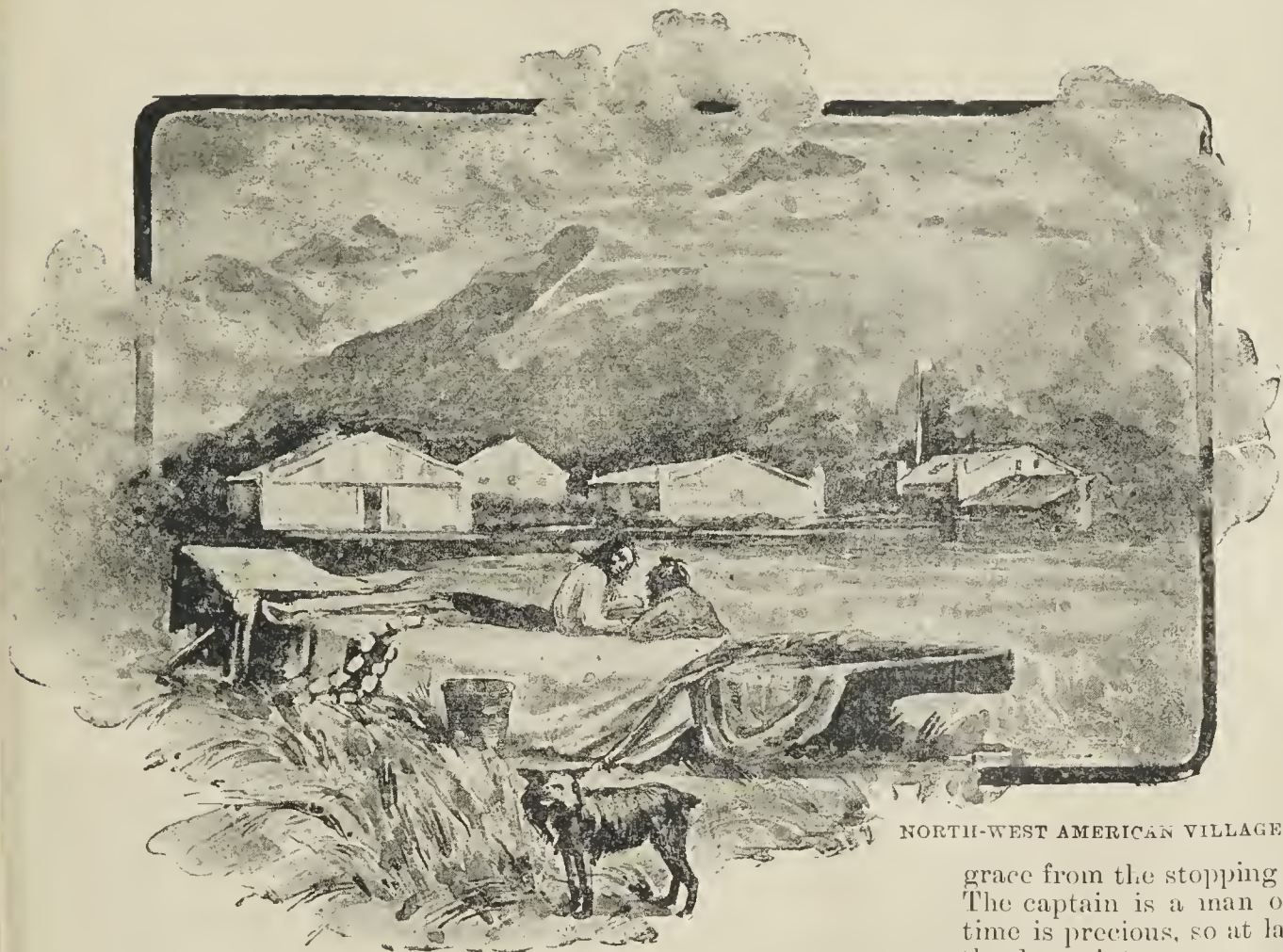
torrent sweeping into the lighter Skeena. "Black and white" is the best English he can muster to speak his thoughts. Like a dark arrow it sped into the main river, curving downwards at last until suddenly checked by some rocks which broke it into angry waves that danced past like a living frill of foam embracing the rocks.

We have to venture between this turbulent stream and those grim rocks. Slowly at half-speed we creep towards the difficulty, storing up power for use at the critical moment. Three strong men are stationed at the wheel which controls three rudders close to the great stern paddle wheel. The steam presses 140 lbs. to the square inch. All is ready. Fenders hang over the bow and port side. We edge up to the cross current and the signal is given, "Full steam ahead." The ship seems to leap into the torrent. Words now are useless, drowned by the dashing water's roar. The captain's jaws seemed firmly locked together, his eye measuring the water's behaviour as well as his ship's. We appear to climb the torrent which breaks over the bow by tons per second, making the vessel lurch ominously. Sweeping through the water we shall soon overcome the difficulty. Indeed no. The rocks seem rushing on us. Really we are being swept towards them. What had looked like a frill of foam, now at close quarters looks like mad furies trying to engulf the panting ship. To avoid them the captain offers his port bow to the masterful current, and we are swept backward, almost brushing the rocks on our downward drift. Failure number one, but something learnt. We try again, and at last push beyond the roaring torrent and steam easily over a long reach of smooth water. Tongues wag again. The captain drops into a chair, mops his head and neck, looks round showing a face puckered by a smile and asks, "Ain't she a beauty?" Shortly after he is again struggling through what he called "the wickedest bit of all." But the greater the struggle the greater the gain until we attain our goal at Hazelton, where the old men, looking from the bank at the moored pioneer of science, say to one another, "It is time for us to die." They did not realise that a force greater than steam had reached them twelve years earlier by a frail canoe. Then the Spirit of the living God owned the work of His ministers, since which sixty souls have,



WOMEN MAKING BASKETS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.





NORTH-WEST AMERICAN VILLAGE.

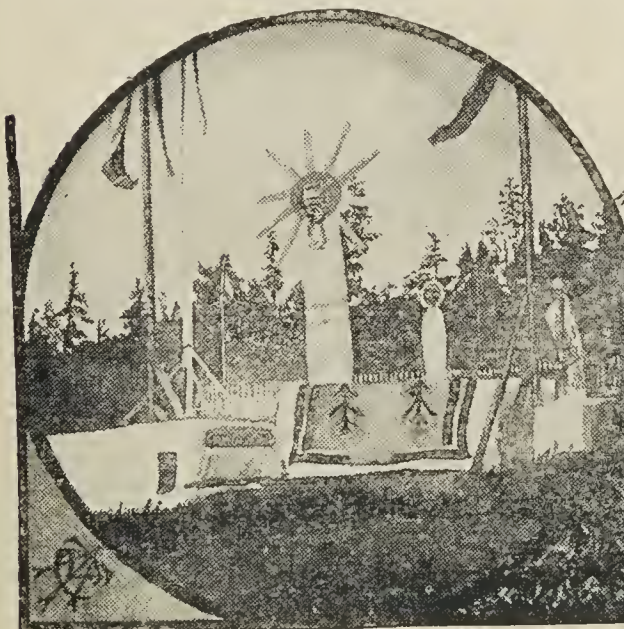
we humbly hope, been converted; more than that number having been baptized, and many entered into rest eternal. At first we had been objects of curiosity, then suspected, hated by the medicine fraternity, then respected, and now loved, when commerce has become an instrument and science a giant in making a highway for our God.

I had intended to bring down Mr. and Mrs. Field to the coast to assist at the canneries before they left for England in the autumn on furlough, but after hearing of the station work I fully agreed that they would do better to wait until a *locum tenens* could be found. I brought away with me an Indian girl for Miss Dickenson's home, the fourth from Hazelton. The poor child caught cold directly she reached the wet and chilly coast, and had to be nursed safely through a long and dangerous illness. Here it is that Miss Dickenson's skill as a trained nurse is of so much value. She is a most successful girls' home directress, keeping the girls together as no one else has been able to. I thank God for her devotion and liberality.

At intervals the steamer stops to load fuel from the long stacks of firewood cut by the Indians, and at every village. Wherever there are Indians I am recognised in a moment,

and as the fuel is piled on the ship's deck I am dispensing medicine on the river's bank, surrounded by the sick or their attendants. Time is most precious, as the steamer cannot afford to linger. So the Indians press around me, pouring a clatter of woes into my ears. "I have a hacking cough; I have ulcers; my eyes are nearly blind; I want Epsom salts (maunum Kuldass); I want eye lotion; give me ointment; my child is dying; look! give liniment, all my joints are swollen; this man's arm is broken; my mother is withering; my heart is sick, &c., &c." I call out, "Bring bottles, cups, cans, or any vessel at hand." The wise who had them at hand are first served. With as much precision, as under the circumstances is possible, I dispense and direct as rapidly as I can, praying in my heart all the time. To each I try to speak, if but one word for Jesus.

Scream, scream goes the steamer's whistle. I look round in dismay, for many are still waiting anxiously. I roar at the top of my voice, "Hold on, captain, wait a bit." Taking grace from the stopping of the whistle I work faster than ever. The captain is a man of heart and takes in the situation; but time is precious, so at last the whistle screams again. I bundle the drugs into my convenient casseck, a sailor standing by picks up the medicine chest and rushes for the ship. We are off and away from the downcast remnant, who are wailing because I left them without the help hoped for. The next business is to return bottles and pill boxes to their compartments, and once more I shall have eyes for the glorious work of the Creator. As I stand and gaze I see outlined on the face of Nature the forms of the





sufferer, the withered limbs, the ophthalmic eyes, the hectic cheek and fowl leer. But time slowly dims the vision. Insensibly it fades, displaced by the infinite completeness and splendour of the scene as if displayed on a canvas hung out from heaven.

We steam along almost under the branches of the tall cotton-wood trees, their spring verdure reflected in the mirror that bears us on its surface. The leafage of the birch and maple brush our smoke stack. Across the river, from the fringe of tender herbage to the forest-clad foot-hills, and beyond to the pinnacled back ground, built up of lofty, snow-clad, cloud-tipped mountains, the glory of the Lord is revealed, and one's heart is ravished with it. But memory sketches features of faces, each line traced by unalleviated suffering despite all the inspirations of Nature. The contrast starts a train of thought that ends in a sigh.

A bend in the river gives a fresh direction to these reflections. Here stands another village, the smoke ascending from many an Indian lodge, and there rising above them is the symbol of our redemption. What are all the voices of Nature to the voice from the cross of Christ? That tells of sympathy with suffering, hope for the helpless, and escape from sin. This small cross reveals another world, creates a higher joy, speaks a language of its own, understood as well by the Indian who worships under it as by me who just before was only concerned with the skirts

of His glorious clothing that He stripped off to wear our nature and die for both alike.

Here is a Native teacher and one of my old boys as school-master, both of them members of the tribe they are striving to save. Twelve years ago I left there a Zimshian teacher I brought from Metlakatla. Now the Native Church has produced its own first stage of ministry. Three adults during the winter were prepared by them for baptism and are now baptized. Others are coming forward. There was not a single Christian in the nation among any of the tribes when I first saw them; now though only a few are found it is rare to find any body of Indians without some Christians among them. On the coast from the Skeena to the Nass heathenism has been conquered by the Cross, and a similar process is in progress in the interior.

Is it not an unspeakable joy that heaven is nearer and brighter to them than their sunlit mountains? The sense of this abides as tempest and calm succeed each other. The word of the Lord that is turning light on dark souls will endure when river, forest and mountains shall have passed away, and the heavens overhead be rolled up as a scroll. Then shall the full glory of the Lord be revealed, and the immortal fruit of our mortal endeavours be His joy and crown. To Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.—In this blessed hope, I am your fellow-labourer,

W. CALEDONIA.



BIG HORN SHEEP OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

### AN ARCTIC BISHOP AND HIS FLOCK.

READERS of the GLEANER will remember that the Rev. W. C. Bompas went out at almost a moment's notice to the North American Mission Field in 1865, and has ever since been earnestly and faithfully shepherding his Indian sheep in that far distant land. In 1874 he was consecrated Bishop of Athabasca, a district estimated to contain about a million square miles. In 1884 this vast diocese was divided, Bishop Bompas taking the northern half as Bishop of Mackenzie River, and the Rev. R. Young being appointed to the southern division as Bishop of Athabasca. In 1890 Bishop Bompas's diocese was again divided, Archdeacon Reeve becoming Bishop of Mackenzie River, and Bishop Bompas retaining the Western portion of his original territory, under the title of the Bishop of Selkirk. There are three Mission stations in the Diocese of Selkirk; Rampart House, within the Arctic Circle, where the Rev. C. G. Wallis and his wife (now in England) work; Buxton, on the Upper Yukon, where Bishop Bompas and his wife resided last winter, assisted by the Rev. B. Totty; and Selkirk, where the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Canham have been. In his last Annual Letter Bishop Bompas says that he himself was going to Selkirk, leaving Mr. Totty in charge of Buxton, and sending Mr. and Mrs. Canham to Rampart House.

As a prelude to the touching verses by Bishop Bompas, given on the opposite pages, in which, when left temporarily alone in his Diocese, he pleads so powerfully for these Indians so dear to him, our readers will be interested in the following account which he gives of life in the land of his voluntary exile\*:

"The chief characteristics of an Arctic life, however, consist not so much in what is present, as in features that are conspicuous by their absence. No cities, towns, or villages, streets, roads, or lanes; no markets, farms, or bazaars; no flocks or herds, or carriages; no money, whether coin or notes; no railways, mails, or telegraphs; no Government, or soldiers, or police; no prisons or taxes; no lawyers or doctors."

As to the land itself, the Bishop writes:—

"Probably the most striking impression conveyed to the mind by the appearance of this country, is that here we are brought into immediate view of stupendous natural works of the great Creator, unsullied by human handiwork, undisguised by human artifice. Magnificent lakes, rivers, mountains, meet the eye, and these at one time buried under deep ice or snow, and chained with the iron grasp of winter, and at another time smiling in summer's glow and freedom, and flowing with melted streams.

\* *Diocese of Mackenzie River.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Bompas. (Colonial Church Histories S.P.C.K.)



Few operations of the powers of Nature are more forcible and striking than the binding back of the swift current of a mighty stream, in the severe frosts of early winter, and the loosing of these icy fetters on the return of spring. An equal contrast is seen in the congealing of the tossing waves of a large inland lake or of the Arctic Ocean. As the power of Nature, so also the care of Providence, is exhibited to perfection in the far North, as shown by the safe protection and provision afforded to the wandering tribes, apparently helpless amid Arctic frost and snow."

The love and longing which the Bishop feels over these Indians is shown in the verses which follow. Though they exceed in length those which usually appear in the *GLENER*, we are sure that the knowledge of the distance they have come, and the circumstances under which they were written will, together with their own merit, make them a power among our readers.

## STILL FURTHER NORTH.

LETTER FROM THE REV. E. J. PECK.

WE heartily endorse Mr. Peck's request for prayer in connection with his new enterprise amongst the Eskimo. A glance at the map of N.-W. America will show that Cumberland Bay (or Sound) is just on the Arctic circle, north of Hudson Strait, and far away from any part of the great Continent hitherto occupied; so that our dear brother is indeed going far into the wilderness after lost sheep. May the Lord preserve and bless him and his fellow-worker (Mr. J. C. Parker, late of the Clapham Institution) in their arduous and isolated work. The Committee took leave of the two brethren on May 8th.

"May 11th, 1891.

"As many friends have expressed a wish to follow us definitely in prayer when we (D.V.) go forward to our new work at Cumberland Sound, may I mention the following particulars?

"The vessel will leave Scotland on the 20th of June, and the voyage out will probably take about eight weeks.

"After landing cargo the vessel returns to Scotland in the autumn of this year, and there is a probability of our not hearing from the outer world until the vessel returns to Cumberland Sound in the summer of 1896, viz., in two years' time.

"Friends will be delighted to hear that, through the kindness of the Committee, a devoted brother in Christ (Mr. Parker) goes with me to our Northern station, and as it is not possible—at least at present—to take Mrs. Peck to such a desolate region, the company of a fellow-worker will be a very great help and comfort.

"Might I ask the prayers of friends for Mr. Parker as well as for myself, and will they also remember the other dear brethren now labouring amongst the Eskimo at Churchill, Fort George, and on the Mackenzie River? neither will they forget, I hope, the noble 'Moravian Brethren' who have been made the honoured instruments of bringing many poor Eskimo into the Saviour's fold.

"In going forward into the very Arctic regions to seek out the scattered sheep in the wilderness we feel we shall have in a very special manner the prayers and sympathy of many of God's dear people. Great has been the kindness and great the sympathy shown to me as I have gone to many a bright Christian home in England, and it will be a tower of strength when far away to remember that one is compassed about with a host of praying friends. And then, 'best of all, God is with us.' His promise shall never fail: 'Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.'

"E. J. PECK."

## Christian Union Decr. 1891

—Archdeacon William Day Reeve, who is to be consecrated Bishop of the Mackenzie River Diocese, has been a missionary among the Indians and Eskimos in the Mackenzie River district for twenty-two years. He has made a journey of 300 or 400 miles in a canoe to neighboring stations every summer; has walked on snow-shoes for days during the winter, drawing his provisions on a sled in Indian fashion; has adopted the coarse food of the natives, and acclimatized himself to their inhospitable region.

## MISSIONS IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

London (England) — *Record*  
LETTERS FROM BISHOP REEVE.

We have received two letters from the Bishop of Mackenzie River (Dr. Reeve), one dated November 1, 1893, dealing with work amongst the Eskimo, and the other, dated November 30, containing a review of a year's general work in the diocese. In the first letter he writes:— *Feb 23. 1894.*

### I.—THE ESKIMO.

The Eskimo are found in Greenland, Labrador, all along the northern border of the American continent, and on the coast of Siberia; but our concern at present is with those who live near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and are therefore within my diocese. They seem to be a people quite distinct from the Indians, being on the whole more provident, having lighter complexions, and differing in habits, language, and customs. The name (Esquimaux) means "eaters of raw flesh," and was given them by others. They call themselves "Innuits," which signifies "the people." Some of the tribes have a tradition that the Creator made different types of people, but none of them pleased Him until the Innuits were produced. They so satisfied Him that He made

no more—the name! Their food consists of the flesh of the whale, walrus, and seal, which is often eaten raw when cooking is inconvenient. Fish, reindeer, musk ox, goats, and wild fowl are also obtained at times. Having to move about in search of their food they inhabit different dwellings at different seasons of the year. In summer they live in canvas tents, or skin lodges. In the fall and early winter they dwell in primitive houses partly excavated, and lined more or less with poles. Logs are roughly piled on the outside, and earth or snow is thrown over these as an outer covering. As the winter advances they leave these abodes and inhabit the dome-shaped snow houses, which, of course, have to be constructed afresh every year.

Unlike the Indians, who have largely adopted European clothing, they retain their native and much more picturesque costume, which is made chiefly of the skins of the reindeer, and often decorated with great taste. One of the women whom I saw last summer had on a really beautiful and very striking dress, made with a neatness and finish quite surprising. Men and women dress pretty much alike, except the coat or shirt which is differently shaped. The men crop their hair close to the crown, something like the tonsure of a Romish priest, and cut it square across the forehead, not unlike a little girl's "bang." They have also a very peculiar facial ornament called a *totuk*. The cheek is pierced on each side of the mouth, and in the apertures is inserted a sort of large stud of bone or walrus ivory, and in the centre of each disk, which is sometimes two inches in diameter, is let in the half of a much prized blue bead. The women have the fashion of saving every particle of their hair which happens to come off, and weaving it into a pile on the top of the head, or forming it into two masses, one on either side of the face. So that an old woman has more hair than a younger one.

Both sexes are very fond of tobacco, which they smoke differently from other people in pipes of their own manufacture. As a race they are said to be somewhat diminutive, but such is not the case with ours. Most of the men are quite the average height, and some of them considerably over it.

The limits of this letter will not admit of my giving more particulars of this interesting people, but I am sending a paper to the *Canadian Church Magazine and Mission News*, in which fuller information will be given. I must now refer to the efforts being made for their evangelization.

In character they have been described as addicted to lying, thievish, quarrelsome, and sometimes murderous. They are also ignorant, degraded, and superstitious. Until of late years it was always a more or less anxious time when they came to their trading post, Fort McPherson, to barter their furs; and a sense of relief was felt by everyone when they departed. On these occasions attempts to instruct them in the simple truths of the Gospel were made by the resident missionary; and in the spring of 1870 Mr. (now Bishop) Bompas spent several weeks with them on the coast, and wrote out a little manual of lessons and prayers in their language; but up to the present they are still heathen. These efforts, however, have not been in vain. Writing of them in 1890, Archdeacon Macdonald says, "The Eskimo gave more encouragement last summer than ever before. They assembled with the Indians at evening prayers and requested to be taught." And last year he says, "It was gratifying to find them evincing an increased desire for Christian instruction."

The advent of the Rev. J. O. Stringer, at this time, seemed, therefore, most opportune. He had offered himself for work amongst them in response to my appeal in 1892, accompanied me the same summer to Fort McPherson, and at once threw himself heartily into the work. When it was proposed that he should visit the Eskimo village, without delay he cheerfully consented, and a few days later started for the Arctic coast, a distance of 200 miles, in a canoe, accompanied by an Indian half-breed, and English-speaking Eskimo to interpret for him. This was no light enterprise, nor was it lightly undertaken. Much interest was manifested towards him on his arrival, and all seemed friendly. Many of them had never yet heard the good news of salvation. Some thought he was a fur trader; but he told them he had nothing to trade and nothing to give away, but had come to tell them that which would do them good. On one occasion when he was telling them of what Jesus had done for them one man said, "Tell me about that. That is good news." And after a while the oldest man in the village exclaimed, "It is the fault of the white people that we did not know this before. We have seen them a long time now and they never taught us this!" But after a few days, when they found he was not going to give them presents, the feeling changed, and he was told in pretty plain terms that he need not stay any longer. Speaking of this he says, "When we were about a week there things looked rather 'blue.' My men were discouraged and stayed with reluctance. I could not blame them. It was only a determined

sense of duty that kept me there. But during those dark days I was drawn nearer to God than ever before, and got some wonderful assurances from His Word that made me hope. The young chief had shown me kindness at first and I was much in his debt. One day when I went to visit him he told me he did not think I should stay any longer. It was no use. I was not giving presents. This seemed a finishing blow, for I had hoped much from this man. George (the interpreter) was with me at the time. After a silent prayer I spoke a few earnest words to him, telling him to be careful how he interpreted what I said. Then I told the chief why I was there; that I had come a long distance to try to tell them what would do them good, and how great importance it was compared



with the few presents they expected from me which I was unable to give. He thought awhile without saying anything, and then invited me into his private sleeping-tent. He spread a rug for me, and we three sat down. Then he said he wanted to know more about those things I had been telling them of. He wished to go to heaven when he died, and would like to know the way. I had a long talk with him, told him the Gospel story simply, and he seemed pleased."

From that day things changed. All became more friendly, and the remaining days spent there were comparatively pleasant. The next week, when they were leaving for the Fort, the chief repeatedly expressed the hope that he would come back soon to be their minister and teach them. On the whole, therefore, the visit was not without encouragement, and gave hope for more success on a future occasion.

In May of this year Mr. Stringer paid a visit to another tribe on Herschel Island, where the Americans have established a whaling-station, and where he was most hospitably entertained by the captains of the vessels. He stayed there three weeks and visited the Eskimo in their snow-houses day after day. At times there were more than fifty there, some of whom heard the Gospel for the first time. This tribe seemed to be more cleanly, honest, and peaceable than the other, and are called *Noonatakmioot*—dwellers on the mainland—to distinguish them from the *Kukpugmioot*—dwellers on the big river. Each tribe speaks a different dialect.

Leaving the island on May 21, he accompanied a family who were going to the Fort. They travelled over the ice with sledges; were delayed by fogs; saw several parties of Eskimos, with whom they stayed a short time. He had his first taste of seal and found it too fishy; saw the midnight sun on the 24th for the first time; and at length reached the place where the *oomiak* (skin boat) was stowed away. The rest of the journey was made by boat, but it was a rough trip. Nine persons and ten dogs had to accommodate themselves in this frail vessel. At times it had to be conveyed over intervening ice, which was becoming so rotten that they frequently broke through. When they were clear of it they sailed night and day, and reached the Fort on June 12. After staying there about a week his companions returned to the Island. Speaking of them he says: "I have a few friends along the Arctic Coast, I hope, but none more staunch than this family. We were together for three weeks in rough and smooth, through storm and sunshine, and got to understand each other. The old man wanted me to promise to live with him next winter. I felt much pleased by their hospitality and kindness. Many things on the trip were a little hard at the time. The cooking did not come up to my ideal. They seemed to like raw meat as well as cooked; . . . but they were kind after their fashion, and I know would have been kinder had they known how." Being entirely alone with them for so long, and they not understanding English, he was obliged to speak their language, and thus obtained a better grasp of it than he otherwise would have done; so that, when the other Eskimo arrived at the Fort, he was able to talk to them in a way which quite surprised me when I visited the Mission in July. Most of them had left the fort ere my arrival, but the two chiefs and several other families were there still. In the evening they met together for a short service in church and joined heartily in a couple of hymns and two prayers. The next day several of them attended again to witness the first ordination of an Indian within the Arctic circle, and it was quite cheering to see how freely they visited Mr. Stringer, and made themselves at home in his room. He seems to have quite gained their confidence, there is good prospect of a successful work among them, and we have every reason to thank God and take courage. It was his intention, after my departure, to go again to the village at the mouth of the Mackenzie, where he went last year, and after spending a week or two there to go westward along the coast to Herschel Island, visiting the other villages *en route*, and to stay at the island until winter.

Thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent in endeavours to penetrate those icy regions and for purposes of scientific observation and discovery. May I not plead for aid to help us in the endeavour to reach the hearts of these heathen Eskimo, and to tell them of a Saviour's love? Without God, without Christ, without hope of a brighter future; living in those awful solitudes of ice and snow where the sun never rises for weeks together; after suffering the privations of hunger as well as of cold; their condition surely appeals to the hearts of all Christians, and a plea for them should not be in vain.

Of the ordination of the Indian above referred to, of the opening of a new mission at Hay River, of the Diocesan School, of interesting particulars connected with the other work in the diocese, and our various needs I have not time or space to write, but generous help for the above will be help all round.

May I ask your earnest prayers to the Lord of the Harvest for a rich blessing upon our work, and ourselves personally, that He will strengthen us with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and daily increase in us His manifold gifts of grace, so that we may be better fitted for the work, and more and more successful in it?

My letter of last year was so well received, and so widely read, that I am hoping this will be equally successful. It will help, I trust, to keep our supporters in touch with what is going on in the diocese, and encourage them to continue their aid when they see that it is "not in vain in the Lord." If any fresh interest is aroused, additional aid given, and more prayers called forth, we shall be all the more thankful to Him "whose are and whom

that God has provided a man, and such a man, for this special work; and that there is a prospect now of these hitherto almost neglected people being brought to a knowledge of, and I trust a saving knowledge of, redeeming love.

The next thing to be mentioned is the establishing of a new Mission at Hay River, Great Slave Lake. The Indians there have always been inclined, more or less, to Protestant doctrine, and have long desired a missionary; but for want of men, and means, and other causes it has seemed impossible to give them one hitherto. Feeling, however, that they had the greater claim, I removed Mr. Marsh from Liard in summer, the Indians there being all Romanists, and have placed him at Hay River. After spending a few days there in July to make the acquaintance of the Indians and select a suitable site for the Mission, he came to Fort Simpson for ordination, and returned with me in August. It was quite cheering to see the way the Indians gathered round him, and how pleased they appeared to see him back. A French priest had been sent to oppose him, but I was glad to learn when repassing the place two or three weeks later that he had not been so successful as I feared he might be. We rented a house for the winter from the patriarch of the village, who also gave us a small piece of land. I made some other arrangements with him. I also secured the services of a pious white man, whose wife (a Christian Indian from Fort Norman) and family will have, I trust, a beneficial influence on their new acquaintances. Much more might be said, but I must leave it for another time. Mr. Marsh is the right man, and in the right place, I hope; and there seems every prospect, under God's blessing, of an encouraging and successful work. There is quite a number of children to be taught, and we hope to establish a boarding-school where they can be cared for in every way. For this purpose I have written to Toronto for a young lady, who, I hope, will come in next summer. We are proposing to call this Mission St. Peter's.

The place which is pressing most upon my mind now is Fort Wrigley. As mentioned in a former letter, the Indians there have been unavoidably neglected of late, and have become somewhat indifferent and inclined to Romanism. I spent an encouraging ten or twelve days amongst them in the spring, visiting and teaching them day by day. A short service was held every evening, which was pretty well attended; seven children were baptized, and two couples were married at their own request. As I expected a young clergyman from Montreal I proposed to locate him there. They were very pleased at this. Some of them said, "That is what we want. Our young people are growing up in ignorance. A minister comes to see us; he is here to-day, to-morrow he is gone, and we do not see him again for a year or more; but if one lives here he will be able to teach us and give us a little tea." Unfortunately, however, to my great disappointment, the young man did not come. I felt it so much, and the piteous plaint of that poor man ran so much in my head, "No one prays for me," that I packed up my things and went as far as Fort Smith on my way out to fetch another. Other considerations, however, deterred me, and I have had to trust to a letter. I have written to England for a man, and hope he will not disappoint me. If he does there is danger of the Romanists taking up the work before we do, and of our losing all the Indians.

A few words must now be said about the older and equally important post.



## THE CHURCH MISSION

N

KINCOLITH.

METLAKATLA.

QUEEN  
CHARLOTTE  
ISLAND.

KITKATLA.

GRAPH DIAGRAM, SHOWING RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF PLACES MENTIONED.

As the wind was blowing from the north, Bishopley could have sailed in his boat southward from Metlakatla to Kitkatla, but could not have got back in. The steamer he went by was going first to Kincolith, then to Queen Charlotte Island, and then back, and the captain was willing to go round by Metlakatla on his way back. But the north wind prevented even the steamer from going to Kincolith at all, and instead it went straight to Queen Charlotte Island, and thence proceeded towards Kitkatla; but the wind changed, and blew from the east, which prevented this. The steamer then went to Kincolith, and back to Metlakatla. This will explain the Bishop's error.]

As long as it lasts, however, we cannot return; and if we could be detained days or weeks, as we may be, our chief occupation is felling for fuel the forest trees, and our only comfort during them night and day till the wind changes.

How delightful, say my juvenile friends! Well, yes, they could enjoy it for half a day, perhaps until they began to get ice when sent, axe in hand, to find a frozen streamlet, and chop out a big block of fresh-water ice to make the coffee for breakfast! Then thaw out the bread and butter. Look out on the water! It is steaming like a geyser. Take a bath if you dare. You would come out coated with ice, and must dress before you could be thawed. Indeed, you must wash your face with circumlocution, first, because water is scarce, and then, because you could only dry yourself on the side facing the crackling logs. People don't wash much in camp in the interior with the thermometer, say, twenty degrees below zero, and a northerly breeze. Neither do they undress, but coil up in all the blankets procurable on trying to sleep.

Among the big trees, however, the fierce wind is not much felt, but the snow comes down from the branches in patches flop to your frying-pan, or on your neck. This is worse after a storm, when the tongues of flame loosen the overhead snow from the branches. It is only delightful to read about. When it comes to others a man who looked happy as he gazed into the fire, his countenance changes, and, though he tries to grin after the first surprise, he does not really like it. It does not hurt him. Cold weather is a tonic, but has its drawbacks.

On the very day when I had intended to call my crew to fix the masts there was a most unexpected cry of "steamboat"!

Like the snow falling into a camp fire, my plans dissolved, and at mid-day I was on board an ugly sloth of a steamship bound for Kincolith, thence to the Queen Charlotte Island, and thence back to Metlakatla. The captain was kind, and considerably agreed to return *via* Kitkatla, only half a day's divergence from the proper course, and to give me two hours on shore to baptize the chief.

This involved a round trip of 360 miles instead of from fifty to sixty and back, dependent on the course taken by the *Rescue*, but I regarded this change of plans as providential, and therefore eagerly came to terms.

Away from the wharf we proudly sailed, for the sea was smooth in the inner harbour. One hour brought us face to face with a strong northerly wind and swell. The old tub made her exit to the sea with low curtsies, but Neptune was implacable. We pitched, and kept pitching into the sea, but the longer lasted the fiercer the battle, and the worse we fared. The sun was setting and we were still struggling. The elements were unkind; we were drifting astern after all our efforts.

"Aboutship!" was the word. Look out everybody! Won't

and provisions for a fortnight, in case of being driven by contrary winds into the woods.

Perhaps you do not realise that, with the mercury anywhere below zero, every drop of spray is frozen as it pelts you, and all the water from the crests of the waves, or percolating through the leaky seams, freezes in the bottom of the boat, steadily increasing her displacement, and diminishing her freeboard, which adds to our discomfort in choppy seas, and danger in tide rips.

The solitary advantage of the icy wind is, that, being from the north, it is fair, which makes it just possible to sail from point of departure to destination in one day, between dawn and night-fall.

## NOTES ON OUR PICTURES.

## SOME C.M.S. WORKERS IN CEYLON.

CHRISTIANITY has been in existence in one form or another in the more civilised provinces of Ceylon for more than three hundred years; but the C.M.S. Mission was not commenced in the island till 1818, nor did it penetrate into the interior till 1854. The illustration below shows a group of the C.M.S. workers connected with the "Kandyan Singhalese Itinerancy," an evangelistic Mission to the villages scattered over the hill country of Western and Central Ceylon. Their work is a most arduous and self-denying one, involving often long journeys on foot over the mountains and hills by day, and no better shelter than that afforded by a most uninviting Kandyan hut by night. Interesting particulars about some of the Native workers who appear in our illustration have been furnished by the Rev. J. G. Garrett, the only Englishman of the group. On his left (our right) sits the Rev. Henry Gunasékara, the veteran Native pastor of Trinity Church, Kandy. In the second row, between the pastor and Mr. Garrett, are seated two who feared the creaking old thing would roll too far over. No meal could be served that day. I jammed myself in a recess of the pantry and managed to drink a bason of soup and eat a chunk of bread. Then I robbed some unoccupied berths of their pillows, and with them contrived in my own berth a sleepy hollow, where, once made snug, I spent the rest of the day reading, admiring the all-round correction of "Working Substitutes," by his Grace of Canterbury, and the doctrinal tracery of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in their recent charges.

It was quite dark before we moored at Skidegate, a distance of rather more than 100 miles from Metlakatla.

All night through the steam winch whirled as we discharged cargo and loaded a new one. The snow was here said to be five feet deep. It snowed all night, so that what it was when we left could only be guessed. Next morning we reached a harbour forty-five miles to the southward, called Clue. Again unloading and loading day and night. The next day the wind shifted and blew hard, so that we dare not leave our moorings. The next night it ceased not till six in the morning, when it moderated. Now then, at last, we are off in the direction of Kitkatla, with a strong beam wind, but a heavy sea.

Before the island shores astern of us sank below the western horizon, we sighted the tops of the mainland mountains peeping over the eastern, but set in a saffron sky betokening foul weather.

Slowly, but defiantly, the wind backed to the eastward, rolling up before it a heavy swell, precursor of a fresh gale in store for us. The foresail shook, and was stowed; higher and higher rose the swell, until the ship's way nearly ceased. There stood the mountain behind Kitkatla. I could locate the village to a nicety, but my hopes of seeing it that day faded. The captain beckoned to me. I knew what he wanted, because I had worked out the problem myself with the fateful elements.

"Very sorry, Bishop, I can't make Kitkatla."

"I have known this, captain," I said, "for some time, and thank you for your goodwill in trying."

From Monday to Friday I have endured this useless tossing, and the loss of precious time, and now when my destination was almost reached, and the joy of admitting Sheuksh into Christ's Church by baptism, filled my heart, the one word "starboard," spoken to the man at the wheel, filled me with keen disappointment. I grudged this victory to the winds and waves, and found a grim kind of satisfaction in making up my mind to go to Kitkatla by my own *Rescue* as soon as possible.

For the present our old ship was driven before the wind, until just as darkness began to thicken around us, we came to a sheltering bay, and rode all night at anchor, with the heavy gusts evoking shrill music from the rigging.

At daybreak we weighed anchor, headed for Kincolith, and anchored off the village about nine o'clock next morning, Sunday, having had a rapid passage before a fair wind.

I was assured of three hours ashore, and after receiving a large number of Indians, and settling some diocesan affairs with Archdeacon Collison, I was in the pulpit preaching in Zimshian to a crowded congregation.

How I then grieved over the loss of the capacious new church by fire! The drip from the roof drove me out of the pulpit. I stood outside it, and during my sermon shifted my position again and again to avoid the water dropping from the ceiling.

Poor lawn sleeves, how your pride is humbled! And the satin in the rear, how its beauty is departed!

I do hope the Archdeacon's friends will promptly help him to build a new church—not for my sake, oh no!—but for the poor



**North Pacific.**—Last month referenees were made to the baptism of Chief Sheuksh, of Kitkatla. We find that Sheuksh took the name of "William Ewart Gladstone," whether from choice, or at the suggestion of others, is not stated. The Rev. F. L. Stephenson writes:—"I truly believe him to be very sincere in his professions of new life. His whole course of life carries sincerity on its face and in its hidden parts. Last year there were some points on which he and I were compelled to differ in connection with the old *régime*. These positions he has utterly abandoned, and before attending a village feast will come in to ascertain if I am going, or if in doubt on any point will come in and talk his doubts over. 'I have offended and fought against God too long, and can't afford, now that I know that He is right and I wrong, to wilfully offend Him. God forgive me for these years of error and the error into which I have led my people. Night and day I cry to Him for pardon; my eyes are more often wet than dry. But He will not despise the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be penitent.' His prayers are simple heart-breathings to his God. He was most eager during his preparation for Holy Baptism. One afternoon he seemed very eloudy, and could not take in what was taught. While questioning another candidate on what had been explained, to ascertain that it was thoroughly understood, I heard a whisper on my left, hurried and earnest. I could not turn round immediately, as I was listening to the answer of another candidate. The whisper continued, and became distinct to my ears. It was 'Sheuksh' praying for light and wisdom. He did not miss another question the rest of the afternoon. Who will deny the effect of prayer? His answers were often astonishing, being the outcome of deep thought. Whenever I had the opportunity, which was nearly every night from nine to ten P.M., I would go down to his house, where he would collect a band for a Bible lesson. . . . The Kitkatla have made rapid strides, and exhibit great spiritual progress. More have come forward for baptism this year than the three previous years of my work, leaving *very few* in their undetermined state. The search and hunger for truth has vastly increased. Where twenty or thirty attended Bible inquiry classes last year, the number has been often more than doubled. Schools have been better attended and taught, as my brother has been with me for the last nineteen months."



We are now entering upon our long dreary winter. Snow fell on September 20, and has lain on the ground since the middle of October. The river has been full, from side to side, of drifting ice for the past twelve days, and will be impassable for about three weeks longer, when it will set fast, and remain solid until sometime in May. The Indians, excepting one or two families, are all off to their hunting grounds, and we shall not see much of them until spring. The general health here is good. There has been no sickness to speak of excepting a cold, which was not so severe as last year, and only one death. Rabbits are numerous so there will be no scarcity of food. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."

## II.—ANNUAL LETTER.

In reviewing the work of the past year it is difficult to know what to refer to first. To me the most interesting event has been the first ordination of a native within the Arctic Circle—that of Mr. John Ttssietla—so I will begin with it.

Mr. Not-afraid-of-mosquitoes, for that is the meaning of the name, had been labouring most faithfully and earnestly as a catechist amongst his fellow tribesmen, and this, together with his humility and consistent godly life seemed to point him out as a fit person for the office of the ministry. The ceremony took place at St. Matthew's Church, Peel's River, on July 15. The Rev. I. O. Stringer, B.A., was admitted to the priesthood at the same time. Most of the service, which was partly in English and partly in Indian, was read by Archdeacon McDonald, who also presented the candidates and interpreted for me. The sermon preached by the Bishop was upon 1 Cor. xv. 58. It was a cold, wet, stormy day, but the Church was full, and would have been packed had the weather been more favourable. Your heart would have rejoiced to have been present, to have seen that nicely filled church, to have noticed the reverent demeanour of the congregation, the earnest attention of the Indians, and of the Eskimo also, even to the English part of the service, and the heartiness of the hymns, prayers, and responses, and to have partaken of the Lord's Supper with those who remained for that holy rite. It was a solemn time. I felt it good to be there, and a great honour to have the privilege of ordaining the first minister from amongst these northern tribes. He is a married man with a small family. His wife is a godly woman, and helps to teach her own sex. I wish I could send you a photograph of them, but photographers are scarce in this part of the world. Picture to yourself an elderly man, below the middle height, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, short grizzly hair, dark complexion, pleasant expression of countenance, spectacles on nose when reading, and dressed somewhat like a labourer in his Sunday best. I must not forget to add that members of St. James's, Bath, subscribe 60*l.* per annum for his support and the expenses of his Mission.

Of Mr. Stringer's new and interesting work amongst the Eskimo I have already written, but would add here how thankful I am



tell you that the message brought to these people upon many of their hearts. It is here we go to to none—it is here we find specimens of fess Christ before men. It was one of the by white people on the Lord's Day to messenger back to the pale-faced men, in heaven said "No" to working on the

It was here, I may add, that I heard and sustaining power of the Lord Jesus his friends desired to pray and sing, was with him, and he was engaged wanted to enter in. Handing his Bible said it was all he had to give her, and it

Many holy men and women have passed to be for ever with the Lord. The days of have all been amply rewarded, and doubtless in the sheaves it will be found that from the will be many jewels in the Master's crown.

Words of mine fail. The lives and examples in this Mission tell the world that Missions are a success, and the Master's promise still the same.

Lac Seul is one of the principal stations in this Mission. It cannot boast of being as old as some of the stations, still the work has made rapid progress, and has many features that deserve more than a passing notice. It is to be particularly noticed among these people that they are almost entirely free from many of the vices of the white men, as, for instance, stealing, lying, drinking, &c.

On my arrival at the station last summer, it was considered advisable to provide a place for services in the bush near where the Indians were camped, and where they were being paid their treaty-money. Numbers of willing hands turned out, and in a short time a large space was cleared, seats arranged, and the place fitted up in readiness for the service. The singing and responses were very good. I was particularly struck with the rapidity with which they met together. One of the councillors took a large frying-pan and beat it for a few minutes about the camp, after which there was a general rush for the place of meeting; the only element of disturbance seemed to be the dogs. These were carefully guarded off the place of meeting. I was struck with the rapt attention of an old Indian whose Indian name is Maheengun (Wolf), but who changed it for a Christian name but a short time ago. This old man, like St. Andrew of old, sought a companion of his and brought him to the meeting. He also desired me to have an interview with his friend, who as yet was a stranger to the light, though I believe not very far from it. Besides these week-day services we had a grand day on the Sabbath, when all gathered to the church, and quite a number partook of the Lord's Supper.

more than half a century ago has been well burned and branded find men whose love and loyalty to the Christian soldiers neither afraid nor Christian Indians from this Mission take part in a business meeting, sent that it was the Lord's Day, and that Lord's Day, and he said "No" too. the noblest and grandest testimony in the hour of death. An old did not want to engage in either looking at the door, and

Master are second ashamed to con- who, when invited his views by the the great Chief borne to the living Indian, with whom just then. Jesus when it opened he to his weeping wife, he was all she needed. away from this Mission sowing, the days of waiting, in the great day of bringing White Dog Mission there

## A VOYAGE ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

LETTER FROM BISHOP RIDLEY.

Readers of the GLEANER will all remember the story of Sheuksh, chief of the Kitkatlas, who was so gloriously reached by the Gospel message in Nov., 1891 (GLEANER, Feb., 1892). Since then he has been under careful instruction, and earnestly desired to be received into the Church of Christ by baptism before Christmas Day. He begged that Bishop Ridley would come up from Metlakatla to baptize him, and we give in the Bishop's own graphic words the story of his attempt to meet the chieftain's wish.—ED.]

METLAKATLA, Dec. 27th, 1893.

HOW to get there is the difficulty. Not that the distance is great—not further than from the Isle of Wight to Cherbourg, or from Holyhead to Dublin. The difficulty springs from the inclemency of the winter, and the exposure in a cockle-shell of an open boat, though I ought not to disparage my *Rescue*. But really nineteen feet by five feet eight beam does look small in a gale of wind in the open sea. Just try it, my friends, across the strip of twenty-one miles from Dover to Calais any day in December. We are here in a yet higher latitude, where winds are just as wilful, and waves as high. I am getting up in years, only lately convalescent, and too matter-of-fact to love risks and revel in tempest as in my younger days.

Without exciting opposition by expressing the intention of trying to go, I quietly got things ready. What concerned me most was the leakiness of the *Rescue* through being laid up in a loft for the winter. The wind and frost had opened her seams, and for at least the first day afloat she would leak through every seam like a sieve.

As soon as I was forced to divulge my secret intention, my wife's solo soon changed to a full chorus of dissuasiveness. She said, "'Tis madness"; they said, "You ought not to think of such a thing." She said, "Don't go"; they said, "Wait a little while." What she further said I may not say, because I should not shine in the controversy. I never tried to argue, because I knew my arguments would in a moment be torn to shreds. I had my eye on a good crew of light, wiry Indians, a good little tent of No. 1 canvas,



THE  
NORTH-  
AMERIC  
INDIA  
AS HE WAS





IN THE GIRLS' HOME, METLAKATLA.

[The above picture, sent to us by Miss E. G. Dickenson, shows the pupils in the Girls' Home, Metlakatla, in the Autumn of 1892. Miss Dickenson herself stands among them. Bishop Ridley in his letters often mentions the good work quietly going on in the Home, and we are glad of the opportunity of making it more known, by this picture, to our readers.—Ed.]

I am pleased to be able to speak hopefully of the work at this station. The Indians live almost entirely away from the influence of white people, and when they have been taught what is right there is no counter-influence to lead them astray. Hence the whole band belong to our Church, and all join in helping to support, and the little they are able to do, when united and willingly done, helps wonderfully.

For years one of themselves conducted the services regularly, and would do so still, but he had to move away from the Reserve. Like some of the others, this is an old Mission, and the seed sown many years ago is now, after many days, bearing fruit. Great carefulness is needed in guiding these inexperienced believers into ways that will be permanent and useful.

Work at this Mission has some special phases in it that should encourage supporters of Missions. I would mention a desire among these people to pass on the message they have received to others. When they work in the lumber-camps, or engage in other manual labour away from home, they do not leave their religion behind them. The Sabbath is observed and the Bible read in the same way as if at home. Again, they have learned the important lesson not to look to and expect from a foreign country all the support necessary for work among them.

Considering that Black River was a place where the darkness was very great, where the Heathen Indians met from time to time to conjure and to dance, and that there was not a single soul who cared to hear a word about God, what a change now! No Heathen in the whole place, no Roman Catholic among them. God's house, God's Word, and God's laws observed.

I should be glad if some of my readers could witness the simple piety of some of these children of the forest. It is a very common thing among them to walk from Black River to Fort Alexander, a distance of about twenty miles, to join their brethren at the Lord's Table on the Sabbath-day. Not only to walk, but mothers will carry their little ones on their backs, and go on through deep snow, without roads, with thin clothing, in the most boisterous weather, simply to join in a holy rite they value so much. I wonder how many people in the more civilised lands will travel forty miles under similar difficulties to join in the services of the sanctuary. I think the work here has at last the stamp of reality upon it.

The Sioux Indians have a history of their own. I cannot

speak of them without thinking of the ravages, bloodshed, and desolation that covered the land between here and St. Paul when I passed through it some thirty years ago. The Indians now under review form part of the bands mixed up in the massacre so sadly remembered in those days. They sought refuge on the British side of the line, and soon after this Mission was opened among them at Oak River.

It is superfluous to describe their character, suffice it to say the devil did his work most effectually in their hearts. For many years the name of the Sioux Indian was a terror to the other bands.

It is here, if anywhere in the world, that there is a grand chance of testing the mighty power of the Gospel.

When some of these blood-stained savages, famous for the excessive cruelty in which they took away life—when, I say, some of these men are found clothed, and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, we may be sure there is a power outside of man at work.

The majority of these Indians are still Heathen, although they no longer practise their old ceremonies. Nearly all of them attend church regularly, and some of them are exemplary Christians, and as regards self-denial might be very well held up for the imitation of older Christians. On one occasion the congregation in the little church, men, women, and children, numbered about sixty. The collection was taken up for Indian work, and amounted to about £7. When the head-men heard what the item was they said it was too small for the great work, and must be doubled next time.

When a Sioux Indian is converted, he is anything but a vacillating man; he wants to be real, whether a Christian or a Heathen. It was pleasing to talk to these Indians about good things. They soon found a man who understood Ojibbeway, the language in which I spoke; he interpreted into Sioux, and every word was listened to with rapt attention. I never saw more orderly people in church, or a people who came to it or disappeared more rapidly. The men ride on ponies, summer and winter, the women in waggons or sleighs, and in a few minutes after they leave the church they are out of sight over the prairie. The work is a most interesting, but a very difficult one.

I need not say the White Dog is an old Mission, nor need I





## V.—MISSION WORK IN THE DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON PHAIR.

[The length of time required for communication with some of our brethren in the N.-W. America Mission makes it difficult for us to ask them to co-operate in any such series as that at present appearing in the GLEANER. Therefore it was a special pleasure to find that Archdeacon Phair, in his Annual Letter, had given a retrospect of his thirty years' work, which furnishes us with extracts forming just such an article as we desired. We have seldom been able to give our readers so vivid a picture of the effects of the Gospel upon the Indians of the Great Lone Land.—Ed.]

WINNIPEG, Jan. 31st, 1894.

IT is now a little more than thirty years since I began work in this land. Looking over a year is great, but when I reflect upon the mercies, the opportunities, and the privileges of thirty years, I feel there is much for which to thank God and take courage.

Speaking of the country, it was then a comparative wilderness. Speaking of the work, it was then but the day of very small things; looking at it to-day, one is constrained to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" Not only have new Missions been opened up, new spheres undertaken, and numbers of efficient labourers found in this land; but what is even more encouraging, numbers of the older Missions have been weaned away from the Parent Society, and have learnt largely to support themselves.

In the process of leading these people to look more to themselves than to foreign help for support, I find everywhere signs of more hopeful and healthier growth. The Native character is brought out and matured so much better when called upon in their councils and meetings to devise ways and means for aggressive work among themselves.

I found it necessary in the early part of January to pay several visits to the Society's old and important Mission at St. Peter's. If I might be allowed to look at this Mission alone, in the light of the last thirty years, what an overwhelming argument we have here in the interest of Christian Missions. The utter absence in this large sphere of work of polygamy, of medicine ceremony, of Indian craft and vice, of idleness and begging; the birch-bark tent giving place to the neatly constructed cottage; instead of snaring and angling for food, ample provision made for the long winter; instead of rabbit skins and other Indian garments, men and women clothed in European costume, broad acres cultivated, and modern facilities employed to lessen the labour; the Indian drum and conjurer's dance have given way to a beautiful organ in a substantial church. Quarrellings and bickerings lushed into a holy calm as men and women by the hundred kneel around the holy table to commemorate the love of a common Lord. Surely these are changes that God alone could make; they are stamped with His image and superscription.

When I visit this Mission, it is not to settle a quarrel between man and man, but to join in the common boon of attending some of the many meetings for prayer and praise, spread like net-work over the whole district.

In this great work of faith and labour of love the Rev. J. G. Anderson has the able assistance, not only of a number of faithful catechists, but also the hearty co-operation of a large number of true-hearted men and women. Mr. Anderson does not feel that the responsibility of this work rests upon himself; the Christian Indians feel they are sharers in the work themselves. During the past year steps have been taken to open a hospital among these people. I need not say, considering the death-rate during the year, what a boon under God's blessing this will be.

Scanterbury is an old Mission, and if looked at in the light of my own experience, presents many wonderful changes. Indeed, if I go back to my first experience, I can recollect but little to break the gloom of darkness and Heathenism that overshadowed the place. It would seem to have been chosen as the seat and centre of the conjurer's tent. Here was a large rendezvous for

all the bands around Lake Winnipeg, but at length the thick darkness that covered this place was penetrated by the light that lightens the Gentiles; and here too, as at St. Peter's gambling, conjuring, dancing, and all sorts of Heathenism gave way before the mighty power of the Gospel. Hard by the site of the great heathen tent stands the church of God to-day. The men who, with painted face and plaited hair, spent their day and nights in yelling and beating the drum, are now found clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. Outside the Gospel there is not enough power in the world to accomplish a change like this.

Scanterbury is another standing monument of the signal triumph of God's Word over Heathenism. Here and there there are things that need special attention and careful watching, and once in a while the enemy comes in like a flood; but the old weapons, and the old faith, and the old mode of resisting him never fail. Besides the immediate Indian work, Mr. Coates has charge of a large and sparsely settled district made up largely of half-breeds, to whom he ministers from time to time. Among these people no opportunity is lost in propagating the idea of self-support.

Work at this Mission dates farther back than my own personal experience; viewing it, however, as I can remember it myself, there is a marvellous change. Contrasting my first visit, some thirty years ago, with my last, I can truly say, "The Lord hath done great things for us." When I first went among them, a number of drunken Indians surrounded the little shanty in which I lived. In their wild and hideous shouts, they asked for food and other things of which I had but little. One of them shot my dog close by me—others broke my windows—they all agreed I had better leave, as I was likely to disturb their religion. Here, if anywhere, the strong man armed kept his palace. Noisy Indians by day, the conjuring drum by night, made me feel I was where Satan's seat was. Once in a while I would have a visit from a conjurer with four or five wives. The night of Heathen darkness was indeed dense, but in God's good time the light came: a knowledge of the language, patient waiting in prayer, the good seed sprung up and began to bear fruit. One after another was brought in, and it was only last summer the last remaining heathen yielded to the influence of the blessed Gospel. On the very place where for more than half a century the conjurer's tent had been erected, I was asked to kneel down and pray by a number of the very men and women who, more than twenty years before, had come to the Mission in their paint and feathers to make trouble. The large and beautiful church, erected largely by the Indians themselves, is filled from time to time with the very men and women who hated its very name in years gone by. Surely in this change we can see the finger of God. I love to dwell on some of these things, they are such mighty factors in the great work the Master has assigned us. I feel sure these facts speak for themselves, and need no words of mine to prove a source of the greatest encouragement to the supporters of Missions.

The past year has witnessed many removals from this Mission by death. Numbers of Indians have passed away, leaving the brightest testimony of their simple yet real faith in God. A little girl, shortly before she passed away, summoned her mother to her side, and told her she was going to the Saviour, going to realise what they had been singing about and praying about and reading about so long, and then, drawing her mother close to her, she said, "Don't be thinking so much about the things of this world, you won't have them long; think more about the things you will have for ever. The one is worth thinking about, the other is not. I am going, and you will come soon. Don't be sorry for me. Jesus will be glad to see me."

If the efforts of the Society had accomplished no more in this country than simply transforming this wilderness of Heathenism into the happy, prosperous Christian community that it is now, I am convinced the Society would be more than amply repaid. There is not a conjurer, not a polygamist, not a medicine-man in the whole place. Twelve miles of a beautiful river, with house on either side, gardens cultivated, churches and school-houses along its banks, and the Sabbath observed in a way that might well be an example to white people in older lands.

Black River is connected with the headquarters at Fort Alexander, and is visited from time to time by the missionary in charge of that place. The work is carried on by a catechist and a schoolmaster.







# Church Missionary Steamer.

## NEWS FROM THE FAR NORTH.

LETTER FROM MR. J. C. PARKER (a G. U. "Own Missionary").

Arctic Eskimo Mission, Blacklead Island,  
Cumberland Sound, September, 1895.

THE winter has been very long, dark and severe. As early as Nov., 1894, we registered 28° below zero. Much snow fell from that date until the end of June, 1895. The people state it to be the hardest winter that they have known for many years. To attempt a just description of our position and the scene before us through the winter and spring of the past year, either upon paper or canvas, would, I think, demand the name "Abomination of Desolation." It is a cold, lone land, but it is here that we find these people for whom Christ died, and among whom, for His sake, we would for a season dwell. . . . Our vision is at the farthest rock-bound at a possible distance of four miles across the frozen sea. The east coast rises abruptly from the sea, some points attaining an altitude of 3,000 feet. The west coast is flatter, dotted with islands, and more inhabited. The sun was just visible through the shortest day for a few minutes. The Christmas season passed off joyously. We had the old English plum pudding, and the whole of the school children, seventy-five, had a good substantial tea. Throughout the winter it is intensely cold and very stormy, with the most bitterly searching winds. In summer, the weather being calm, the heat is sometimes very great, when one is tormented by mosquitos.

The poor starving dogs greatly disturbed us one cold night in the month of February by breaking into our church, tearing it down and devouring it. We were quickly on the scene of destruction, but too late to save much of the materials which had formed the roof, for, being skin, the dogs had eaten it up quickly. It was a sorry little edifice, though the very best we could get. We set to and repaired it next day somehow, with all kinds of odds and ends, so that the work was not hindered. This summer the church has been rebuilt, and is much improved, though I know that every one of you would despise it even now. May I try to show you how valuable it has been? It was opened for the reading of God's Word and prayer, and for the instruction of the Eskimo in the blessed truths of the Gospel, on Sunday, Oct. 7th, 1894. Since that date until the present

I doubt not in answer to your many prayers for us and our work. However, through the ever kind protecting care of our God, and and haul her up, or she would have been smashed in the ice, ice pack and had to hurriedly throw everything out of our boat the hood of my coat. At another time we were caught in an money, you know! I fell into the sea and was pulled out by and they said they were very hungry for it. Tobacco is our kindness personified, our only grief was that tobacco ran out more often wet, and always more or less foggy. The people were to myself, but by no means envious, often it was bitterly cold, the month of July. It was a most exciting time, most enjoyable as the wild waves and winds broke them up. This was through the night to remove our tents, boats and baggage further on the ice, on the ice, sometimes we would have to get up through the especially the fat! Then we sang our hymns, prayed and slept wood where-with to cook it, we ate it raw. It is very good, and ate seven on the way down, or if we had seal's meat, and no we pitched our six tents, cooked our bear's meat—for we killed our all day. Each night we pulled up to the ice floe and upon it In whalers' phraseology, I was boat header and hung on to an six families. We were three weeks and one day going down, was most happy to go. (Counting me as one, we made a band of going down to Signina, a place not far from Frobisher's Bay. I should leave on a two-months' cruise with a party of Eskimo After his return, in the month of June, he arranged that I friendly chats, sleeping at night in his own little tent. visited them in their tupiks for individual dealing and for built to break off the wind. He is a good brave man. Then he them together under the lee side of a pile of snow which he a place in which to gather the people for instruction, he called the Hikestat for five weeks to teach the people there. Not having

there were some twelve families in the whole band. We had two little gatherings, when we sang hymns, prayed, and read God's Word together. Very possibly it is the first time that the name of Jesus rang out in song and praise in that solitary place. Oh, it is glorious work!

Our personal appearance is as primitive as that of the Eskimo, for like them we are completely clothed in skin from head to foot. It is most comfortable, warm and becoming. I am a great deal of a native, for I am able to live like one, and able to take and make a good meal with them on food quite questionable.

We are very much alone in this land, no other white man was here all winter. Then in the spring, Mr. Peck left me here in charge while he travelled with an Eskimo sledge and dogs over to

OCT., 1894.]

THE CHURCH MIS.

## TWO VISITS TO THE ESKIMO.

A LETTER FROM BISHOP REEVE, OF MACKENZIE RIVER, WITH  
EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. I. O. STRINGER'S JOURNAL.

ST. DAVID'S MISSION, MACKENZIE RIVER,  
N.-W. T., CANADA, June, 1894.

THE following is a summary of an account of two more visits paid by the Rev. I. O. Stringer to the Eskimo last year,\* which, I am sure, will be read with interest by all who pray for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom throughout the world and His saving health among all nations.

The first visit was to the Eskimo village near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which was reached on Aug. 4th. Mr. Stringer pitched his tent alongside the chief's camp, in the middle of the village, and stayed there three weeks, teaching the people daily as opportunity offered. A hearty welcome was given him, and he derived much encouragement at the outset by hearing them singing a hymn which they had learnt the previous summer, their voices rising above the noise of the stormy wind and reaching his ears as he approached the village.

The Eskimo have a good-sized, roughly built log building, which is used as a council chamber and for other public purposes. In this Mr. Stringer held service almost every day. He says:—

"At first it was an uncertain thing, and interruptions might occur at any moment; but before I left we used to have quite orderly services—singing, reading, and prayer—and sometimes they were hearty. One day in the midst of the service the head of a whale was brought in for all to eat. Some wished to begin at it then and there, but at the word of the chief all refrained. As soon as the last prayer was said and I told them 'taina' (that will do), a rush was made for it, and it soon disappeared. A choice piece was given to me to cook and eat. The others omitted the cooking. I learnt to like fresh whale whilst there, and ate a good deal."

Hunting the grampus is the chief occupation of the Eskimo in summer, and last season one hundred and fifty-five were killed. After a day's hunt all would meet in the council house, and the exploits and adventures of the day would be related with great animation and considerable eloquence. Some of them had said that they would not hunt on Sundays, but one day, when Mr. Stringer was in a tent visiting a sick person, a cry was raised that whales were in sight, and when he came out of the tent all the men were off in their kyaks. Unable to get the others to attend service, and discouraged and disappointed with the day's proceedings, he was just about to retire to rest when a message came to say that he was wanted at the council house. He says:—

"I went wondering what was wrong, and was surprised to see nearly all the men sitting there quietly." (Their hunt had been quite unsuccessful.) "They said they wanted me to teach them to sing like the Ithillys (Indians). So I sat down, and we sang and read and prayed for about two hours. They were very attentive, and we had a most profitable time. There in the midnight twilight, after the worry and disappointment of the day, I learnt a lesson of trust and patience that stood me in good stead for many a day. 'It is always darkest before the dawn,' and we often complain at disappointments and discouragements when they may be but the prelude to opportunity and blessing. So the days went on. One day dark and dreary, the next bright and joyful. Many seemed eager to learn. Others were careless and seemed to take no interest."

Amongst other purposes the council house was used for dancing. On the night after Mr. Stringer's arrival, as he was sitting there, a dance commenced, which is best described in his own words:—

"I watched them for awhile, and before I knew it they had turned it into a 'medicine making' performance. So I thought I would see it through. It became wild. Had it not been that the ones who took part were those who were friendly to me I think I should have been nervous, or in other words scared. When you see a big knife brandished in close proximity to you, and the brandisher going through all sorts of contortions and mimicry such as few lunatics would be guilty of, you begin to wonder what is going to happen next. At least I did, and several times would have been glad to be out of there; but I thought if I left they would think I was scared, and that would never do. So I saw it to the finish. I think several of them were possessed, otherwise I don't know how they could have gone through the performance as they did. Perhaps it was just as well that I witnessed it once, but I don't think I shall again."

\* [Accounts of Mr. Stringer's previous visits were published in the C.M. Intelligencer for Jan., 1894.—Ed.]



Having made considerable progress with the language, Mr. Stringer, on this occasion, took no interpreter with him. He had, therefore, to depend upon himself—the best way, probably, of getting hold of the people, as well as of the language. On one occasion, when teaching in a small village on the opposite side of the channel, one of the men exclaimed with great earnestness, "Oh! I hope you will be able to teach us all soon. Hurry up, and learn our language well, so that we may understand everything. We may soon die, and we are not prepared. *Kyeta! Kyeta!* (Quick! quick!)" Mr. Stringer adds:—

"Something about the manner of the man, and the eager assent of the others went through me like a thrill, and I realised what a responsibility rested upon me, and how little I had been doing."

The Eskimo are fond of singing, and some of them have good voices. Before Mr. Stringer left they managed to sing one hymn without assistance, and he says, "You ought to have heard the shout they gave the night they first sang it alone!" The chief was very kind, as were some of the others. A proposal was made to erect a hut next summer, several of the men offering to help. This will be a great advantage, as a tent in cold stormy weather is far from comfortable.

On August 24th the encampment was broken up. One party moved up the river about fifty miles, and Mr. Stringer accompanied them. There they had very rough weather, and fell short of food. He says:—

"We had to depend on the Eskimos for fish, and they hadn't many. But we were never in want, although for days we never had food for a meal ahead. It was living from hand to mouth, but somehow or other something generally came to the hand when the mouth was in need."

At Mr. Stringer's request the chief gave him his boy, Kalukotok, to stay with him at Fort McPherson for the winter. He is about fifteen years old, seems a bright, willing fellow, and is a good all-round specimen of an Eskimo. If he could be trained for a few years he might be a great help. The journey back was uneventful. The Fort was reached Sept. 11th.

The second visit was to Herschel Island, and was undertaken at the beginning of winter. Taking a train of dogs, sled, provisions, and everything necessary for a journey over the snow, and accompanied by an Indian, he left the Mission on Oct. 27th, and reached the Island after fourteen days' travelling. It was a trying journey. A dense fog compelled them to hug the shore, and thus increase the distance. The sudden breaking off from the shore of a large sheet of ice nearly caused their being carried out to sea, and endangered their lives. They also narrowly escaped a visit, during the night, from a large polar bear which was looking out for winter quarters, and perhaps for a supper too. They fell in with a party of Eskimos, and stayed with them a day. They seemed to be utterly ignorant of the Gospel. He had there his first experience of living in a snow-house, and had one of his own: "the first," he says, "I ever owned." About fifteen miles from the Island they came across another party, whom they were glad to meet, as their provisions had run out. They were all strangers to Mr. Stringer, and many of them had never before seen a missionary. He says:—

"I had seen some of their relations last summer, and they plied me with questions about them, for they had not heard of them since last winter. In most cases I was able to tell them some news of their distant friends, and I could scarcely get away from them. But I promised to come back in a few days, and at last broke away and made for the ships. . . . I was sorry to learn of the death of Oobouk, the Eskimo whom I accompanied to the Fort last spring. He died the night before I arrived. A number of Eskimos were living near the ships. I visited those as much as possible, and taught them what I could. I made two trips to the village on the mainland, staying overnight each time, and was much pleased with their eagerness to learn. They used to gather in the largest house, and were very attentive as I read them what I had translated, and tried to explain to them the Gospel. Their houses were the half-underground ones, built partly of poles, and covered with sods and snow. In the house where I stopped there were about twenty people living. The building was about six feet high in the centre, sloped to the sides, and would have a floor area of about fifteen square feet! I was kept busy while there, holding little services with them, and trying to answer all the questions they asked. One man said he had killed another a long time ago, and eagerly inquired if there was a chance of his going to heaven. A woman wanted to know if they used tobacco in heaven. Some of them had been at Peel River some time ago, and Archdeacon McDonald or Bishop Bompas had given them some instruction, but most of them were from farther west, and had never been to the Fort. And to think of these poor people

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SUNNYSIDE, SKEENA RIVER.

a recent convert, hearing of my arrival, hurried back to the house and seconded his mistress' endeavour to show me hospitality.

Not until my men were asleep, and too late to go off to my anchored-out boat for my blankets, did I find I was turning the Chinaman out of his bed. I felt a sort of shiver as I lay down, but the conversation I had with him reconciled me to my situation. The lamp was on the floor, and the man, standing with his back to the wall, had his face lighted up. What a study it was. He is a comely Celestial, with a plump oval face and almond-shaped eyes full of liquid light and sympathy. I sat on the edge of the bed, the only seat in the room, listening with grateful delight to his broken but burning words. Would that I could reproduce them in full!

He described his visits as a Christian with another Chinese Christian to the China-house, as we call the ugly buildings the Chinese crowd into for the fishing season. "I pray long time," he said. "I read book of God. I read Luke to them, 15th chapter to-night. They hear it all; they smoke, they lie down, they hear all the time, they speak not. Then we sing hymn in China words, then plenty sing; they sing hard. You know, Bishop, Chinaman not much know God. Some know little, plenty not know nothing. China country dark, very dark." So he ended in

a slow, serious manner of speaking as if he remembered how the darkness felt. Then he opened wide his arms till they touched the wall he stood against, and began to try to express God's all-embracing love. He looked as saintly as artist ever painted. There was a far-offness in his eyes; his lips parted as if unable to express the feeling flooding his soul. Had I been a Frenchman I would have sprung to my feet and embraced him as he tried and tried to tell me how much God loved dark China. "Oh, you know, you know, Bishop." Then bringing his extended arms together he clasped himself to show how God had lifted him out of darkness into light. Relapsing again from his rapid utterances to slow, solemn tones, he said, "I know God, I love God, I love God very much."

What a sight it was! I could hardly restrain myself from saying, "And I love you." I spoilt it by saying, "I am very glad you know and love God." I think my voice by its tone expressed more than the poor words. I hope so. God's grace makes all races lovable. I could not but reverence this Chinese servant because of his beautiful confession. I kept awake many hours meditating on the transforming power of this grace and love. I

no longer envied my men the church floor.

Next morning at breakfast I found that Mrs. Ardagh and Miss Hicks had been present at one or more of such meetings, and so delighted was Mrs. Ardagh with what she saw that she declared she never before felt so much like a missionary.

The Chinaman waited on me most assiduously, and I found on embarking that he had prepared for my dear invalid a delicacy, because, as he said, Mrs. Ridley "not eat too much," meaning that she had a very poor appetite. His last words were to commend my new Chinese servant to my sympathy, saying, "He know God only very much little, but by-an'-by know Him more and be very good Chinaman." His great object was to stimulate me to take a spiritual interest in my servant.

Away we went, rowing out of the river with the remaining ebb tide and into the offing, until by close sailing we could lay on our proper course back to Metlakahla, thankful for all God had shown us.

**A Novel Exhibition.**—The Vicar of Husbome Crawley, Beds, sends a contribution to the Society, the proceeds of an exhibition of more than one hundred dolls dressed in the garb of various nationalities, and many of them to specially illustrate striking points in the lives and customs of the Heathen. The dolls have also been exhibited in many neighbouring villages and in Bedford.



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“We had to depend on the Eskimos for fish, and they hadn’t many. But we were never in want, although for days we never had food for a meal ahead. It was living from hand to mouth, but somehow or other something generally came to the hand when the mouth was in need.”

At Mr. Stringer’s request the chief gave him his boy, Kalukotok, to stay with him at Fort McPherson for the winter. He is about fifteen years old, seems a bright, willing fellow, and is a good all-round specimen of an Eskimo. If he could be trained for a few years he might be a great help. The journey back was uneventful. The Fort was reached Sept. 11th.

The second visit was to Herschel Island, and was undertaken at the beginning of winter. Taking a train of dogs, sled, provisions, and everything necessary for a journey over the snow, and accompanied by an Indian, he left the Mission on Oct. 27th, and reached the Island after fourteen days’ travelling. It was a trying journey. A dense fog compelled them to hug the shore, and thus increase the distance. The sudden breaking off from the shore of a large sheet of ice nearly caused their being carried out to sea, and endangered their lives. They also narrowly escaped a visit, during the night, from a large polar bear which was looking out for winter quarters, and perhaps for a supper too. They fell in with a party of Eskimos, and stayed with them a day. They seemed to be utterly ignorant of the Gospel. He had there his first experience of living in a snow-house, and had one of his own: “the first,” he says, “I ever owned.” About fifteen miles from the Island they came across another party, whom they were glad to meet, as their provisions had run out. They were all strangers to Mr. Stringer, and many of them had never before seen a missionary. He says:—

“I had seen some of their relations last summer, and they plied me with questions about them, for they had not heard of them since last winter. In most cases I was able to tell them some news of their distant friends, and I could scarcely get away from them. But I promised to come back in a few days, and at last broke away and made for the ships. . . . I was sorry to learn of the death of Oobouk, the Eskimo whom I accompanied to the Fort last spring. He died the night before I arrived. A number of Eskimos were living near the ships. I visited those as much as possible, and taught them what I could. I made two trips to the village on the mainland, staying overnight each time, and was much pleased with their eagerness to learn. They used to gather in the largest house, and were very attentive as I read them what I had translated, and tried to explain to them the Gospel. Their houses were the half-underground ones, built partly of poles, and covered with sods and snow. In the house where I stopped there were about twenty people living. The building was about six feet high in the centre, sloped to the sides, and would have a floor area of about fifteen square feet! I was kept busy while there, holding little services with them, and trying to answer all the questions they asked. One man said he had killed another a long time ago, and eagerly inquired if there was a chance of his going to heaven. A woman wanted to know if they used tobacco in heaven. Some of them had been at Peel River some time ago, and Archdeacon McDonald or Bishop Bompas had given them some instruction, but most of them were from farther west, and had never been to the Fort. And to think of these poor people



## Church Missionary Gleaner.

### NEWS FROM THE FAR NORTH.

LETTER FROM MR. J. C. PARKER (a G.U. "Own Missionary").

*Dec 1895.* ARCTIC ESKIMO MISSION, BLACKLEAD ISLAND, CUMBERLAND SOUND, September, 1895.

THE winter has been very long, dark and severe. As early as Nov., 1894, we registered 28° below zero. Much snow fell from that date until the end of June, 1895. The people state it to be the hardest winter that they have known for many years. To attempt a just description of our position and the scene before us through the winter and spring of the past year, either upon paper or canvas, would, I think, demand the name "Abomination of Desolation." It is a cold, lone land, but it is here that we find these people for whom Christ died, and among whom, for His sake, we would for a season dwell. . . . Our vision is at the farthest rock-bound at a possible distance of four miles across the frozen sea. The east coast rises abruptly from the sea, some points attaining an altitude of 3,000 feet. The west coast is flatter, dotted with islands, and more inhabited. The sun was just visible through the shortest day for a few minutes. The Christmas season passed off joyously. We had the old English plum pudding, and the whole of the school children, seventy-five, had a good substantial tea. Throughout the winter it is intensely cold and very stormy, with the most bitterly searching winds. In summer, the weather being calm, the heat is sometimes very great, when one is tormented by mosquitos.

The poor starving dogs greatly disturbed us one cold night in the month of February by breaking into our church, tearing it down and devouring it. We were quickly on the scene of destruction, but too late to save much of the materials which had formed the roof, for, being skin, the dogs had eaten it up quickly. It was a sorry little edifice, though the very best we could get. We set to and repaired it next day somehow, with all kinds of odds and ends, so that the work was not hindered. This summer the church has been rebuilt, and is much improved, though I know that every one of you would despise it even now. May I try to show you how valuable it has been? It was opened for the reading of God's Word and prayer, and for the instruction of the Eskimo in the blessed truths of the Gospel, on Sunday, Oct. 7th, 1894. Since that date until the present

I doubt not in answer to your many prayers for us and our work, though the ever kind protecting care of our God, and and hand her up, or she would have been smashed in the ice, ice pack and had to hurriedly throw everything out of our boat the hood of my coat. At another time we were caught in an money, you know! I fell into the sea and was pulled out by and they said they were very hungry for it. Tobacco is our kindness personified, and only grief was that tobacco ran out more often wet, and always more or less foggy. The people were to myself, but by no means enviable, often it was bitterly cold, the month of July. It was a most exciting time, most enjoyable as the wild waves and winds broke them up. This was through night to remove our tents, boats and baggage further on the ice, on the ice, sometimes we would have to get up through the especially the fat! When we sang our hymns, prayed and slept wood wherever to cook it, we ate it raw. It is very good, and ate severe on the way down, or if we had seal's meat, and we pitched our six tents, cooked our bear's meat—for we killed our all day. Each night we pulled up to the ice floe and upon it In whalers' phraseology, I was boat header and hung on to an six families. We were three weeks and one day going down, was most happy to go. (Counting me as one, we made a band of going down to Signina, a place not far from Frobiisher's Bay. I should leave on a two-months' cruise with a party of Eskimo After his return, in the month of June, he arranged that I friendly chats, sleeping at night in his own little tent. visited them in their *tupiks* for individual dealing and for built to break off the wind. He is a good brave man. Then he them together under the lee side of a pile of snow which he a place in which to gather the people for instruction, he called the Hikestat for five weeks to teach the people there. Not having

there were some twelve families in the whole band. We had two little gatherings, when we sang hymns, prayed, and read God's Word together. Very possibly it is the first time that the name of Jesus rang out in song and praise in that solitary place. Oh, it is glorious work!

Our personal appearance is as primitive as that of the Eskimo, for like them we are completely clothed in skin from head to foot. It is most comfortable, warm and becoming. I am a great deal of a native, for I am able to live like one, and able to take and make a good meal with them on food quite questionable.

We are very much alone in this land, no other white man was here all winter. Then in the spring, Mr. Peck left me here in charge while he travelled with an Eskimo sledge and dogs over to

living and dying without the opportunity of hearing the blessed Gospel! It was little that I could do in such a short time, and with my limited knowledge of the language. But it was a beginning, and surely it was a privilege to bring the Good News to them if only in an imperfect and limited way. They were as kind as could be, and wanted me to stay all winter. Then they wanted me to come back and stay all next winter, and said they would hunt for me, and get me a supply of meat."

The whalers, too, were very kind, and entertained him right hospitably, and when he left, after a stay of about a fortnight, laden him with such things as were needful for the journey.

The cold weather was now setting in, and the days were becoming so short that it was necessary to return without further delay. Already the sun peeped above the horizon for only a very short time; and after leaving the ship they did not see it at all for several days until they got farther south. The journey again occupied fourteen days, and was even more trying. Provisions again failed, the wolverines having destroyed two out of the four *caches* which they made on the outward journey, and for a time they had to live on "tea and sweets" (sweet biscuits?). They slept sometimes in snow-houses, sometimes in snow-drifts, or wherever they could find shelter from the biting wind. Along the coast they found driftwood under the snow wherewith to make fires, but sometimes they had only ice-water willows, and once they had no fire at all, and had to boil their kettle over a candle! And this in intensely cold weather! "For days at a time the thermometer stood at 50° to 55° below zero! (Fah.)." No wonder that they made "roaring fires" when they reached the pine woods! No wonder that Mr. Stringer froze his heels! It seems a wonder that they should care to leave the house again when once they reached home, which they did on Dec. 6th.

The above needs no comment from me, and I am sure his appeal for an assistant will come with peculiar force after reading such an encouraging account of his labours.

"During the past year," he says, "I have realised that one man cannot do the work. The spring and summer are the best times for visiting the Eskimos on the coast—in fact about the only times that satisfactory work can be done. There are three or more places hundreds of miles apart that should be visited at the same time of the year; and how can one man do it unless he have wings? Influencees are bearing in from different quarters that will make the work far more difficult in years to come. If a foothold is not gained now many opportunities of good will be lost for ever. I am persuaded that it is *now* or *never*. What is to be done? Where is the man? Where are the means? The harvest is ripe, and I have faith that another labourer will be sent forth in God's good time—and surely that time is *now*. An unordained man would do just as well for the present if he be the right sort of stuff, and possess patience and tact. I fully believe that a few years will see *the salvation or the ruin of the Eskimos*."

He says much more to the same effect, for which there is not space in this letter. I earnestly commend this work to the consideration of God's people—His *labourers*, and His *stewards*.

W. D. REEVE, *Bishop of Mackenzie River.*

### PAPERS FOR AFRICA.

LETTER FROM BISHOP TUGWELL.

Angola, WARRI, July 25th, 1894.

I AM *en route* to the Niger with Bishop Phillips. A few quiet days on board afford an opportunity of overtaking arrears of correspondence. Before me lies a heap of letters addressed to the Rev. S. S. Farrow. I have read them with deep interest. They were written in response to a letter of mine which appeared in the C.M. GLEANER, *The Christian*, and *The News*. Mr. Farrow's illness and subsequent return to England account for the long delay which has ensued in acknowledging these letters, and even now I can only hope in general terms, and by the medium of the GLEANER, to testify my gratitude, and to state what course I am adopting.

I am carrying the letters about with me; when I meet a young man who has been educated in one of our missionary schools, whether he be engaged in missionary work or as an agent of the Government, I give him one of the letters received, note his name and address, and also that of the writer of the letter, and invite him to open communication with the English writer by stating the circumstances under which he received the letter. Whether this plan will answer I shall be greatly interested to know. I think it will.

In travelling from port to port, I am endeavouring to enlist the sympathy and arouse the interest of young African Custom House officers and clerks in missionary work. Some of these are in possession of the letters of which I have been speaking; I shall be very grateful to our kind correspondents if special attention is given to the letters of any of these young men who may write. HERBERT TUGWELL (BISHOP).



## A ROUND TRIP IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

LETTER FROM BISHOP RIDLEY.

(Continued from p. 10.)

METLAKAHTLA, July 11th, 1895.

AT Claxton I found Mr. Gurd ministering diligently and acceptably. Mrs. Gurd has school daily in a spacious vestry, and the church is generally well filled at every service. It was most pleasant to see how attached both Indians and whites are to the pretty church they have lately finished. It meant that they valued the services. Mr. Gurd's new house is perched over rocks, close to the river, and has a most magnificent view. It is bad for the children. One of them fell off the unguarded platform and broke his nose. Happily it was one of his sons and not the only daughter. Here I was put up in the best room, where I spread my bedding and slept in much comfort. My men slept in the boat at her moorings.

With the first of the flood tide we started off, as I had a hard day's work before me. First we stopped at Carlisle, where the people groan because they have no settled minister. Mr. Gurd pays it and Irving, another settlement, regular visits, and the doctor more rarely appears on his rounds, when he is welcomed. By mid-day we reached Port Essington, the most important place on the Skeena. Mr. Hogan has been in charge, but is now relieved. . . . He has done a fine work among these people, who never saw his like, and like him.

From Essington Mr. Hogan went with me to Balmoral to inspect a damaged church. I also saw several of my former pupils, now men and married. They are a fine lot of fellows, of whom I am very proud.

On my return from Balmoral, Mr. Price's station, to Essington, where I was most hospitably entertained, I met the doctor in his boat bound on his errand of compassion to Balmoral at high water. I started back soon after for Sunnyside and Inverness, the doctor's place, thinking that he would be sure to be close after me to wipe out yesterday's disgrace. The tide now began to run swiftly out, but the up-river wind was very strong. Every inch had to be won from the headwind, that had churned up a bad sea. I was about two miles in advance when I saw his boat coming, crossing the river on her first tack. With her great centre-board and big sails I quite expected him to reach home first. For an hour we kept along under the same circumstances, and found he was not gaining an ell on us. Off one of the headlands, where the tide is very swift, the sea was rough with overfalls. We had some baling to do, but we kept on. Each wave-crest sent the spray flying to leeward. It was a little discomfort, but I enjoyed tearing through the water and spurning the waves as we dashed over them. The *Rescue* behaved extremely well, answering every motion of my hand on the tiller as if we had one mind together. Now and then I cast a glance at the white sail astern. Suddenly it disappeared. By using my glasses the Zimshian could see that the stern-chase was abandoned, and the big boat was running back before the wind for Essington with only a jib set. It was too rough for her or for her crew. Another flag for the *Rescue*, that kept on and reached her destination in three and a quarter hours, having beat to windward twelve miles against a strong breeze.

We found on arrival that the doctor was not expected back that night at all, so that it was the sole hope of outsailing us that must have induced him to put to sea that afternoon. We never said a word of what had occurred to his wife lest alarm might have been caused, seeing we could not tell whether the doctor had got safely back to shelter or not, though satisfied he had.

It was a very gloomy evening, and getting dark when we arrived. We all had intended to spread our blankets on the church floor, as my men did, but Mrs. Ardagh kindly insisted on giving me some supper and offered me a bed. Her Chinese cook,

a recent convert, hearing of my arrival, hurried back to the house and seconded his mistress' endeavour to show me hospitality.

Not until my men were asleep, and too late to go off to my anchored-out boat for my blankets, did I find I was turning the Chinaman out of his bed. I felt a sort of shiver as I lay down, but the conversation I had with him reconciled me to my situation. The lamp was on the floor, and the man, standing with his back to the wall, had his face lighted up. What a study it was. He is a comely Celestial, with a plump oval face and almond-shaped eyes full of liquid light and sympathy. I sat on the edge of the bed, the only seat in the room, listening with grateful delight to his broken but burning words. Would that I could reproduce them in full!

He described his visits as a Christian with another Chinese Christian to the China-house, as we call the ugly buildings the Chinese crowd into for the fishing season. "I pray long time," he said. "I read book of God. I read Luke to them, 15th chapter to-night. They hear it all; they smoke, they lie down, they hear all the time, they speak not. Then we sing hymn in China words, then plenty sing; they sing hard. You know, Bishop, Chinaman not much know God. Some know little, plenty not know nothing. China country dark, very dark." So he ended in

a slow, serious manner of speaking as if he remembered how the darkness felt. Then he opened wide his arms till they touched the wall he stood against, and began to try to express God's all-embracing love. He looked as saintly as artist ever painted. There was a far-offness in his eyes; his lips parted as if unable to express the feeling flooding his soul. Had I been a Frenchman I would have sprung to my feet and embraced him as he tried and tried to tell me how much God loved dark China. "Oh, you know, you know, Bishop." Then bringing his extended arms together he clasped himself to show how God had lifted him out of darkness into light. Relapsing again from his rapid utterances to slow, solemn tones, he said, "I know God, I love God, I love God very much."

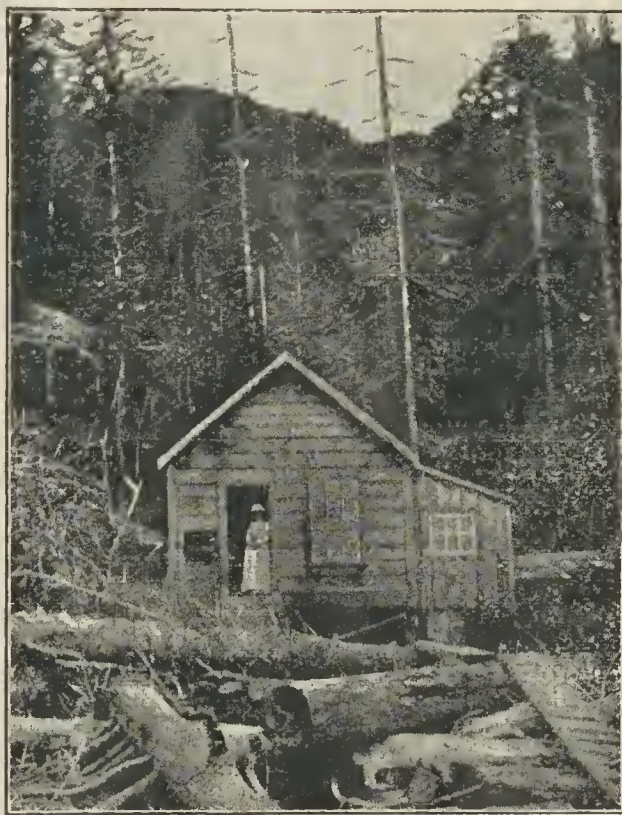
What a sight it was! I could hardly restrain myself from saying, "And I love you." I spoilt it by saying, "I am very glad you know and love God." I think my voice by its tone expressed more than the poor words. I hope so. God's grace makes all races lovable. I could not but reverence this Chinese servant because of his beautiful confession. I kept awake many hours meditating on the transforming power of this grace and love. I no longer envied my men the church floor.

Next morning at breakfast I found that Mrs. Ardagh and Miss Hicks had been present at one or more of such meetings, and so delighted was Mrs. Ardagh with what she saw that she declared she never before felt so much like a missionary.

The Chinaman waited on me most assiduously, and I found on embarking that he had prepared for my dear invalid a deheacy, because, as he said, Mrs. Ridley "not eat too much," meaning that she had a very poor appetite. His last words were to commend my new Chinese servant to my sympathy, saying, "He know God only very much little, but by-an'-by know Him more and be very good Chinaman." His great object was to stimulate me to take a spiritual interest in my servant.

Away we went, rowing out of the river with the remaining ebb tide and into the offing, until by close sailing we could lay on our proper course back to Metlakahtla, thankful for all God had shown us.

**A Novel Exhibition.**—The Vicar of Husborne Crawley, Beds, sends a contribution to the Society, the proceeds of an exhibition of more than one hundred dolls dressed in the garb of various nationalities, and many of them to specially illustrate striking points in the lives and customs of the Heathen. The dolls have also been exhibited in many neighbouring villages and in Bedford.



THE PARSONAGE, SUNNYSIDE, SKEENA RIVER.



## PROGRESS AMONG THE NISHGA INDIANS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. J. B. McCULLAGH'S JOURNAL.

A DELIGHTFUL record of work and progress comes to us in some extracts from the journal of the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, of Aiyansh, North Pacific Mission. Aiyansh is, as most of our readers are aware, situated on the Naas river, which falls into the Pacific north of Metlakahla, and is the home of the Nishga Indians. During the summer the Indians are scattered about, hunting and fishing. A large number are always collected at Echo Cave, at the mouth of the river, where a motley crowd of Indians, Chinese, whites, and half-breeds are busy at work, and here in a tiny cabin the missionary makes his residence for the summer months. How much his presence is in request here we may judge when he tells us that, in order to write a paper he had been asked to contribute to the Annual Conference at Metlakahla, he had to hide himself on three successive afternoons in the Cannery loft. He gives the following interesting account of services held at the Canneries:—

"There being no place of worship at the Cove, I have usually held services in the net loft, but as only the Christians turned out on Sunday



EXTERIOR OF CHIEF'S HOUSE.

mornings, the Heathen preferring to lie abed until the afternoon, I decided this year to take advantage of certain new arrangements made by the company for the better housing of their employés, and hold open-air service between two parallel rows of cabins in which they were located. The foot walk (planks laid on trestles) from the store to the cannery ran between these cabins, and on this we stood in a row (it was only one plank wide), and conducted a service of about an hour's duration. The cabins were like so many pews, the occupants at church *volens volens*! We found the single plank a very inconvenient standing-place, so agreed to take up a collection on the following Sunday towards erecting a sufficiently spacious platform (the ground beneath was an accumulation of boggy matter through which the water oozed from the base of the mountain) for which there was ample space between the cabins.

"July 2nd, 1893 (Sunday).—Went down to the cabins at 9.30 this morning to beat up my contingent of open-air workers for the morning service. At 10.30 we were all on the plank singing. The China house being near at hand, the Chinese were out in a body to see—poor fellows they could not hear. After the service two of our members engaged in prayer. Moses Wan, quondam wild man and gambler, prayed thus: 'I asked you, O Chief of heaven, to give me good success with my fishing, and you filled my boat. The reason I besought you was that I might be able to help in erecting the standing place of which we spoke to you last Sunday. I now thank you very much for what you have done, and I lay down one dollar for this work.' One by one our people laid down

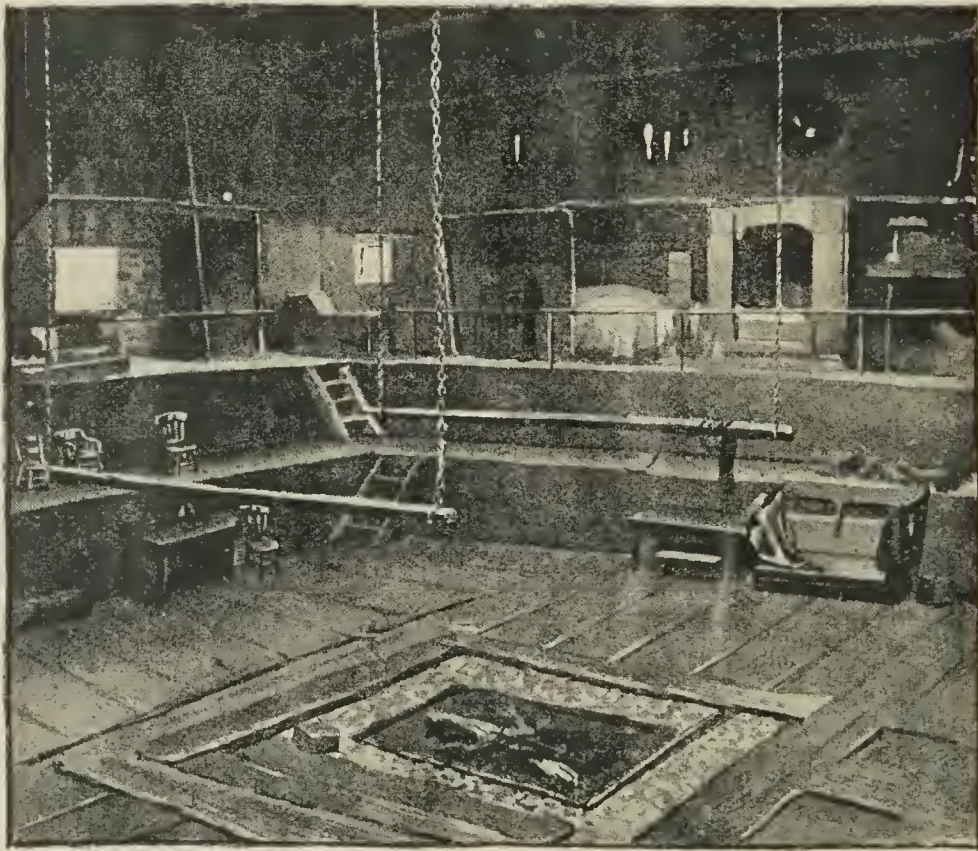
their offerings on the plank, and then moved away, the last man literally taking up the collection, 11 dollars, or about £2 5s.

"During the week we obtained a supply of material, and built a very good platform alongside the planked way, and there we held open air service every Sunday during the summer, mostly in the rain. Thus the Heathen, without even the trouble of getting up, had the Gospel preached to them."

In November the people of Aiyansh suffered from a visitation of "La Grippe," and for three weeks Mr. McCullagh's whole time was taken up with attending on the sick. But the epidemic passed over, the people began to recover, and as soon as they were "on their feet again they heartened up to evangelistic work among the Heathen." A Heathen village some distance off, called Gitlakdamiks, had long been the object of much prayer and effort, and the path leading thither being particularly difficult and laborious, the Christians of Aiyansh had, the year before, constructed a road to the place, and had named it "Gospel Road." This much facilitated the visits of little bands of preachers zealous to win fresh recruits to the cause of Christ. Among the most zealous was the old chief Abraham, who had had charge of the Mission station while Mr. McCullagh was absent on furlough. Here is the account of their setting to work again:—

"Not satisfied with merely singing, they must have the unnecessary accompaniment of a *drum*, to beat time on. This went on very well for a few weeks, and then the Heathen took a dislike to the drum. Perhaps they thought it was too much *à la* medicine man, or perhaps they may have heard that I advised against the use of the drum. Be that as it may, they sent a deputation to me, asking me to stop open-air preaching. 'If I would engage to stop that, they would give their very best attention to the preaching of the Gospel in their own houses.'

"However, before I could get a word in, Chief Abraham was on the



INTERIOR OF CHIEF'S HOUSE. (See p. 38.)

war path against the deputation, belching forth like a volcano torrents of burning indignant remonstrance, and, having exhausted himself, left the council chamber. I then explained to the deputation that I could not, neither had I any desire to stop street preaching, nor could Abraham stop it.

"He had passionately declared they should not hear the Gospel again. That, in fact, if they were to burn a few of the Christians, it would only make them stronger hearted for the preaching.

"I was willing, however, to make a compromise—let their suggestion about giving me their best attention in their houses still hold good, and I would at least stop the drum. This suggestion was accepted by the Heathen, but seemed like showing the white feather to the Christian mind. The latter therefore refused to stop their drum, and went up in a body the following Sunday to Gitlakdamiks, marching right into the centre of the village. Here they were met by a determined crowd, which completely blocked up their way, while certain of the baser sort made a



Arrival of Mr. Peck and Mr. Parker.  
*Missionary Gleaner Jan 1895-*  
LETTER FROM MR. J. C. PARKER.

*Dec 1895- Missionary Gleaner*  
North-West America.—The ship which calls at Fort Churchill once a year had a narrow escape from being wrecked in a fog off Mansfield Island. Its arrival on Aug. 22nd caused much thankfulness to the

MAR., 1895.]

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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rush with knives to do for the drum. Somehow the drum seemed to be charmed, for though T. Gak kept on beating it, they could not get their hands on it.

"The Christians made no reply to the many taunting speeches of the Heathen, but getting down on their knees began to pray for them. One old medicine man, Hkseije, spat four times at George Gozag, as he was praying, but Gozag, taking no notice, went on praying. Old Agaud, another medicine man, made a rush at the throat of a relative, to give him a good shaking, but was seized with such trembling and weakness, when he found himself in the midst of the Christian ranks, that when they went down on their knees he flopped down too, which sight created a panic in the Heathen crowd, who fled precipitately lest some powerful influence should come over them also. The Christians then went on unmolested, and returned in the evening very much sobered and subdued, desirous of their own accord to give up the drum. I then made arrangements to keep the Gitlakdamiks to their promise of giving their best attention to the preaching in the houses on Sunday mornings. Leaving the morning service at Aiyaush in charge of a Native teacher, I began to devote the best part of each Sabbath to the Heathen. Going up early on the Sunday morning with a few helpers, I made a tour through the village, preaching for about ten minutes at each house (there are about twenty-eight large houses, so that really I have preached on an average every Sunday during the winter, thirty times, and I have been fresher at the end than when I began), and I was listened to as I had never been listened to before; and then, about two o'clock, the open-air band would come upon the scene and continue the work in the street until evening."

Abraham's quarrel with the Heathen chiefs did not pass off here, and the sequel is a striking illustration of the way in which God turns good into evil, and makes "the wrath of man to praise" Him. It also shows the reality and depth of the work of grace in the hearts of the Indians, as well as the generosity, which, in spite of many faults, seems inherent in the Indian nature. As Christmas drew near, Mr. McCullagh gave notice that he would administer Holy Communion on the Sunday before Christmas, at the same time cautioning against attending any who entertained bitter feelings or ill-will to others. To his surprise Abraham and Philip took this to mean that they were "forbidden to attend Communion" in consequence of the hard words they had used in the quarrel. Eventually it was decided that the Heathen chiefs and principal men should be invited by Abraham and Philip to dinner, and that these two chiefs should publicly apologize and withdraw the offensive expressions used by them to the deputation. The invitation was accepted by seven Heathen chiefs and seven head-men, and Mr. McCullagh's presence was required. After dinner Abraham's speech was as follows:—

"Friends, chiefs, wise men, brethren all, my heart is unusually gladdened to-day by the warmth of your presence in my house. The fact of your moving on my invitation without demur has touched me deeply; because I am conscious of having cherished bitter feelings, and having used harsh words against you, not only recently, but on every slight occasion during the years that are past. But it is only lately that it has become evident to me that such things are offensive to God.

"Moreover, it is not seemly that I should be ashamed to accompany the Master's servant when he goes to preach the Gospel to you; or that you should be ashamed to come here to see him because of me.

"It is the way of men to err, because they frequently misapprehend, seeing only the outside of things or looking at them from behind. It is also the way of men to talk rashly, and at random, when their hearts are hot. Now I accuse myself before you all [repent], friends, chiefs, wise men, and brethren, for the manner in which I misjudged you, and for the pungent language in which I condemned you. Let it all be thawed, wiped out, forgotten. Let nothing trouble your minds about the open-air preaching, you did nothing, said nothing to the boys. Even if you did do anything to them it has been well done, which has increased our love to you in grace."

Several of the Heathen chiefs replied, and Mr. McCullagh addressed them on St. Matt. v. 23, 24, R.V., explaining that "God required of us each a heart void of ill-will, a heart filled with brotherly love, a pure heart; that we merely made a mocking of God by coming to Him with prayer and praise while anything which He abhorred was cherished in our hearts, that, in fact, Abraham and Philip could not eat at the Lord's Table while entertaining vindictive feelings toward them." After the

that our faith fail not.

[The unexpected call of two whaling vessels at Blacklead Island, on October 10th, enabled Mr. Peck to send a hurried letter supplementing the information contained in the above letter from Mr. Parker. The Eskimo, who manifest a great desire for instruction, had planned and constructed a building twenty feet long by ten feet wide to serve as a school, and shortly as a church. This was made by placing together some large whales' bones as a frame, and covering them with a number of seals' skins—a "tabernacle in the wilderness" as Mr. Peck calls it.]



HEATHEN NISHGAS—A "MEDICINE" PARTY. (See p. 38.)

blessing, the reconciliation was completed by Skaden rising and saying:—

"Chief Abraham, I take in mine the hand you have held forth. I take it to hold it in friendship and peace. It is the first time you have held it out to us, except when clenched. I take it to hold it in warm friendship, and though blue jays and other peculiar birds [a dig at one man who had tried to rekindle the strife] may chatter and squall above those clasped hands, yet I shall hold your hand still in friendship and peace."

Two days later, the missionary and the Christian chiefs were invited to a feast given by the Heathen. Mr. McCullagh says:—

"December 21st (Thursday).—On an invitation from Skaden, all the male members of our Mission, myself included, started for Gitlakdamiks this evening at five o'clock. On reaching Skaden's, we found a large crowd assembled, who were lustily hishdilautquishing, i.e., shouting loudly in our honour, and showing many signs of joy.

"As we entered, those of us who were chiefs were thus ushered to our seats. 'O chief, great chief, real chief, here it is, here it is, sit in your ancestors' house until the dawn!' I was conducted to the place of honour. We all sat facing inwards, in the form of three sides of a square, a huge fire being built up in the centre, the fourth side of the square being towards the door, where our entertainers stood in a motley group. Skaden went round and shook hands with us all. Presently a young chief stood out from the group, and striking the floor several times with the end of a stick, began an address to the effect that 'the chiefs hoped we were comfortably seated; let us seat ourselves at our ease, enjoy the glowing warmth of the fragrant cedar logs, be of good cheer, strong hearted, eat our fill, listen to plenty of good talk, and sit in our ancestors' house until morning!' After this, a lot of dishes and basins with water and soap were set before us in which to wash our hands. Abraham and I had the first wash, and then the basin was passed to several others, who had to wash in the same water. I was sorry I had used the towel, it was sticky with fish scales, &c., and I



could hardly move my fingers with ease afterwards. While the washing was going on, another speech was made by an elderly man, who, calling my name and Abraham's, assured us that everything was going on most satisfactorily; that we had done them great honour by coming up; that they hoped we were comfortably seated, and that it was becoming evident to us how their hearts were conducting themselves to our hearts; that the food would soon be served, plenty of fish grease added to the fire to make our ancestors' house as bright as the sun for us until morning.

"The pile of fuel, which was in an energetic state of combustion in our midst, was about four feet long, three feet high, and three feet wide, around which now sat eight or ten young men, holding up to the heat two dried salmon each. Each dried salmon covers a surface of two square feet, so that by holding one above the other they shielded themselves from the heat, and yet toasted the salmon. When these were toasted they were handed to the chief's wives, who, in the form of a crescent, squatted round an assortment of pots and pans, into which they shred the salmon, putting into each vessel portions for two or three people. The young men now began to serve, calling to the women in a loud voice 'lugwilawn,' or 'lubagadel,' *i.e.*, contents for three, and contents for two, &c., and very soon a basin of salmon (the basins we had washed our hands in!) was set on the floor in front of every two or three of the company.

"When we began to eat, a Heathen chief came and squatted in front of us, eating with us for a moment, and then moving on to the next dish, while another came and had a picking with us. These are called 'Tkaisgut,' and, according to Indian custom, eat with the guest lest there should be any suspicion of poisoning the food.

"During the first course several speeches were made, asking us to settle down patiently to the eating; there was no need to hurry, we were all very well disposed towards each other, we were eating the salmon of no one individual in particular, each chief's wife and each princess had contributed one; we were in our ancestors' house, let us eat away patiently until morning.

"While waiting for the second course, we had a variety in the speeches. Nishyok stood up and told us that we were one people, we had one reservation and one master (meaning myself, I wish he had meant the Lord), hitherto we were living in two distinct villages, but now we were joined together by the Gospel road, which was like a marriage ring. The whole community accused themselves before us for the assault made upon the open-air evangelists; let to-night be the last of its remembrance. . . .

"After this speech the mashed berries were served round, and horn spoons (the berries were in the same dishes or basins that we had used before).

"Nishyok's speech made me forget what I was eating, and I went on using the spoon to some purpose. More speeches followed, setting forth the pleasure my presence gave them, and how pleased the ladies were to see me make a good supper, 'they did not expect to see the white man eat so patiently, and with such an appetite!' The happiness of the whole community was increasing every moment, it was a matter of no importance how many boxes of grease were consumed in illuminating our ancestors' house until the morning. Another course of berries whipped up to a froth followed this, and then several of our leading men responded to the speeches. The Heathen then made a collection among themselves, passing a saucepan round, and laying the proceeds at my feet on a mat, saying it was a contribution towards the village road leading to the church; the sum amounted to about £2 7s. Then I preached to them for a short time, and, after singing a hymn, we concluded with prayer. It was very hot in our 'ancestors' house' part of the time; I sat about twelve feet away from the fire, but every time they threw in a shovel full of fish grease the flames shot up and out through the large opening in the roof to the height of thirty feet! At these times Skaden was careful to send his slave, or adopted son, a deaf and dumb man, to stand between me and the fire as a screen. Several times the house caught fire, but there seemed to be a small fire brigade on the roof, for every time a beam became ignited a hand was seen applying snow to the burning spot. We did not quite stay in our 'ancestors' house' until the morning for many reasons, but we had three hours of it. I reached home at 8.30 P.M., glad to get a cup of tea, and jot down this most interesting item in my diary."

Then follows an interesting account of how Christmas was kept at the Mission:—

"December 22nd (Friday).—All hands have been busy to-day, moving a small building into close proximity with the wing of the Mission-house. The partitions have been taken down in this wing, in order to convert it into a large public dining hall, for Christmas. The small building which is now being moved on sleighs is to be the kitchen. The two tables in the dining hall will accommodate 100 guests. The Gitlakdamiks are coming to spend Sunday and Christmas Day with us, and I am getting my magic-lantern ready. This evening the new school-house is full of our young people, who are decorating it with evergreens, &c. It is not yet finished inside, but we have lined it all round with sail cloth. It is certainly a splendid building for this part of the world.

"23rd (Saturday).—To-day we have been very busy about the food, six of our young men are acting as stewards, looking quite smart in their white linen caps and aprons. Every member of our Mission has contributed something in the way of food. A general levy of cooking utensils, cups, plates, dishes, spoons, &c., has been made. We can seat 100 at a time, everything is to be done *à la* Gamkowiwa—white fashion. About 150 Gitlakdamiks have come down, and there are more to follow. Our stewards count upon being up all night cooking, they have a bag of dried apples, and are to make 100 tarts. I wish my friends at home could see them as I have just left them in their kitchen, happy and busy.

"24th (Sunday).—Breakfast went off well and orderly, with a short address at the end of each sitting. Altogether 175 sat down to breakfast. At morning service our new school-house was well filled. My faith (alas! so small) never dreamt of seeing such a congregation assembled in this region as that upon which I looked as I stood up to give out the opening hymn. It was a sight to humble one's spirit with a holy joy.

"I preached from the Shepherds of Bethlehem in the morning, and from the Wise Men of the East in the evening. After morning service we had Holy Communion, at which forty-eight gathered round the Lord's Table. The collection had been made before, and, unfortunately, the churchwardens did not pass the plate to the Heathen, which caused some of them considerable distress! In the evening I baptized eight catechumens, and after baptism had them stand up in a row before the whole congregation to receive instruction; it was a most important object-lesson for the Heathen, who listened eagerly to all that was said.

"The windows of each house are lit up to-night, and in a short time our carol singers will be out. When we look back at the darkness that pervaded this district only a few years ago, and contrast it with even the little advance made at present, one is lost in wonder and in praise to Him who is the Light of the World and who imparts the Light of Life.

"Christmas Day, 1893.—The day began with two relays of breakfast between eight and ten A.M. Divine Service at eleven o'clock. The school was packed and the people most attentive. The interior of the building was brightened by a series of pictures (coloured on calico) of the Pilgrim's Progress. . . .

"In the evening, all crowded again to the school, where I gave a magic-lantern lecture on the life and death of Christ, and a sermon on the Prodigal Son. It was a very searching and solemn time, and much good was done. It is not true that the Gitlakdamiks are Heathen any more. They believe in, and are convinced of the truth of the Gospel, many of them are praying secretly to God, but they cannot yet shake off the old habits and customs which bind them. Oh, for united prayer on their behalf from the hearts of all who may eventually read these words. Hold up the tribe before the Throne of Grace a little longer, and God will give them to Christ for His inheritance without fail."

We are indebted to Bishop Ridley for the photographs from which the pictures accompanying this article have been prepared, and also for a brief explanation of them. The pictures on p. 36 represent the house of the chief of the Haidas at Massett, on Queen Charlotte's Island. "This is a huge house of solid cedar. The entrance, when war was chronic, was through the hole in the totem pole; the Gospel brought peace and open doors. The steps are of broad cedar planks about five feet wide and six inches thick. The chairs will enable readers to judge of the other proportions. The hearth is the square in the foreground. Across the poles suspended by chains other poles are placed when cooking is done, and the iron vessels hang from the poles over the fire. The recess to the left is a sleeping cabinet adopted since the Gospel was heard; before that there was no privacy. The house is more than a century old, and was constructed when the only tools were stone. It will last for another century if the roof is maintained. The settle to the right next the table is the chief seat of honour." The picture on p. 37 is of a group of Heathen Nishgas in dancing-dress—a "medicine" party. The centre figure is a woman. At their feet are masks and musical instruments.—ED.

**A Christian Japanese Soldier's Grave.**—The Rev. W. Weston, late Chaplain to the English congregation at Kobe, formerly C.M.S. missionary at Kumamoto, sends us the following:—"Just before leaving Japan for England, I had the unexpected opportunity of a visit to Korea during a lull in the active hostilities. Though not actually seeing any fighting I had many evidences of it, including the wreck of the Kowshing, near Chemulpo. But one of the most interesting things I saw was the grave of a Christian Japanese soldier marked, the only one of the kind, by a small post bearing the inscription, in Chinese characters, 'In the year of the Incarnation, 1894.' The fact of such an inscription marking the spot tends to show that this Christian could not have been the only 'Soldier of the Cross' there, as a non-Christian would hardly have dreamed of marking the spot in such a way. Close by this I came across the funeral pyre of a number of men who had fallen in battle, or died of wounds, &c., the charred remains still smoking beneath the mass of straw matting with which they had been covered."



# THE NEW ESKIMO MISSION IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

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Arrival of Mr. Peck and Mr. Parker.

*Missionary Gleaner Jan 1895*

LETTER FROM MR. J. C. PARKER.

[Many readers of the *GLEANER* will call to mind the Rev. E. J. Peck's letter in the number for June, 1894, asking for prayer in behalf of a new enterprise amongst the Eskimo. Last month we announced the safe arrival of Mr. Peck and Mr. Parker at Blacklead Island, on the southern side of Cumberland Sound, and we now present a letter from the latter. Mr. Peck's letter will appear in the *Intelligencer*.—Ed.]

BLACKLEAD ISLAND, CUMBERLAND SOUND, Sept. 14th, 1894.

UNDER the good hand of our God we completed our safe passage out in the whaling brig *Alert*, in thirty-nine days from Peterhead to Blacklead Island, Cumberland Sound, leaving Peterhead on Friday, July 13th, and reaching here on Aug. 21st. Upon the ship's articles we ranked as chaplain and surgeon respectively. Being a whaler there was little accommodation for passengers. It was a rather rough experience, but remembering the fact that we were carried passage free with all our necessary goods and provisions, together with our keep aboard, through Mr. Noble's kindness, we consider ourselves fortunate indeed. I was sadly indisposed through sea-sickness for about three weeks. Every one was most kind to me, and God was very good to us all. It was sweet to know that our lonely little bark was held, together with the mighty deep, safe in the hollow of His hand, "for the sea is His, and He made it!" Summer and comforts we left away with the dear ones in the Homeland, but not regretfully, for we were kept in peace, stayed on God, conscious of His eternal love and presence. Mr. Peck conducted service aboard. They were sweet hearty services. I trust not without blessing to all! Birds, porpoises, and the Arctic sperm whale were frequent visitors.

We made a good passage, a possible average of five knots an hour. Aug. 6th gave us an introduction to the ice in the shape of some immense bergs. A just description of them is beyond me. They fill one with admiration by day, but at night their presence creates fear. We met a pack of ice in Davis Strait. When in latitude 65° N. we came to an immense field of it. A skilful navigator is required in these high latitudes, for the ice is very uncertain and treacherous in the summer season. To me sailing among the ice is very exciting, and adds that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger. How shall I describe to you the loud report of the ice when breaking up? I call it that of Arctic artillery. The snow-clad heights of the distant land, when bathed in the light of an evening sunset, were a sight most lovely, and in their ever-varying shades of colour defy description.

On Saturday, Aug. 18th, we sighted and welcomed the gigantic old rocks of Cape Mercy. As seen from off the sea the land here is high, bold and rugged, with much of the iron-rust look about it, while the total absence of trees, so essential to our English eyes, strikes one painfully. Still these have a beauty all their own at day dawn and sunset, besides the glory of their primeval ruggedness.

As before mentioned, we dropped anchor off Blacklead Island on Aug. 21st. Eskimo boats were soon alongside, and we had an early introduction to the Arctic aristocracy. The island, as its name indicates, contains the mineral blacklead. It is a small, high, barren rock. It is a two hours' walk round it on the frozen sea. Its vegetation is very meagre. I can find no shrub six inches high; there is a little grass, moss, lichens, and the berry-bearing heath (*Andromeda tetragona*).

The Eskimo congregate here for the whale-fishing, being employed by Mr. Noble through his agent. I am favourably impressed with the people; they are pleasingly intelligent, perceptive, and quick to learn. They are a truly wonderful people—rich, yet very poor! In antiquity, a language—according to some scholars—ranking with Greek and Sanscrit, and customs in social life which would seem to accord with the Mosaic Law—they are rich. But in degradation, ignorance and superstition—exceeding poor. How my heart yearns for them! They are an enduring, self-denying, kind, and gentle people. Mr. Peck and myself are warmly welcomed by them. You know Mr. Peck can talk just like a native, and is a brave good man. There are now some forty families of Innuit in residence on the island. We visit them all. Mr. Peck tells them of Jesus Christ their Saviour and ours, while I collect words and try to catch their accent.

The repairing, fitting up, and arrangements of the house, kindly lent us by Mr. Noble, has been the conjoint work of Mr. Peck and myself, with some Native help. It consists of two rooms, each about ten feet square. The one, kitchen and school-room—the other, bed, sitting-room and study, with library combined. Our aim has been to make it throughout as bright and homelike as possible. The newly-fallen snow lies on all the surrounding hills—sweet emblem of purity, and of the sin-cleansed soul through the blood of the Lamb!

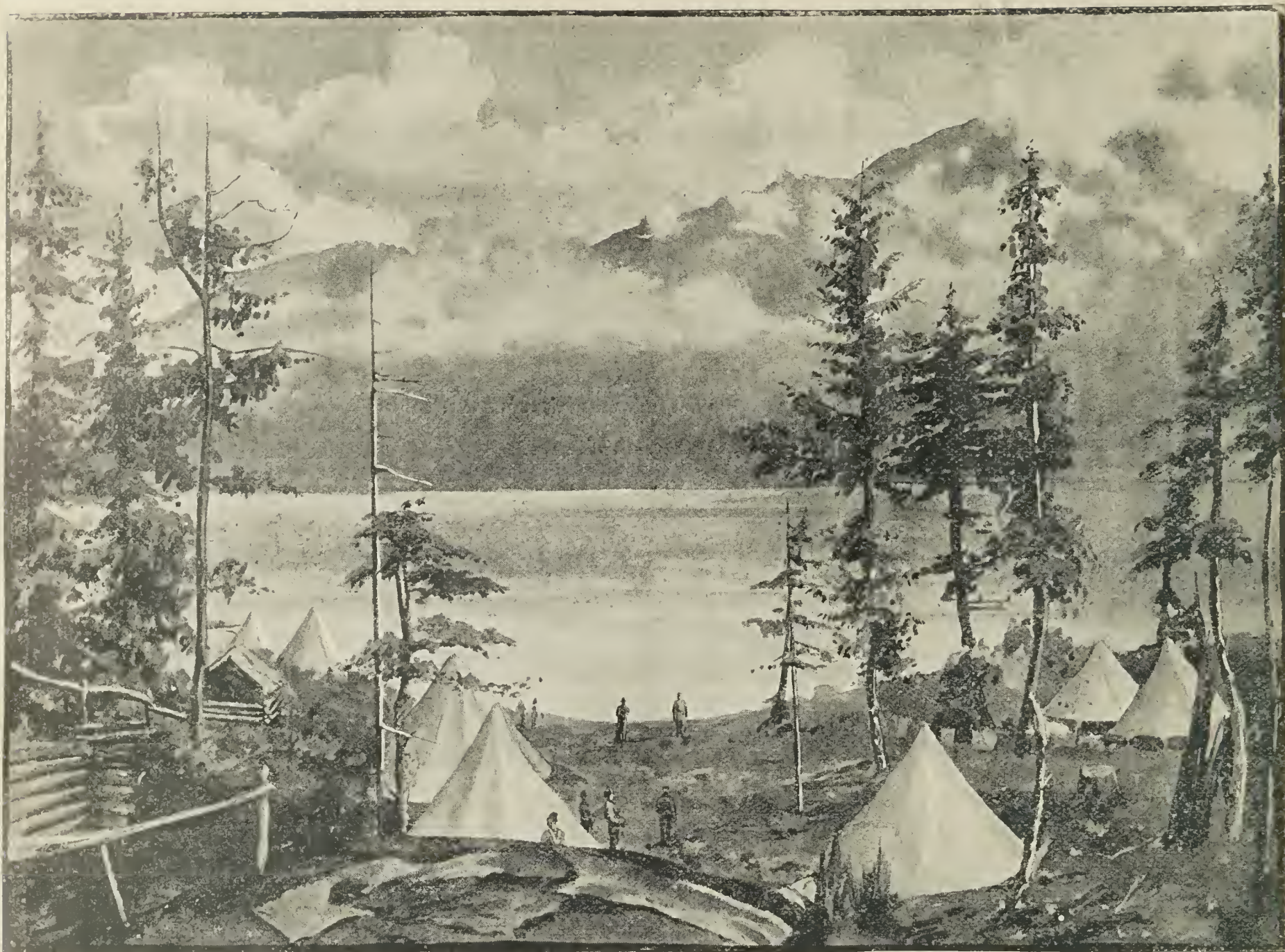
So now we are looking for God's blessing to rest upon us as we begin this real Arctic Mission to these "other sheep" who belong to Jesus in this cold lone land. Brethren, pray for us that our faith fail not.

[The unexpected call of two whaling vessels at Blacklead Island, on October 10th, enabled Mr. Peck to send a hurried letter supplementing the information contained in the above letter from Mr. Parker. The Eskimo, who manifest a great desire for instruction, had planned and constructed a building twenty feet long by ten feet wide to serve as a school, and shortly as a church. This was made by placing together some large whales' bones as a frame, and covering them with a number of seals' skins—a "tabernacle in the wilderness" as Mr. Peck calls it.]

*Dec 1895 Missionary Gleaner*  
North-West America.—The ship which calls at Fort Churchill once a year had a narrow escape from being wrecked in a fog off Mansfield Island. Its arrival on Aug. 22nd caused much thankfulness to the Rev. and Mrs. J. Lofthouse and the Hudson Bay Company's people, who had been kept in great anxiety for nearly a fortnight. Many of them must have perished from starvation if it had failed to reach the station, as the Company's *employés* had no store of provisions for the approaching winter.

Bishop Young admitted the Rev. A. J. Warwick to priest's orders on July 28th, at Vermilion, and on Sept. 22nd he admitted Mr. W. G. White to deacon's orders at White Fish Lake.





ENCAMPMENT ON THE BANK OF THE KSHTAUL RIVER. (See p. 10.)

## A ROUND TRIP IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

LETTER FROM BISHOP RIDLEY.

METLAKAHTLA, July 11th, 1895.

YESTERDAY I returned from a round trip to the Skeena River, and feel disposed to give you some account of it. Four weeks from sailing from Liverpool we steamed into the Skeena on the 6th of June, twenty-eight miles from home. It was a clear morning, and before sunrise I opened the port. The light bits of cloud set in the calm sky at dawn might have been gates of pearl. As Chatham Sound opened up the sierra of the Western Isles was steeped with radiance by the rising sun, which was concealed from our view by the adjacent eastern heights.

My dear invalid was lying in the lower berth, and could not see the blushing sunrise; but without knowing we were near the river, recovered me from my rhapsody by saying, "I smell the Skeena and feel better. I must get up." "Wait a little, the Claxton wharf is not more than nine miles distant." She really did revive, and much more so when Mrs. Gurd came on board at Claxton to see her and tell of all the good news. But she soon became weary.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gurd looked fagged by the long winter work at Laklan, chief Shenksh's home among his Kitkatlas. We spent a whole day in the Skeena, and next morning were warmly welcomed to Metlakatla at three in the morning.

After seeing my wife, Miss West and Miss Tyte safely landed, I re-embarked and went on to the Naas River to bring back the Archdeacon, and next day we opened a very pretty church at Fort Simpson, on the spot where the Gospel was first preached in this district by our missionaries thirty-seven years ago. Then all was dark and savage.

Next came the C.M.S. Conference, and my heart glowed with praise for all the gracious showers of blessing on all our workers. I praised them too for their faithful labours during my year's absence, for they richly deserved it.

I wish you could have listened to our brethren's wonderful stories of the victories of the Cross over Heathenism. At these conferences there is no restraint. I get the cream. It cannot be sent by post. We ought to have a stenographer to save the words that come from the speakers' lips. This would fix the richness of local colouring and prevent the revision that only polishes away the soul from off the sentences new-born from glowing hearts. You know the Indians say the soul is not contained within, but is shadowlike; and the spirit is as the fragrance of a flower within and without.

The break up of the Conference left me in clerical and medical charge of Metlakatla with three sick Haidas in the hospital. Happily Miss Tyte has had some training in nursing, and volunteered to take temporary charge of the patients with me as an amateur physician. After I had discharged two of the patients I decided to pay a visit to all the canneries on the Skeena and see how our brethren fared.

So the *Rescue* was launched and left at her moorings two days, to tighten her leaky seams. The evening before I was to sail our medical missionary, Dr. Ardagh, arrived from his station, Inverness, twelve miles distant, to replenish his medicine chests. He has a fine new boat, obtained through Missionary Leaves, that best of Phœbes, and is justly proud of her sailing qualities. He proposed that we start together early next morning, intending, I could see, to show me a clean pair of heels. He had sailed past other craft, and my little *Rescue*, one-third smaller, and, of course, years older than his, is to make the best second that my



seamanship can sail her. The evening before the start I advised him to anchor his boat in deeper water than her then berth, or she would ground. He said he would, and told his white captain to see to it. I saw to my own.

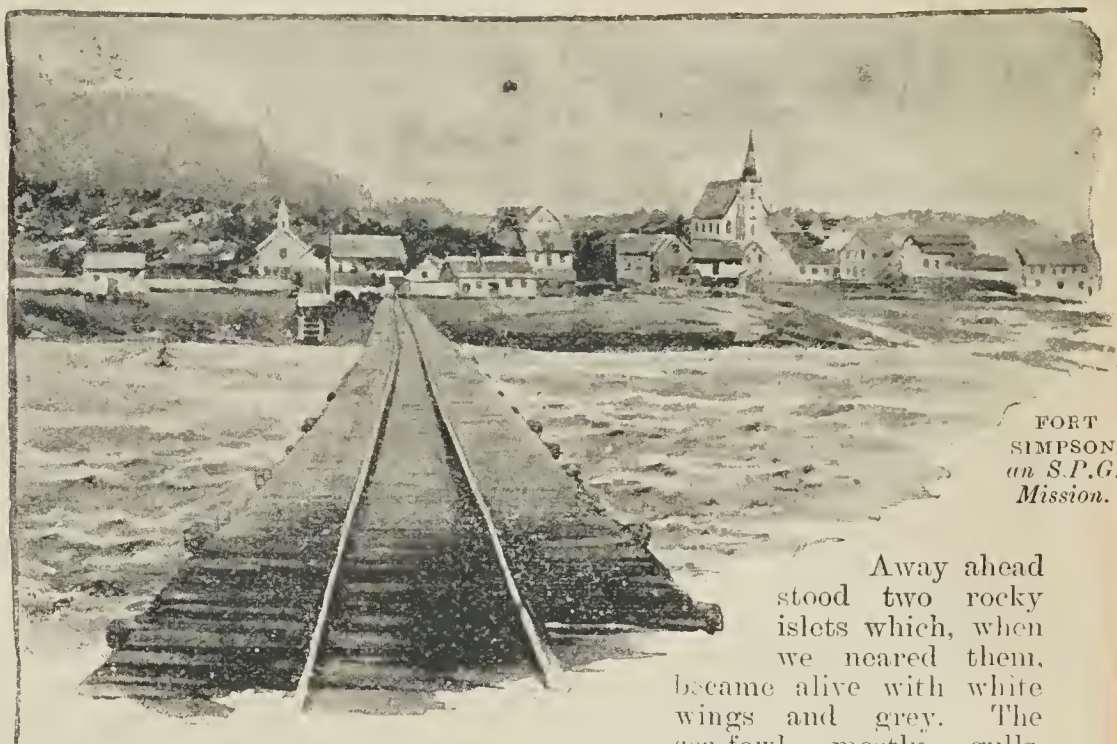
At 4.30 next morning I drew my blind up, and half a mile distant was the doctor's boat in shallow water with the tide ebbing. I roused up my two Indians, a Zimshian and a Haida; but it was too late to get our intended conqueror into deep water, and by the time the doctor looked upon her she was high and dry, and I getting well out to sea. Soon we got the full benefit of the flood that would be against him by the time his boat was afloat. Better still, a light breeze sprang up and away we slowly sailed for a couple of hours.

The doctor took a short cut, but soon had the tide against him, and airs too light to make much way. We saw his big main-sail as a mere speck astern, and at last that disappeared. They were becalmed, like ourselves, on a broiling day. We trailed up our sail, and took to our oars, as did he; but our advantage was that our lighter boat was more easily propelled by two pairs of arms. If we rested the tide bore us on our course, but it carried him astern in the short-cut passage he had taken to head us off.

The sea was like a mirror and the sun scorching. Fortunately I had on board my wife's old garden hat with broad brims. In this I cut two holes and passed through them a piece of twine, tying it under my chin to keep the structure on my head. Of course I couldn't tie it without tying in part of my beard, which hurt me almost as much as the clutching of it by baby fingers when I baptize the lively ones. I wore this thing without remembering what I had on, and a lady who saw me thus hatted regretted she had not a Kodak! I am rather glad she hadn't, or you might have had my poor picture to illustrate this page.

The monotony of our passage was relieved by the frequent bobbing up of gentle-eyed seals; the salmon leaping, and splashing, and glistening lustroously; the porpoises rolling lazily along as if on strike; eagles wheeling in great circles or descending like a flash into the water, and strenuously rising out of the sea with their talons gripping a salmon whose weight taxed the bird's strength to the utmost till it reached the bar. There I counted nineteen of them feasting together on their prey later in the day.

I do not venture to analyze my feelings as we spoke of the poor doctor too vexed to whistle; but I have no doubt his position contributed something to our pleasure even when we pitied him with our lips.



FORT  
SIMPSON,  
an S.P.G.  
Mission.

Away ahead  
stood two rocky  
islets which, when  
we neared them,  
became alive with white  
wings and grey. The  
sea-fowl, mostly gulls,

screamed in myriads. Let us land, said I. What an uproar! Lots of eggs, said my Zimshian, as we clambered up. It was a pleasant change to all but the birds. Better still, we espied from the top a blue line on the sea, a proof of a coming breeze. So we hurried back to the boat, and before we could push off the cat's-paw reached us. How it cooled our brows! My broad brims shaded me from the sun's direct rays, but their reflections from the sea-mirror came up from the deep to tan us. Indians used to believe that spirits lived under water, and during storms, especially in a tide race, caused the trouble. Here was a sun-god, as fishlike as Dagon, bathing in the calm deep, but the breeze brings him to the surface. The light sparkling on the waves in the line of the sun they call *shium giamuk*, or the feet of the sun.

The only sound now breaking the ocean silence since we parted from the birds was from the wavelets lapping against the bow of the boat and the creaking boom. We lapsed into silence. I was steering. Near me sat the Haida counting eggs, and beyond sat the Zimshian, one of my former pupils who had lived under my roof nearly eight years. "May I read?" he asked. "Certainly," I replied. He is absorbed. "Let me hear what you read; what is it?" Turning the back of the octavo towards me he said, "*Pearson on the Creed*. I am reading the second article." So there we were borne slowly along on the broad Pacific by the gentle



VIEW FROM BISHOP RIDLEY'S STUDY WINDOW. (See p. 10.)

The houses are rotting, propped up, and patched. Squalid within and dismal



breath of heaven, while an Indian, whose parents had been Heathen, read with intelligence to his bishop the proofs that "Jesus is Lord" and "our Lord! He would occasionally stop to ask the meaning of hard words, such as "presage": "invalid"; "economical"; "inmarcessible." Suddenly looking up, he asked, "What is the difference between attrition and contrition?" "Why do you ask? It is not on that page." "Oh, I came to them in my reading some time ago, and my dictionary said both meant 'rubbing.' I couldn't understand it." "Well," said I, "attrition means feeling a little sorry about some bad thing; contrition is real sorrow for felt sin." "Ah, one is the crying of the eyes, the other of the heart." I assented.

"What are the tripods of Vulcan?" "What?" I exclaimed. "The tripods of Vulcan." "Tripods of Vulcan," I muttered; "tripods of Vulcan; a lame dog on three legs. Anything on three legs is a tripod. Vulcan was one of the gods of whom poets wrote nonsense. Let me see the book." I found he had been dipping into Pearson's Notes, and was puzzled, as was I until I saw them. Then memory recovered.

As I handed back the book I looked round and then said, "The wind dies; let us row." So we stowed our sail and our studies together and found relief in our oars. Many of my grey-bearded readers would have done the same if they happened to be in a boat with Pearson on the Creed and an inquiring youth catechizing them on his Notes.

The Skeena has three entrances. The doctor was bound for the nearest, we for the middle one, which now began to open. As we got into line with it a fresh breeze sprang up which quickly stiffened, but came in lad gusts as we neared the high land on either side. We reefed our sail and I cautiously held the sheet with but half a turn round a cleat. We forged ahead tremendously in spurts, and got to Claxton about 4 p.m., after a course of about twenty-six miles, two hours before the doctor finished his twelve. The old boat won.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE PICTURES (pp. 8, 9).—The *Kshtaul River*, nearly a mile wide, is a tributary of the Skeena. On the far bank, covered by trees in the foreground, is Balmoral, where the Church is in the charge during the summer of the Rev. A. E. Price. "The view," Bishop Ridley writes, "is characteristic of the scenery of the Skeena. This river is as familiar to me as the Thames to Cockneys. It is famous for its supply of excellent salmon."

In the *View from Bishop Ridley's Study Window* the houses to the left are the extreme east end of the town of Metlakahla. "The tide is low, uncovering the beach containing abundance of shell-fish. The island is called Sheep's Island. The mountain, 3,200 feet, is called Logum Zak."

**No Sense of Sin.**—The difficulty with the Japanese, a lady missionary says, especially with women of the upper class, is to make them believe that they are sinners, and she gives this instance:—"I was talking one day to a dear little woman of very good family, an officer's wife here, and was telling her that before the One True God we are all sinners. She listened politely, and then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into a peal of quiet laughter—"I do beg your pardon," she said, "but I a sinner! the idea is too ridiculous." You see it is firmly believed in many cases among men, and women too, that other nations may need a Saviour, but not Japan; Japan is the country of the gods, the Japanese the children of the gods, and therefore they cannot sin."

**Texts Wanted.**—The Rev. W. J. Abigail, C.M.S. High School, Karachi, writes:—"In our schools we are very much in need of some nice texts. The ordinary texts on cards are useless, owing to the extremes of damp and dryness of our climate. We want letters cut out of well-seasoned wood (fret-work) or, better still, from thin metal, painted with Aspinall's enamel. The letters should be fairly plain, about three or four inches in length, and the texts should be short, like 'Watch and Pray,' 'Thou God seest me,' 'If it bear fruit, well,' &c. If the letters could be sent to us, we would have them mounted here. There are about a dozen rooms that we want thus to provide for." Any friends who desire to supply these, can send them through the Missionary Leaves Association, 20, Compton Terrace, N. They must not be sent to the C.M. House.

#### A SUGGESTION.

A PRACTICAL way of interesting the young in Mission-work is to offer the Principal of any school in which you may be interested a prize or two (in the shape of some good book on Missions or Missionary Life) for competition on missionary subjects. The papers suggested for study during the term would be *C.M. Intelligencer* (1st Standard) and *GLEANER* (2nd Standard), copies (as many as needed) of which the school would doubtless supply. The questions to be set by some one interested in the work, and a regular reader of these two magazines.



#### I.—"IN PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM BISHOP TUCKER.

IN his letter announcing the safe arrival at Fort Smith, half-way from the coast to Uganda, Bishop Tucker relates the following adventure with lions between Lanjura and Kikuyu:—

"This is said to be one of the finest game districts in the world. Soon we had evidence of the fact. Antelopes of all kinds swarmed on the right and left of our path. Here were hartebeests and there wildebeests. Here again were zebras and here were lions. Yes, lions! Dr. Baxter and I were engaged in stalking some antelope, when all at once my attention was drawn to two large animals evidently engaged in the same work. Thinking that Dr. Baxter, who was some little way from me, saw them, I took no steps to warn him of their proximity. The doctor kept on his course, his attention, however, fixed on an antelope. On getting within range, he fired. Then it was that he saw the lions. The male, a very fine one, came towards him, angry at having been cheated of his prey. The tail swinging backward and forward showed the temper he was in. Dr. Baxter declined the combat, to which the swinging tail was evidently a challenge, and slowly retired with his face to the lion. In answer to the doctor's signal I went towards him to support him if necessary. It was no part of our work to risk our lives lion-shooting, we therefore slowly withdrew. The lions (the male lion had been joined by three companions) doing the same."

Letters from the Bishop will be found in full in this month's *C.M. Intelligencer*.

#### II.—A MULLAH'S WISDOM!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM DR. T. L. PENNELL, of Bannu.

In October last, Dr. Pennell, accompanied by two Christian Pathan converts, itinerated in the Bannu district of the Punjab, towards the Tochi Pass. Some of their experiences well illustrate the character of the people of the district. At a village called Mirian, the inhabitants on the whole were friendly, partly through the influence of some old patients who had been in the Mission hospital and had gone back reporting the kindness received there. Here the doctor saw a large number of patients. Most of the mullahs (Mohammedan teachers) kept aloof, but one of them wanted to discuss all conceivable subjects. Dr. Pennell says:—

"He first of all wanted to know what death was—*man, woman, or child—green, black, blue, square, round, &c.*, and then tried to prove to the people that we must be very ignorant, because I said that none of these epithets were applicable to death; and they all agreed that obviously it must have some *colour, shape, sex, &c.*, otherwise it would be inconceivable. I ought to have realized the extent of their logic from this, but, perhaps unwisely, asked him for an explanation of the sun's heat. 'That's easy enough,' said he. (Turning to the people.) 'These poor strangers require to be enlightened on this subject too: they must be very ignorant.' (To us.) 'Why, of course, hell is under the earth, and the sun passes down there every night, gets well warmed up in the fire, and rises nice and hot in the morning; and as to summer and winter, the devil puts on firewood every spring to heat the place up, and so we get nearly baked in the summer and cooled in the winter.' I endeavoured to give him another view of the matter, but all present agreed in regarding such an idea as the earth being round, or the sun itself a fire, as very improbable if not absurd, in comparison with the rational explanation of this mullah, and they evidently considered that our religious views and arguments must be something on a par with our ignorance of the universe!"

#### III.—A HINDU SCHOOL OPENED WITH A HINDU PRAYER.

FROM THE REV. H. J. SCHAFFTER.

TINNEVELLY, July 8th, 1895.

Imitation is the best praise, and missionaries have for some years past been abundantly rewarded by seeing Hindus copying their methods. Do we go street preaching? They try to do the same. Do we give away tracts and handbills by the thousand? They have started a Hindu Tract Society, and though it is moribund, and only occasionally galvanized by Col. Olcott, yet it is fairly claimed as an imitation. I heard the other day that they have begun at least in one school to open the day's proceedings with prayer! I immediately got a copy of the Tamil prayer,



## Diocese of Selkirk.

NORTH WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

This is a Diocese that has lately been formed on the west side of the Rocky Mountains in the North West Territory of Canada. It extends from the Rocky Mountains on the East to the United States Territory of Alaska on the West, and from the Arctic Sea to British Columbia, Lat. 60. It contains about 200,000 square miles.

Evangelizing efforts were begun in this District about thirty years ago by the Rev. (now Archdeacon) Kirkby, and the natives received the Word with all readiness of mind. The Rev. (now Archdeacon) MacDonald afterward labored among the same natives for about ten years, and he evangelized also a large part of the natives of Alaska.

He was succeeded by the Rev. V. C. Sim, who fell a martyr to his zeal and devotion in the cause of the Gospel, and his successor, the Rev. J. W. Ellington, has also sacrificed his health in strenuous and untiring efforts for the conversion and instruction of the natives.

At present the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Canham and the Rev. C. G. Wallis are occupied in zealous and devoted labors to the west of the mountains, and not without good fruit.

Meanwhile the American Church has been roused to put forth efforts for the conversion of the natives on the Yukon River in Alaska. A Bishop of Alaska has been designated, and a small working Staff of Clergy sent out. The Americans wisely put Education in the forefront of their effort, because where the natives are wholly untutored, in order that they may *know* and believe the love that God has to them, Instruction must come before Faith, and their minds need expansion to grasp Spiritual Truth.

Contributions are asked toward enlarging the Mission on the British side of the Border. These natives are in some senses as remote and isolated as any in the British Dominions, and when they are reached the last link may be forged in the Missionary chain that girdles the world.

Donations will be received at the Church Missionary House Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London; and by Messrs. Lloyd & Co., Bankers, Fleet Street; or by Mrs. Walter Drake, the Bishop's Commissary, 14 Lorne Avenue, Montreal.

RUPERT'S LAND INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PRESS.

### *Spirit of Missions* A STRIKING CONTRAST.

*Dec 1896*  
BISHOP RIDLEY, of Caledonia, draws the following contrast between the Christian and heathen Indian villages along the Skeena river: "In travelling on the river I stop at every village. In the Christian villages one meets troops of healthy, well-clad children, who fearlessly meet our gaze. The dwellings are either new or in good repair and full of modern furniture; the gardens fenced in; the roads not mere tracks. One sees signs of comfort, cleanliness, and ambition, one hears the school-bell and whirr of the sewing-machine, and after the day's work done music right and left, unless drowned by the volume of sound from the public hall, where the band practises each week-day evening all the winter through almost.

"The heathen are dirty, ragged, dispirited, and jealous of the Christians. To avoid treading in filth one must walk on the crooked trails with circumspection. The children stand at a distance huddled together. I have seen two, even in the biting blast of winter, wrapped in a single piece of blanket, their only covering! The houses are rotting, propped up, and patched. Squalid within and dismal

without, they truly show the moral and physical condition of their ignorant and superstitious inhabitants. These cling with a passionate resolve to the *yaok* or potlatch. 'That is our mountain,' say they, 'our only joy, dearer than life. To prison and death we will go rather than yield.' Yet this is their ruin. It is impossible to heighten the contrast between the Christless and the Christian people of the same tribes. Great is our present reward in seeing the elevating as well as saving effects of a pure Gospel. The things endured in the process are forgotten in the joy that abideth."



## PAST AND PRESENT.

ATHABASCA, MACKENZIE RIVER, AND SELKIRK  
DIOCESES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP REEVE.

[Our readers will remember the series of papers by veteran missionaries which ran through the GLEANER in 1891-5, under the title of "Past and Present." The length of time required for communication with many of the missionaries in N.-W. Canada made it difficult to include that Mission in any such series. We published, however, in May, 1894, extracts from Archdeacon Phair's Annual Letter, giving a thirty years' retrospect of work in the Diocese of Rupert's Land, and subsequently invited Bishop Reeve to contribute an article on the Missions in Athabasca, Mackenzie River, and Selkirk. This article we cordially commend to the prayerful interest of our readers.—Ed.]

THE Editorial Secretary has asked me to write for this series a paper on the above three dioceses. These embrace an area of a million square miles. Following the line of travel, without deviating, the distance from Athabasca Landing in Bishop Young's diocese to Selkirk in Bishop Bompas' approaches three thousand miles. And to visit the stations off this line would involve a journey of more than another thousand. Fortunately the journey is not required for the present purpose.

Shortly after I was admitted to the U.M.S. College as a student we had a social meeting following a football match with St. John's College, Highbury. In the course of the evening some excellent speeches were made, and amongst other remarks, our Vice-Principal, Mr. Heisch, mentioned that he had been connected with the College *a quarter of a century*. What a long time that seemed to me; but, now that I can look back upon more than that length of service in the Mission-field, it does not seem so very long after all. It is nearly twenty-seven years since my dear wife and I took up the work at Fort Simpson, the centre of the district under survey. At that time this Mission had been in existence only eleven years, and as I have had personal acquaintance with the pioneers in the work (excepting Archdeacon Hunter), I am a connecting link of the *Past and Present*.

Amongst a people so undemonstrative as the dwellers in these northern regions, one is apt at times to become discouraged, and think that our labour is in vain, and our strength spent for naught; but on comparing the *present* with the *past*, one can see much for which to thank God and take courage. Look, for instance, at the increase in the number of labourers—a sign, surely, of progress in the work.

In 1869 there were two others besides myself and wife—Messrs. McDonald and Bompas. Our stations were far apart; the former was about fifteen hundred miles beyond me; the latter had no settled post. Sometimes he was a thousand miles to the south-east of me, sometimes as far to the north-west. We belonged to the vast Diocese of Rupert's Land. Our Bishop was so far away, and the difficulties of travel were so great, that there was not the slightest hope of his ever being able to "visit the brethren" in this region "and see how they do."

Now the district, then in charge of us three missionaries, is presided over by three Bishops, each of whom has a staff of clergy and lay-helpers:—Bishop Bompas (Selkirk): clergy, two; lay-helpers, including wives of the clergy, six; Native catechists, nine. Bishop Reeve (Mackenzie River): clergy, including one Native, six; lay-helpers, eight; Native catechists, ten. Bishop Young (Athabasca): clergy, six; lay-helpers, ten. Total sixty; a fifteen-fold increase. And some of the features which characterize modern missionary work are observable, viz., lady and medical missionaries. Of the former, other than wives, there are two in Athabasca, two in Selkirk, and one in Mackenzie River. Perhaps it is as well to mention that the "one" obtained the gold medal for nursing at Grace Hospital, Toronto, and that she gained the distinction of having it pinned on with *royal honours*. The doctor is in the last-named diocese.

There has been, of course, a corresponding, though not an equal numerical, increase in the number of stations.

In 1869 there was no Mission station in what is now the Diocese of Selkirk; but, near the borders of it, at Fort Youcon, Mr. (now Archdeacon) McDonald was carrying on a very successful work amongst the Tukudli Indians, and since then Rampart House, La Pierre's House, Buxton, Nuklakayit, and Selkirk have been opened, and are occupied respectively by Bishop Bompas and his co-workers, excepting Nuklakayit, which has been handed over to the American Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

In 1866 an orphanage was established at Great Bear Lake, to provide for the education and support of children left destitute by the scarlet fever which ravaged the district the previous year; but owing to various causes it had to be given up two years later, so that in 1869 Fort Simpson was the only Mission station in the Mackenzie River district. Thank God, it did not remain so. Peel River, Fort Norman, Hay River, Forts Rae, Resolution, Wrigley, and Liard, Kittigagzyooit, and Herschel Island have been successively opened. Successively, but, alas! not altogether successfully. Hay River had to be given up on account of scarcity of food. After remaining vacant about eighteen years it was reoccupied in 1893, and is now one of our most promising Missions. The Mission-houses at Rae, Wrigley, and Liard stand empty through lack of men and means, and Resolution is vacant this year, the Rev. W. Spendlove having gone home on sick leave.

In the district which now comprises the See of Athabasca, although the Rev. W. C. Bompas laboured there several years at different times, there was no regularly established Mission until after he became Bishop in 1874. Then Chipewyan was occupied, and year after year saw further development, until now, like oases in the desert, Missions are scattered here and there throughout the diocese, where "living waters" may be obtained by any who will "come and drink." Vermilion, Smoky River, Dunvegan, Shaftesbury, Lesser Slave Lake, White Fish Lake, Wabiskaw, and Athabasca Landing have all been established within the last twenty years—more than half of them during Bishop Young's episcopate.

This extension of the work is small compared with that in some other countries, but is very much greater than was ever dreamed of twenty-seven, or even twenty years ago. The advancement of civilization from Winnipeg westward and the placing of steam-boats on these great northern waterways have (under God) aided greatly—chiefly I may say—in this extension. A quarter of a century ago it was with difficulty that sufficient necessary supplies could be imported for the four missionaries. Most of them had to come from England. They were always *two*, sometimes *three*, years on the way, and occasionally did not come at all. Now they can be obtained within a year, or, by those nearer to civilization, within a few months after ordering them. The larger quantity now required is obtained much more easily than was the smaller, and there is not the same necessity for making our own soap, candles, &c.

Travelling within the dioceses *in summer* has been made much easier and more expeditious by the introduction of steam. A journey which formerly occupied months can now be accomplished in as many weeks, episcopal supervision has been greatly facilitated, and the work has benefited thereby. But it must not be thought that canoes and row-boats are things of the past. Both Bishop Young and I had to "paddle our own canoes" last summer. I travelled nearly two thousand miles in small boats, pulling an oar part of the way, and steering most of the rest of it. Thirty miles was an average day's journey up stream.

Winter travelling remains the same. The years that have gone have brought no improvement in it. This I found on my recent visit to Hay River. Snow-shoes and dog-train are all the help the traveller can obtain. Blistered feet, weary limbs, aching bones, frost bites, and a bed in the snow have to be endured as in the days of yore.

In the matter of mail communication, there has not been much advance, although it is "half as much again." But "half as much again" only means three times a year instead of twice.

The march of civilization has helped us in another way. It has brought us into touch with Eastern Canada, so that we have benefited by the missionary spirit which has been aroused there. In 1869, and for many years afterwards, not a cent was received from that part of the Dominion to aid Mission work in these her remotest regions; but now Ontario has sent several helpers of both sexes, and contributions for their support are coming in through the Women's Auxiliaries, Wycliffe Missions,\* and the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

Literary work has made some advance. When I came to the country, one or two Gospels, and a small manual containing hymns, prayers, and Scripture lessons, translated by the Rev. (afterwards Archdeacon) W. W. Kirkby, had been printed in the Slavi language. Now, through the assiduous labours of Bishop

\* The Wycliffe Missions have now become the Missions of the Canadian Church Missionary Association.—Ed.



Bompas and Archdeacon McDonald, and the generosity of the S.P.C.K. and B. & F.B.S., the New Testament, and greater part of the Prayer Book in Slavi, and the New Testament, Psalms, Pentateuch, Prayer Book, and Hymnal in Tukudh have been printed, and nearly the whole of the Old Testament in the latter language is ready for the press. Some Eskimo translations have also been printed. In the Athabasca Diocese translations have been made and printed in Cree, Beaver, and Chipewyan.

This is all material progress, it may be said. What advancement has been made spiritually? Has good been done corresponding to the increase in the number of stations and missionaries?

If we were to judge by outward and visible signs only, as manifested in the conduct of the people, the answer might have to be in the negative. But who can answer such questions? That good has been done at every post where a missionary has been stationed, or which he has visited regularly, I have not the slightest doubt; but who can gauge the amount of it? Not man. An old chief once said to me, "You doubtless think that we Indians are a hard lot, that we come to your house, listen to what you have to say, and then go away and think no more about it; but it is not so. When we are away in the woods hunting, or sitting quietly in our camp, we try to recall and turn over in our minds what you have taught us. True, we are not as good as we ought to be, but we do try to do some of the things which you tell us." This was a great encouragement to me at the time, and I have often thought of it since. We do not know, we cannot know, what good has been done. Doubtless much more would have been accomplished had there been more faith and faithfulness, more zeal and earnestness, more prayer and pains; but the Lord alone knows how many hearts have been touched, how many minds have been enlightened, how many lives have been bettered, how many souls have been saved.

Individual instances of conversion are not required in a paper of this kind; they can be found elsewhere. A sad calamity which has just befallen us prevents me giving the latest statistics, but the annual report will furnish them. A general statement will be sufficient to show that the labour, strength, life, and money expended have not been in vain.

About the time when I came to the country a book was published in which the writer, an American who had visited the Youcon, sneered at the "converts" who assembled in the missionary's room for prayer and instruction, "one of them who," he said, "sang as lustily as the rest being a man who rejoiced in the possession of several wives, and whose hands were red with the blood of recent murders"; and he ridiculed the idea of attempting to teach spiritual truths to the Indians by means of a trade jargon.

True, the jargon was unsatisfactory, but it aided in the acquiring of the correct language; by it morality was taught, the Saviour was proclaimed; a glimmering of spiritual truths was imparted; and the result has been that, from that despised beginning, that and the neighbouring tribes became Christianized, communicants gathered round the Lord's Table, Christian leaders were appointed, one of whom has been recently raised to the diaconate (being the first Native ordained minister in these northern solitudes), the New Testament is read, family prayers are held in many a lonely lodge, and from the mouth of the Youcon to the junction of the Lewes and Pelly, and from old Fort Youcon to Peel River, prayers to the Redeemer are offered by hundreds of Tukudh, who thirty years ago were untutored savages.

Amongst the Tinne (Slavi), Chipewyan, Beaver, and other tribes progress has not been so satisfactory. The emissaries of Rome have had to be contended with. Every post has had to be contested with them. The result has been carelessness and indifference on the part of many of the Indians, and hundreds who would have been Protestants are now Romanists, because we had not men enough to "hold the forts." Still they have nearly all embraced Christianity, either Roman or Protestant, most of them, alas! belonging to the former. Along the banks of the mighty Mackenzie and its feeders (the Athabasca and Peace Rivers), on the shores of the Great Lakes, and in the silent woods where these tribes make their homes, there are now but few unbaptized Heathen. The moral improvement might be much greater, and those who profess and call themselves Christians might be very much more Christ-like, yet the country is a paradise compared with what it was when white men first came into it. War, massacre, wife murder, polygamy, infanticide, kidnapping, libertinism of the worst kinds, plunder, the abandonment of the sick, aged, and helpless, and other vilenesses characterized the inhabitants. Now it is a country of undisturbed peace. Murder is a thing almost unknown. The other gross crimes are seldom or never heard of.

This progress is not all due to missionaries. The civilizing influence of peaceful trade carried on by the Hudson Bay Company prepared the way for the introduction of the Gospel, so that the first missionaries found a people ready, for the most part, to listen and respond to the message they delivered, with the above results. The only unevangelized tribes now remaining in these three dioceses are the Eskimo of Mackenzie River, and the Indians in the southern portion of the Selkirk Diocese. Are they to be allowed to fall into the hands of Romish priests?

A pleasing feature of the *present* is the marked change observable amongst the Eskimo. Not so very long ago they were the

*bêtes noires* of both white people and Indians whenever they came to their fort to trade. Constant watch and guard had to be maintained night and day. The person trading with them was always well armed and within reach of prompt assistance. They were incorrigible thieves; and one of them, a few years since, made a savage attack upon the master of the fort, who had a narrow escape of his life. But now things are very different. The example of the Christian Indians, the influence of the Hudson Bay Company's officers, and the devotion of the Rev. I. O. Stringer, following upon the efforts of his predecessors, have worked a wondrous change. Their presence at the fort is no longer a time of anxiety. They are much more honest; and last summer, along with Messrs. Stringer and Whittaker, I spent a week at one of their villages, and slept in their midst in a little canvas tent without feeling the slightest alarm. None of them have yet been baptized, but a desire for religious instruction is being manifested by them more and more. May this desire be increased unceasingly until they are led to Him Who is the desire of all nations!

Other contrasts might be drawn, but I must leave them for the present, because I cannot do justice to the other two dioceses for the following reason.

In the past we had a nice, comfortable little house, which after considerable labour and painstaking had been made warmer and more cosy than ever before; but on the 24th January a fire broke out, which in a very short time reduced it and nearly all it contained to ashes. Fortunately, after being hospitably entertained by the Company for a few days, we were able to buy a few necessities and recommence housekeeping in a small way in the back kitchen which escaped the flames. The cold was very intense at the time—50° below zero; yet, although we had to leave the burning building only half dressed, we did not suffer much from it. We are very thankful, therefore, that life was saved and no serious personal injury received, and also that "though our earthly house . . . be dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It will be more than a year before another house can be erected for us, and in the meantime we may have to visit civilization in order to obtain funds for the purpose. Pray for us.

### *Church Missionary* *St. John's* *May* MEDICINE MAN 1897

*From a Journal of the REV. J. B. McCULLAGH, of the Aiyansh Mission, British Columbia.*

THERE is no doubt Hadagim Shimoigit is the most realistic specimen of the Indian medicine man I have yet seen. He is also generally supposed to practise the Black Art. I always feel it a solemn thing to preach the Gospel to this man. It is not often, however, that we find him at home on Sundays. I am told he watches for our coming and disappears into the *sudatory* (a cellar excavated beneath the floor) on our approach. Believing that, I preach to his wife and children, sometimes to the children alone, but *at* him. Just fancy his going into a hole in the earth to evade hearing the Gospel, and the Gospel reaching him even in his hiding-place. This afternoon he chose to remain among his family above ground, sitting back in a heap of furs and dirty blankets with his eyes closed. After holding a short service, we were about to leave, when he asked us to stop a moment and hear what he had to say:—"Chief McCullagh, no man ignores the fact, it is so, indeed it is rather so, that if there be peace to-day up and down this village it is owing to your presence among us. We are a hard lot; we are like an undressed skin, the perfection of hardness. But, by dint of scraping and rubbing, our women soften the hardest skins and make mocassins of them, soft and easy to wear. And so it is with us and you; you have been rubbing and scraping us with the Malashqu (Gospel) for many years, and I think we are beginning to feel it; I think we are getting softer. Therefore, do well what you do, chief; keep on scraping us and you will make mocassins of us yet for the Chief on High. My say is finished." We were not a little astonished as this unlooked for testimony of Hadagim Shimoigit to the power of the Gospel. His name in English means "Bad Chief," and he looks it; a stranger need hardly inquire it. I remember saving his life in a peculiar way seven or eight years ago. It came to my knowledge that one Shabaim Neug was going to kill him on the supposition of his having caused the death of a relative by necromancy, and poor Hadagim Shimoigit was only safe in the sudatory. As this state of things could not go on for many days without ending tragically, I sent up four stalwart fellows from the mission and kidnapped Hadagim Shimoigit, keeping him in close custody for more than a week, until I talked Shabaim Neug into a better mind.



## MORE ABOUT BISHOP RIDLEY'S INDIANS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM THE BISHOP.

(Continued from p. 136.)

METLAKATLA, Jan. 17th, 1896.

### Progress Everywhere.

A FEW years ago I appointed the Rev. F. Stephenson, a brother of Mr. E. Stephenson, to Giatwangak, thirty miles below Hazelton. The agrarian trouble soon sprang up, and the Indians tried to exclude all whites from their territory. Mr. Stephenson was turned out of his hut and ordered away. He lived for some time under the trees, and broke back into his own house as soon as the guard over him was taken off. Those same people are now filling a spacious church; their hands, under the Rev. A. E. Price's direction, were building earlier in the year. There is progress everywhere. Before long Heathenism will have perished on the Skeena river, and in no small measure is it due, under God, to the zealous efforts of the Native Christians among the non-Christians. We have more unpaid than paid preachers in the diocese. Our devoted missionaries have good reason to be encouraged by the blessing on their labours amid many difficulties and hardships.

### A Rough Night.—Washed Out.

My voyage to Aiyansh was unpleasant. Night and day it rained heavily. The first night out my tent was pitched clear of the forest to avoid the drip, and on a great bank of boulders too thinly covered with sand to drive tent-pegs into. So I weighted down a couple of small drift-logs under some of the boulders, and to them fastened the tent ropes. At that season I felt quite satisfied with the situation and stability. The pelting rain soon stretched the canvas as tight as a drum-head, and drummed on it as with hail-stones all night, so that I got no sleep. Inside a small rain sprang from the beaten canvas, so that I pulled the blanket over my head for protection. In the small hours of the morning I heard a swirling, swishy sort of noise, which became louder, until I had a creepy kind of feeling that the river, which flowed six feet lower and at least thirty or forty paces distant when we camped, was rising. I thrust my head out and thought I saw the water near, so to be sure I lighted a lantern, and, holding it above my head, saw the river had reached the lower tent ropes.

I packed up at once as the morning dawned and made an early start. Next day we passed the same spot, stopped to pick up a forgotten kettle, and found five feet of water flowing over it, so much had the phenomenal rains swollen the river, and it was still rising.

### A Rough Lodging.—Unpleasant Tenants.

The next night after this we rested under a roof. At Fishery Bay thousands of Indians assemble in March and April to catch oolachan, a delicious fish about the shape and thrice the size of a sprat. There we have a large roughly-built church and mission-house for use in the fishing season only. We made for that, but night overtook us long before we reached it. To climb ten feet up a nearly perpendicular bank of greasy clay in the dark and rain was difficult. We had to cut footholds with the axe by lantern light and got well plastered. To get up all our camping utensils was impossible, so we made for the mission-house, a good long distance, and of course found it locked securely up. Get inside we must, and did, by ripping off three of the weather boards, and then with the axe wrenched out a sash, and finally took the lock off the door. We found a stove but no stove-pipe, so could make no fire. We had a cold supper, and did the best we could for rest, and lay down to sleep, but the tenants in possession objected. The bread and sardines I kept for breakfast were close to me as I lay on the boards. The swarms of rats kept me awake guarding my property, so that I ate my breakfast early to save it, without cooking or dishes to wash. We embarked in our canoe at six in the morning, the shower bath from the clouds not failing us, nor did we fail to repair the house before sailing. It was rather an unpleasant trip on the whole, but I attained my object, and saw much of God's work to rejoice in for many a day. It is solid and growing apace.

### A Visit from Chief Sheuksh.

Last Friday the mail steamer arrived from the south at four o'clock, and brought news picked up by the way of Shenksh's death. A cartridge swept into the fire, exploded, it was said, and hit him fatally in the forehead. I was so grieved that my thoughts turned to a visit of condolence to his tribe. At six o'clock two Kitkatlas came just as we were about to sit down to dinner and announced the arrival of the chief! It sounded ghostly. I went and found him standing outside the door. Taking him by the hand, I led him bodily in and gave him a seat at my table. I said to his crowd of followers, "The chief will eat with me; provision will be made for you elsewhere. You will meet the chief at prayers." I found that four men had been injured by gunpowder on New Year's Day.

Sheuksh behaved as if he had been born to the use of knife and fork. As soon as I had told him of the false report of his death he said, "The steamer is at the wharf. If you will write I will send a letter to my brother chiefs to turn away their grief for my death." So in the interval between dinner and prayers he dictated these words:—(Translation.) "Be not sorrowful; I am not dead, most certainly not. I salute you in the name of Jesus. Further I say this, I am on my voyage of reconciliation to Lakgagugwalum-amsh. Greet all the brethren and all the chiefs, I pray you. Carefully lead your people into the way of God.—W. E. G. SHEUKSH."

### A Surprise for a Professor.

Last month I spent some days among the Kitkatlas, going by the steamer that was bound there, for a wonder, and returned by a hired sailing-boat. On board the steamer I met an accomplished man on his way to Victoria, and greatly appreciated his society. He was a professor travelling for the furtherance of science. Before we arrived at Kitkatla he told me he had visited all the Presbyterian Missions in Alaska and the Missions of the Methodists and of the Church along the coast in this diocese. After very careful inspection he came to the conclusion that our system is the best for the Natives, as it elevated them all round, besides taking special pains in education. I was not aware he was a Methodist at the time, and value his testimony the more highly because unlikely to lean in our favour.

Great was his surprise as we first saw the Kitkatla village. Only about half of it could be seen from the ship's deck, and yet there in sight stood twenty-four new houses being built, and on a spur in a fine situation stood the frame of a substantial church roofed in, and men busy working at it. I grant I was highly pleased, but my companion was profuse in his admiration. "Such a sight I never saw," said he; "that is astonishing!"

In a short time the Kitkatlas came off in great numbers. "What fine fellows these are! I never saw such a bustling set of Indians in my life. I congratulate you, Bishop." These and many more such appreciative remarks were made by my friend the professor, which were fairly deserved by what he saw.

Many were my engagements while there, among them the confirmation of twenty-eight adults.

These Kitkatlas are the best hunters in the province. On their return from otter-hunting they hung up three of the best otter-skins in the old church as a thankoffering to God. They sold for £50 a piece. Besides this they subscribed nearly \$700, or £140, for the new church, and are giving their labour without wages in its erection. In addition, they collected cash to buy food for the builders, and the women cooked it for them.

What a life these people lead their missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gurd! They are not expected to be ever tired, or resting, or doing anything that is not for them and the work among them. The great stress would quickly kill men in tropical climates. Happily this is exceptionally fine.

### "All Things have become New."

You now understand how they can start off on a long canoe voyage, spending at least a fortnight away from home, and that in the very depth of a severe winter unusually stormy in order to obey what they felt a call from God. They are the same men who about ten years ago burnt down the church, drove away the missionary, and blasphemed the sacred Name. "Old things are passed away; all things have become new."

### The Church Army.—The Song of Victory.

It must not be thought that in such a Mission all goes smoothly always. When I arrived here from Alert Bay on Nov. 5th, the captain of our Church Army, the moment I landed on the wharf, asked if I could go right away to the Kitkatlas because there was trouble there. "What is it?" I asked. "Oh, Shenksh is in opposition, and has adopted Salvation Army ways."\* "No, I cannot go at once." "May we go then?" "Come to me this evening, and we will talk it over."

I wrote a special letter to Sheuksh, and sent off a band of eighteen men and women. The weather was tempestuous, so that they were four days on the voyage out. Ten days afterwards when it was dark a martial air came floating over the sea. Evening prayers were just over, when the departing people heard the singing. They ran back to me saying, "The Church Army has won; we hear the song of victory." Their success was complete. The breach was healed and peace secured.

I have full notes beside me taken from the report of the officers of our Church Army band, who are well instructed in the Scriptures. After explanations and discussions the Bible decided the dispute. Sheuksh said, "I steered amiss and saw not the rock. We were nearly wrecked on it. In heaven my heart always trusted, but in some things I doubted. My trust never shifted, but was tempted by excitement. I now cast out my imaginings, and will stand by what the Book says. You have brought us light and medicine. I will honour God more and more. Crowds have been saved, you say, by obedience. I will



obey. I burnt my pride once, and thought I should never have to do so again, but now I burn it up again."

The old man, I fancy, will often make bonfires if each outburst of pride is to be burnt. He is naturally a most proud, determined man, but God's Holy Spirit is renewing him daily. I entreat prayer for him, his people, and especially for Mr. and Mrs. Gurd, that they may be strengthened and endowed with much wisdom and patience.

#### Kincolith.

Time fails to write of Kincolith, which well deserves mention. I confirmed twenty-two, baptized three adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to fifty-two communicants when I was there in the late autumn. They had their village flag at half mast because they heard Archdeacon Collison is not to return to them.

\* [We believe this is not the real Salvation Army, but an imitation of it, which has given much trouble in the country.—Ed.]

I hope, however, he will soon tire of Ireland, but if not, his friends must build the new church he has pledged himself to provide, and increase their contributions to the Society.

#### The Charm of the Unknown.

P.S.—I confirmed eighteen persons at Metlakatla yesterday, Jan. 26th.

Sheuksh and his party arrived from their successful embassy of peace, and sailed for home on the 24th. Some of the least instructed of them came to ask where hell is. I could not tell them. "Ah, yes, that is what the Methodists told us. They said you would not tell us, but say you do not know. They prophesied truly." I asked them to tell me where it is. Stamping with their feet they said, "This is hell." I had two hours of weary work trying to show that God not only reveals what He pleases, but conceals some things now that He may reveal them when we are perfected. What a charm the unknown has! In India Mohammedans often asked me to tell them when the resurrection will be, thinking that our Gospels reveal the time.



### *Quarterly Message* *Episcopal Missions Jan-March* CONCERNING C A LETTER FROM DR. DRIGGS. 1897

DR. JOHN B. DRIGGS, writing to Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, from Point Hope, Alaska, August 13th, 1896, says:

I arrived here on the steam whaling tender "Jeanie," on the 27th of July, the steamer having to push its way in between the huge masses of ice, so as to approach land. Then I had to work all night to get my things on shore, before the ice should again close in on us.

Our weather is anything but summer-like, for we have already experienced quite a number of snow squalls. On the south beach, a whaler has been wrecked, but happily no lives were lost. The men are waiting for the United States steamer "Bear" to come and take them off.

The voyage up was a long one, as we made several stops. First at Prince William sound, where I boarded a small stern-wheel steamer, used in conveying the fish to the canneries, named the "Wild Cat." We made a trip as far as the Copper river, where we spent the night. The following morning, in company with a fellow-passenger and a cannery man, we made the run back again of over fifty miles in a naphtha launch called the "Skate." From the sound we continued our journey to Chignek, where three more canneries were visited. These places have no inhabitants except the fishermen and cannery men that come up for the summer season, and return to San Francisco in winter.

All along southern Alaska the scenery is wild and grand. We passed between the Aleutian islands at Unimak pass, the line of demarcation between the Pacific ocean and the Behring sea being well defined. On the Pacific side, the sun was shining brightly, while on the Behring sea there was a thick, cold fog, and through the pass a strong northerly gale raged.

Up the Behring sea, we met our first ice-pack off Nuniwak island, near latitude 60°. At St. Lawrence island Captain Mason and myself paid a short visit to the mission; from there went over to Siberia, anchoring at the settlement at Plover bay; then went on and made a short visit at Marcus bay, and anchored later at Indian Point. Returning from thence, we came over to King's island, which place we approached during a dense fog, the islanders answering our fog whistle and warning us off from the dangerous rocks by their shouts, and firing their rifles. We anchored there for one night and, accompanied by the whalers which we found awaiting us, pushed our way through the ice and anchored at Port Clarence, at which place the summer fleet gather each year to receive their supplies of fresh provisions and coal.

We then crossed the Behring straits and, passing the Diomedes, we anchored next at East cape, Siberia. It was from the tops of these high cliffs that the Wandering

Jew looked across the expanse of water, and saw the land on the other side. We then visited one more place in Siberia, Ingchowah, and steamed from thence to Point Hope, which we approached in a dense fog.

In all these places in Siberia, there are no whites or civilized people. The tender stopped there simply for the purpose of trading with the wild tribes. All the Siberian women dress in bloomers of large dimensions, made of deer skin, and in many cases tattoo their cheeks. I prefer the general appearance of the Alaskan Esquimaux to that of the Siberians. The people on this side are as a rule darker than the Siberians, the latter being of the Mongolian type.

Since my arrival, the villagers have all come to tell me

how glad they are to have me back with them again. One of the most stylish girls of Tigara was evidently dressed up for the occasion, for she wore her full line of jewelry, which consisted of a safety pin dangling from one ear.

The past season has been a very successful one for the inhabitants, over thirty whales having been taken and between fifty and sixty white bears killed, besides a considerable amount of small game.

On several occasions the bears seem to have been quite bold. One visited the mission during the evening, then went over to the village and took a seat on the top of one of the igloes, making prisoners of the inmates for a while. It was shot by one of the mission scholars.

On another occasion, a woman, bringing in a sled of meat from the ice, found that a bear was after her, so she cut her dogs loose and ran, leaving the bear to eat what meat he wanted. Anakaloota had built a snow house along the cliffs, and was sleeping in it when a bear came along and got on top of the roof, which fortunately was a strong one. The Esquimaux do not take their rifles indoors, but leave them outside, so that when these emergencies arise, they are unarmed.

Yesterday, a father brought his sick daughter several miles on his back, to see me. The young woman is very much emaciated, and I am doubtful of her recovery. The same thing occurred a few days ago, when a woman brought her sister, a girl of nine or ten, five miles on her back for me to prescribe for her.

Yesterday a mother came to tell me about her son, who had died last fall during my absence. She had buried him about ten miles from the mission, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she asked me if I did not think her boy was cold and lonesome in the place where she had laid him.

I have ordered the material for building a steam launch next summer. The engineer of the "Jeanie" is to bring me up the boiler and machinery to propel it. A launch is a necessity, not only for visiting the summer camps among the natives, but also to tow rafts of driftwood for the mission's use. Driftwood has become a scarce article near the house, but there are yet great quantities twenty or twenty-five miles away.

I look forward to a very busy winter, and, thanks to the friends of the mission, we shall have the merriest Christmas that the mission has had since it was established.





## MORE ABOUT BISHOP RIDLEY'S INDIANS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM THE BISHOP.

*Missionary Gleaner* METLAKATLA, Jan. 17th, 1896.

I HAVE just read of your farewell in Toronto. Had you come on here you would have been able to tell eastern Canadians of Missions in their own Dominion. They have to borrow news from England of their own land and people, and you expect me to contribute my share from the Far West.

## An Interesting People.

No missionary can be dull among these Zimshian Indians, unless failing in his duty he keeps them at arm's length. Where they give their confidence they give no rest. They have an alertness of mind and purpose which forbids stagnation. This is my seventeenth year among them, and yet I rarely pass a day without hearing something of interest or being presented with some strange problem to puzzle over. . . . When news of the Ku-cheng massacres came, how pitifully these Indians at our daily prayers besought the Lord to have mercy on the Chinese! "Say again, dear Jesus, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Oh, gracious Spirit, Thou art not quenched by blood. Let it make Thy garden soil strong to grow Chinese believers in."

## Indian Visitors and their Questions.

At home great orators are rare whose lips drop wisdom; the rest of us tremble with self-consciousness when forced to hem and haw. Out here all adult Indians, like the fearless wild flowers everywhere, blossom out at a moment's notice in ready and florid speech with beaming modesty. I do not deny the inconvenience of this fine gift when the listener's time is precious, or his breakfast interrupted through its exercise. For instance, this very morning twenty-six Kitkatlas (counting, like them, the small boy as nobody) were just about to embark in their canoe, when, as an afterthought, the chief, Sheuksh, sent up a few of his leading men to ask some questions and obtain a written introduction to a distant band of Indians they were about to visit, as I shall relate.

The breakfast begun must wait. We are not here to eat, but to work. Having satisfied my untimely visitors, I returned to chilled coffee and porridge to finish it while discussing with my Indian churchwarden, who had just then come in, how to go on with the church roof repairs now that two of the sheets of zinc had sunk in deep water between the ship and the wharf. On the entrance of the bride of the week he withdrew. Three Kitikshans from the Skeena river awaited her departure to ask for my sanction to a new branch of the diocesan Church Army. Every detail must be gone over. To urge brevity increases prolixity.

This is the way they proceeded after a respectful preface: "Chief, the work of God is no light thing. All parts are weighty. Small things are parts of large things. Little things differ not from large in things of God. God makes no difference. If otherwise thou wilt explain. In our ignorance so we think, but thou art older and wiser than we. What thou sayest we will do. Now listen, chief." Of course I listen.

Among other greater things such questions as these were put: "When praying in the street must we kneel when it is muddy?" "Look out for the clean spots," was my reply. "We will never look on strong drink, but must we give up tobacco?" "I do not smoke; you are free men. Drunkards do not enter heaven. Nothing is said about smokers. I cannot afford it." "Now, chief, we ask no trivial questions. When we are ready to burst with emotion may we find relief in crying out in church 'Amen,' or 'Alleluia'?" This I saw to be Salvationist infection, and asked, "Do you know the meaning of those words?" "No." "Then don't say words without meaning. God looks for sense from men and noise from dogs. Say aloud the responses for relief." "May women preach in a loud voice on the streets?" "Yes, if they speak wisely." "Then why not in church?" "Because St. Paul says, 'No.'" "Suppose men on the street laugh at us?" "Pay no heed." "Suppose they make a row in our house-meeting?" "Turn them out." "May we appoint men to do this?" "Yes, the strong and good-tempered ones."

While this colloquy was going on there came in one of our lady workers for consultation, and before concluding the doctor came on business. He departed as an Indian entered to explain

that he gave his wife a black eye in play by accident. She agreed and I found it was true. Only once, and then in the delirium of fever, have I known an Indian strike a woman, and then, though blameless, his fellows degraded him from his chief constablenesship.

A widow has just one word to say. "Chief, Thunder wants to marry me. What do you think?" "Well," said I, "do you love him?" "I hardly know." "Does he love you?" "I hardly know." "Then don't." "Chief, I won't."

## Flighty Crows.

Not for one moment had I intended to write this hotch-potch of missionary news. Yet it truly shows what happened and may happen any day when at home. The Gleaners will think us missionaries as flighty as the big crows, which, as large and glossy blue-black as ravens, are sporting amid the deep snow on the boathouse roof just under my window. "Crows flighty," exclaim young Gleaners; "we thought them as solemn as other members of the cloth!" Anyhow, these scores of crows flop down on the snow with outspread wings over it, and then roll over and over from ridge-pole to eave, and thence turn summersaults over the waves beneath. In sheer frolic they drive their heads into the soft snow ploughshare-wise and play hide and seek. It is a snow bath, and more cleansing than the Arab's of sand when water is scarce. Twenty-five degrees of frost seal up the streams, and then only snow remains for drink and ablution. Away they fly, and again return from my back premises, one with a bone, another with a potato, and all the fortunate ones with something from the kitchen orts thrown out by my Chinaman a minute before. I caught one walking out from my hen-house with a new-laid egg in his mouth, which a little later I had for breakfast. Another was broken in the thief's mouth in his flight. Not greed perhaps, but love for some aged friend might account for the theft.

## A Penitent—"The Lord hath put away thy sin."

When I resolved to write to you, the two main ideas were to exhibit the spiritual energy of our new converts and also the spiritual activity of our younger Indians of the second generation, baptized in infancy and trained as Christians. The latter we have no right to expect to be more zealous than the corresponding class at home. But we shall see.

As I write I am constantly interrupted by Indians. Since I wrote the last paragraph an Indian entered. Excommunicate for a long time, she is now penitent. I could read her deepest thoughts almost at a glance. She poured out her soul in burning words. "I last night knelt before God, confessing my sin after five months' misery in the dust. God knows all, and you know part of my shame." "Yes," said I, "do not tell me more. I know enough. I know also the cleansing power of Jesus' blood on all sin." She began again by saying that the whole day would be too short to tell of all her sin. There she broke down. I said the comfortable words in the Communion Service, and by God's own Word ministered absolution to this broken heart. Recovering her composure she said, "There are crumbs for dogs; one has dropped from your lips, and I find it sweet to my heart—sweet, sweet." She quite broke down again, but found relief in tears. I knelt beside her and prayed, then rose, took her hand, and said softly, "The Lord hath put away thy sin; go and sin no more." By this time she has reached her home I think, restored, forgiven. You will not mind this digression I hope. Now I can confidently say that in this whole community, where we have eighty-six communicants, there is not a single drunkard, thief, or unclean person. Ever since I returned from England I have prayed for this one now standing in God's light, her withered heart absorbing it. Glory be to God!

## Old things are passed away.

My last visitation was complete excluding Massett, which I could not find means to reach. I have travelled more during the last half-year than in any previous year. Arriving at Aiyansh, on the Nass river, after inspecting the Indians' steam saw-mill on the opposite shore two miles below, I climbed up the steep bank, expecting to find Aiyansh as I last saw it, but it was nowhere to be found. I stood in speechless amazement. All things had become new. Instead of the old narrow trail in front of a single row of huts I saw fine broad roads, with really beautiful cottages dotted about, set in the lovely autumnal foliage, each with a large garden separating house from house so widely that a fire in one could not damage its next neighbours.



The little old Mission-house, built, I think, and furnished by Mr. McCullagh himself, was quite lost amidst the well-planned adjuncts. Within and without it is now a perfect model. I wish I had such a dwelling, and see why we must not covet our neighbour's house.

### The "Gospel Road."

The house stands close to the river's bank. Looking from it northward, the lofty mountains hedge in the intervening rich plain called Aiyansh, meaning evergreen; before me stretched the long new road ending at the church under construction. It has a deep, broad ditch on either side, from which the soil cast up makes a roadway that must be always dry. The trees, hewn into square sills, lie on the ground ready for making the side walk. It is, I think, or will be, the best piece of road-making in the diocese. The women did it all of their own free will to make it easier for men to go to church. Remember, women are not drudges here to the men.

### A Model Village.

On the east side of the church, if my bearings are correct, stands the prettiest school-house I have seen. The interior arrangements and external decorations of all these new buildings, private and public, expressed the ideas of a single mind. It is a model village, planned by an artist's eye and pleasing in every feature. It expresses the thought of a Christian, the civilization that springs from the resurrection, apart from which in our day solid progress is impossible. Let those who deny it disprove it. They lack the motive power for experimenting, and discharge their theories, like blank cartridge, into our camp harmlessly.

### Self-Help.

The Indians themselves bear the entire cost of this material advance. The saw-mill is theirs, and they alone work it. All is done by them excepting what Mr. McCullagh does in designing and superintending. Not one penny of C.M.S. money has been spent excepting on the first Mission house. The Government gave a grant to the school, and the S.P.C.K., I hope, will grant £50 towards the church. All the rest is done by the people on the spot. Nor is this a singular instance; it is the rule.

### Christian and Heathen Villages: a Contrast.

In travelling on the river I stop at every village. In the Christian villages one meets troops of healthy, well-clad children who fearlessly meet our gaze. The dwellings are either new or in good repair and full of modern furniture; the gardens fenced in; the roads not mere tracks. One sees signs of comfort, cleanliness, and ambition; one hears the school-bell and whir of the sewing machine, and after the day's work done music right and left, unless drowned by the volume of sound from the public hall, where the band practises each week-day evening all the winter through almost.

The Heathen are dirty, ragged, dispirited, and jealous of the Christians. To avoid treading in filth one must walk on the crooked trails with circumspection. The children stand at a distance huddled together. I have seen two, even in the biting blast of winter, wrapped in a single piece of blanket, their only covering! The houses are rotting, propped up, and patched. Squalid within and dismal without, they truly show the moral and physical condition of their ignorant and superstitious inhabitants. These cling with a passionate resolve to the *yaok* or potlatch. "That is our mountain," say they, "our only joy, dearer than life. To prison and death we will go rather than yield." Yet this is their ruin. It is impossible to heighten the contrast between the Christless and the Christian people of the same tribes. Great is our present reward in seeing the elevating, as well as saving, effects of a pure Gospel. The things endured in the process are forgotten in the joy that abideth.

### Zealous Preachers.

The spiritual state of the Christians compares most favourably with that of the whites. We missionaries know each member of the community intimately, and grieve at any lapse from a standard that would be impossible at home. These Aiyansh people and those of Kincolith, Christians of much older standing, are zealous in extending the Gospel. A band of volunteer preachers from each place go among the Kitikshans over the winter trail for a hundred miles each way at their own charges. No one sends them or pays them, nor have they any other object in going than to preach the Gospel. This tests their devotion and self-denial in



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While this colloquy was going on there came in one of our lady workers for consultation, and before concluding the doctor came on business. He departed as an Indian entered to explain

great reality. Nor are these itinerations without fruit, as I will now show.

In July, 1895, I was visiting the upper Skeena, and some Indians from Gishgagas, sixty miles north-east from Hazelton, who had heard those preaching itinerants, begged me to send them a teacher; and to impress me more with their need, got some one to send me a written petition from nineteen chiefs and principal men.

After treating it as Hezekiah did the Assyrian's letter, I thought it right to rely on the money specially contributed by some friends of the Society for extension work. At Hazelton was Mr. E. Stephenson, who had been *locum tenens* for the Rev. J. Field for the past year. He had done well in the language, and ~~had been working~~ in the Society's Missions in the diocese about three years. As soon as I asked if he could venture on so arduous and distant a work, he said he was ready to go anywhere he was sent, and do his best at anything he was required to try. I bid him go and God-speed. There he is now alone, sternly enfolded by the strong arms of the most violent winter we have had for many years. The Gishgagas tribe is the flower of the Kitikshan nation, and I hope will soon be won for Christ. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

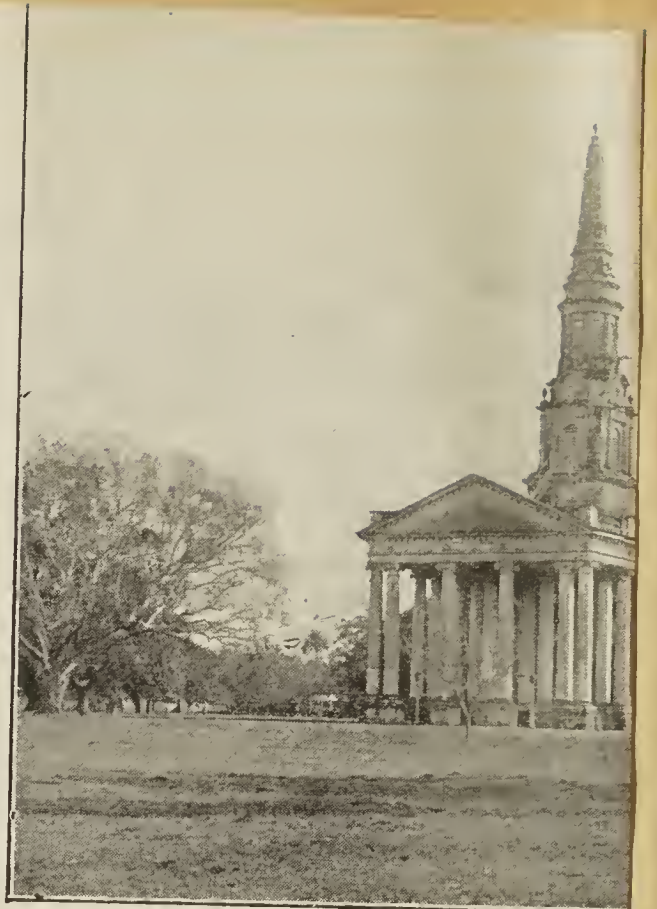
(To be continued.)

## THE BISHOPS IN INDIA.

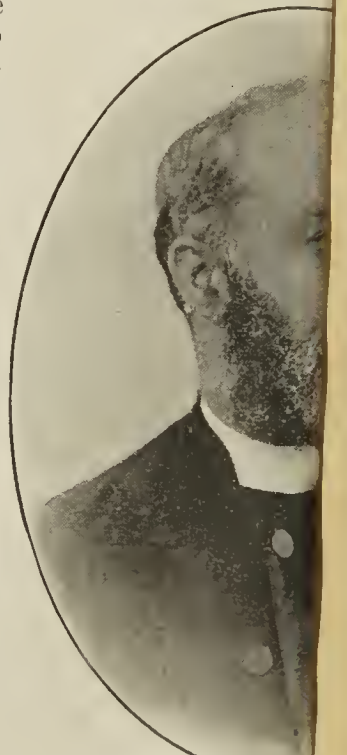
NOT until 1814 were there any Bishops in India. The Church Missionary Society had a considerable share in getting the Episcopate established there. It was through the influence of William Wilberforce that the Government of that day were induced to include in a Bill about India a clause providing for a Bishopric at Calcutta. It was the same Bill that gave missionaries leave to live and work in our Indian possessions. Both proposals were vehemently opposed; and when Dr. Middleton was consecrated first Bishop of Calcutta, the ceremony was performed privately, and nothing published about it for fear the event should excite the Hindus to revolt!

The "diocese" of Calcutta at first included all India, and Ceylon, and any other British possessions in Asia, and Australia! In 1836, the year before Queen Victoria came to the throne, Bishops were sent to Madras and Australia. Now India and Ceylon form an ecclesiastical Province, with the Bishop of Calcutta as Metropolitan, and eight other Bishops, viz., of Madras, Bombay, Lahore, Rangoon, Lucknow, Chota Nagpore, Travancore and Cochin, and Colombo. Tinnevely will be a tenth see.

The picture on the opposite page is from a photograph taken at Calcutta in January, 1893, at the consecration of Bishop Clifford to the new see of Lucknow. The Bishop of



MADRAS CATHEDRAL



THE REV. S. N. BISHOP-DESIGNATE FOR LUCKNOW.



## ON THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY THE REV. E. J. PECK.

I CANNOT, in this short account, mention the many providential incidents through which the late Mr. Parker and myself were led to go forward to Cumberland Sound, neither can I dwell upon the kindness of Mr. Noble, without whose friendly aid it would have been impossible for us to have prosecuted our Arctic Mission; I shall only mention here some facts in connexion with the voyage out and our life and work in our distant home, which facts, I think, will speak for themselves and will be of interest to our friends.

Some time before leaving home Mr. Noble informed me that it was probable that his vessel would not proceed to Cumberland Sound the following year. Provisions and fuel had therefore to be provided for two years. To combat successfully that terrible disease (scurvy) it was necessary to take the greatest possible variety of home produce. The following were some of the items:—Flour, 1 ton; biscuit, ditto; oatmeal, 6 cwt.; preserved meats of various kinds, about 10 cwt.; tinned and dried vegetables, 3 cwt.; condensed milk, 380 tins. Add to these items 15 tons of coal, stoves, cooking utensils, &c., &c., and friends will perhaps be able to form some idea of the care needful in making out an Arctic provision list.

## The Voyage.

Mr. Noble's brig, the *Alert*, a little vessel only 90 feet long by 21 broad, left Peterhead on the 13th of July, 1894. The voyage to within eighty miles of Cumberland Sound was accomplished, through God's help, with but little difficulty. We then, however, encountered a vast ice "pack." This extended fully a hundred miles in a northerly direction, and had evidently been driven down Davis Straits by the winds and Arctic current. This "pack" consisted of large blocks of ice of every conceivable size and shape, and the roar of the sea was like that of thunder as the mighty Atlantic waves rolled in upon this icy reef. To force our little vessel through such a barrier was impossible, and for several days we sailed along this heaving sea of ice before we found an opening through which we could sail into Cumberland Sound.

## Blacklead Island.

Here we arrived on August 21st. It is one of Mr. Noble's whaling-stations, and is situated on the southern side of



"ALERT" BECALMED IN THE ICE.

how readily they understood me.

## Preparing for Winter.—Our House.

As seventy or eighty degrees of frost is not uncommon in the winter months we tried to make our house as tight and snug as possible. This house (which was most kindly lent to us by Mr. Noble) was 18 feet long by 12 feet wide. We divided it into two compartments, one of which we used for kitchen and school-room, and



"ALERT" IN SAILING ICE.



THE LATE MR. J. C. PARKER.

the Sound. No trees are to be seen on this barren isle, and only in the sheltered spots are a few grasses and mosses to be found. After casting anchor quite a number of our Arctic friends came in their sealskin canoes to see us. Men, women, and children climbed up the vessel's side in the most unceremonious manner. With these we shook hands, and I was delighted to see

knowledge of the leading facts of Scripture history, friends will see that good progress has been made.

Visiting from tent to tent (the Eskimo live in sealskin tents in the summer time) was our first great means of reaching the people. We were received kindly, and listened to with great attention. Remarks were heard from time to time which showed, so to speak, the utter blank in the people's lives. One woman said, "Yes, let us hear something better, something more satisfying than we have hitherto heard." Another remarked, "This is the first time we have heard such news; why did not white men tell us such before?" And why did they not hear before of Him Who is mighty to save, of Him Who alone can really satisfy the soul, and give glory beyond the grave?

## Our Tabernacle in the Wilderness.

As the people manifested such a desire to listen to the Gospel message, we decided to erect some building where they could meet together. A sealskin church is quite a unique structure, but as there was no timber to be had this was the only shelter we could make. Some forty sealskins were sewn together and stretched on a frame. Old provision-boxes and a few boards were used for seats, two lamps were suspended from the roof, and a slow-combustion stove, in which we burnt coal and ashes, was placed inside. The people, as may well be imagined, had to

the other was our sitting, dining, and bedroom combined. To keep out the piercing wind we had, first, an inside lining of boards; second, a coating of felt; third, inner wall of house; fourth, another coating of felt; fifth, other stout boards which formed the outer wall of house; and lastly, the whole was covered with canvas which was nailed to the outer wall.

## Our Work for the Lord.

Our house being thus prepared for Arctic gales and frost we tried to gain the confidence of the people, and we then invited them to send their little ones to our house for instruction. So readily did they respond to our request that scarcely a child on the island was absent from our first meeting. We taught them the syllabic characters, Scripture texts, some hymns, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and we found them bright, intelligent little creatures. It is an encouraging fact that out of a total of forty-five on our list we have had for three months an average daily attendance of thirty-one, and when I state that thirty altogether can now read and have a fair





This should be the Church's aim, for she is the appointed agency to effect it up to the point in time when Christ's re-entrance on the scene of His humiliation will magnificently complete in person what He is now by His Spirit enabling us to do in extending His Kingdom.

This forward movement to the Stikine is to hasten this glorious consummation. It is a small part of a perfect whole in which each member of Christ's body is privileged to claim a share. What if Arctic cold clasps the river, the mountains, and valleys, in icy folds! Christ's ambassador will not be bound. His feet will be free, his voice heard over the awful silences telling of his Lord's great pity for his loved, but too long neglected, Indian brother and sister.

I shall think of the solitary man of God and plead his wants daily before the Throne. So can my readers with equal effect. Think of him toiling over that far-off lone land of distances! What faith in his Master's word; what hope of winning against all odds; what love for wandering, sin-stained, and unlovely souls! He will be, of all in my vast diocese, the most out of touch with all on earth that the average man counts as precious as life and absolutely necessary to it. To visit him from my house at Metlakahla the probability is that I shall often have to sail 560 miles to Victoria to embark on the American steamer to Alaska, 700 miles distant, then proceed up the river 180 miles to the head of navigation, and then walk I know not how far. Then comes the returning, so that the total distance travelled to see him and his work may be 2,500 miles! Yes, God's road-makers must work without stint in making His path straight.

So far as the journey is concerned the enterprising traveller might well be satisfied. The river scenery itself is very striking from end to end; but the first fifty miles is unique in my experience. The course of the river is nearly at right angles to the three great ranges of mountains it cuts through—the Rockies, the Selkirk and the Coast. The latter is higher than the two beyond and culminates in Mount St. Elias, that monarch of the northern continent at the extreme north-west of my diocese where its snowy head looks pre-eminently grand from the western ocean.

Such treasures of snow I have never seen as on this range near the Stikine mouth. There the vapoury ocean tribute, brought by the south-west and south-east winds for most of the year, is trans-

formed into fairy crystals that fall and fall over this treasure-house of snow until the mass, compactly pressed, glides gravely down the mountain steeps and fills the valleys with glaciers.

Happily our missionary has no mission here because no man there abides. He presses forward until he reaches the great divide, and then for a parish has a sparsely peopled region larger than Ireland. He must be the shepherd seeking the lost on a sea of mountains, among awful solitudes. Excepting in the linguistic notes I made last year the language is quite new to science and unwritten. It is no easy task to master the language.

In all that morals can accomplish, among all the loftiest ambitions that burn within us, of all human activities and glorious endeavours, there is nothing so great, so honourable, and so productive of valuable results, unbounded by time, as the pioneer pouring of Heavenly thought into a new language, and binding new tribes to God by conscious Sonship.



## BISHOP RIDLEY'S SPEECH AT EXETER HALL.

I CAN but feel that the subject that has drawn us together to-day is one that shows most clearly the power of prayer. The whole work is carried on in the spirit of prayer. It seems to show us the Master's purpose, even more clearly than prophecy. It is a great puzzle to thousands of people how it is that so many go forth to preach Jesus Christ, and that the results—which are undeniable—should be what they are. Of course we see that it is a great testimony to the supernatural. You cannot account for the progress or the extension of the kingdom of Christ without admitting that. We missionaries are not the cleverest of men, nor the strongest of men; but we are in the hands of our God as tools, which He uses as it seemeth to Him best. And the results are to His glory, but are most wonderful. If any one were to ask me for an explanation of it, I could take him in thought to the dying bed of an Indian chief. He was the predecessor of that grand old chief Sheuksh. I was sitting beside him until a few hours before he died, when he said, "I have seen a vision to-night." And then he told me his vision. "I climbed up steep stairs, and I got up to the gate of heaven. And I wanted to enter in, and the door opened, and there stood an angel who asked me what I wanted. I said, 'I want to see my dear son Silas, who left me so long ago.' He said, 'He is over there.' And as I looked to where he pointed, I saw Jesus. And I strove to go to Jesus, but struggle as I would I could not go a single step. And the angel came to me and said, 'What are you trying to do?' 'I want to go to Jesus,' I said. 'You cannot get there like that,' said the angel. 'Then how shall I go to Jesus?' 'On your knees.' And I dropped to my knees, and before I could look up Jesus stood beside me. And He said, 'What did you come for, Paul?' He knew my name. And I forgot what I had gone for. I was so satisfied to be near to Jesus, that I forgot Silas my son." Do you see where the secret comes out? We have been going forward, have we not? But I tell you how we go forward—on our knees! That is the secret of it. Step by step, from soul to soul, from tribe to tribe, and—as we have heard to-day—from continent to continent. Oh, give the praise to God! It is He Who works mightily through His servants. And He takes them just as they are, whatever be their qualifications. He knows how to use that tool, and how just to produce the work that is best to please Him. That is the thing to seek after.

Well, I mentioned Sheuksh just now. Do you remember the Hydah with bleeding feet? I wrote about him some years ago. He had been left behind when all the other hunters had been called to baptism and to confirmation at Massett, in Queen Charlotte's Islands; and when he came down from the mountain where he had been hunting and found all his comrades gone, he said, "I sat down on the beach and wept; and then I was uplifted as by arms, and I resolved to go home." But it was thirty miles from home, with no track, no trail through that forest that joined the ocean right to the mountain-top. But he resolved to strive to get home, and there, all along that Western coast, washed by the Pacific billows, he struggled on. And as I was going out of the church after that memorable day when I had baptized eighty-four, and confirmed seventy-eight, and married thirty-eight, one morning, I saw two pools of blood at the font, where he had stood to be baptized. And as he walked up the middle aisle and returned again, he left his foot-prints in blood. It was with a great resolve, and through much suffering, that he struggled on across those jagged rocks. And if there was one that got a blessing larger than another, it was that Hydah with bleeding feet.

Again, as to Sheuksh, the chief at Kitkatla. He went through much suffering, I believe, before he was admitted into the Church of Christ. Not bleeding hands or feet, but the bleeding heart, crushed and cut by the conviction of sin. It was prayer



THE NEW CHURCH AT AIYANSH.

that lifted up that poor wounded heart, and set him upon the Rock, and established his goings. And he stepped into the joy of forgiveness. I knew that tribe for years, fighting—I will say bravely—against the Church and State. And now the whole tribe is united to our Lord. There is not a Heathen left, nor a sign of Heathenism. And, remember this, they are about the bravest and finest men I ever saw; they are not puny little chaps. I was there on my way to England in February last, and the last sound I heard in my diocese was that man's voice in prayer. I had landed at midnight, as I did the night before at another station—rather hard on the missionaries, three nights in succession knocking them up at half-past two in the morning to pay my visitation to them! Well, so it was amongst the Kitkathas. I arrived there at that time, and the whole population soon got up. As soon as it was daylight we had the confirmation. And Sheuksh and his wife and many others came up for that confirmation. I thought the service was ended; the Benediction was given.

But up rose a voice, as from a man sobbing. Trembling were the tones, and this was what I heard last in my diocese:—"Oh, God of heaven, have mercy. Have mercy upon us; we are orphans. Oh, God of heaven, Thou hast taken our mother, and now Thou hast called our father across the deep. Oh, take care of him on land and sea. And when he sees his brothers and his sisters, and their tears come down, oh, God of heaven, wipe them away, and bring him back to us strong in heart."

It was a beautiful farewell from my diocese to hear one who was formerly one of the most awful savages I ever knew praying thus for me. Was it not a beautiful reward? My dear wife and I prayed for that man's conversion for five years. We never ceased. He was a great hindrance in the way of the Gospel. God seemed to keep us back. But it did us good. His way is always perfect. And so the discipline tried us all. And the last thing I have heard, since I came here, is that he is still bright and earnest, that the old lion is now much more like a lamb. But I can hardly think of him as lamb-like. I have seen him dare the officers of a man-of-war, and hoist the "stars and stripes" in view of the British ship. And he would not pull it down, till at last I said, "There is one thing you dare not do." He said, "What is that I dare not do?" I said, "Pull down that flag you have put up." And he went and pulled it down at once. Then he ran in and brought out a beautiful walking-stick, nearly as tall as himself and beautifully carved, and handed it to me as a token of peace and goodwill. This was even before he was a Christian, for he knew in his heart of hearts that I loved to see him prosper.

Well, now I speak of Massett and the Hydahs of the beautiful islands in the Pacific. When I first knew them there was not a Christian amongst them, and even the seamen avoided the place because of the piratical propensities of the people. They are the finest Indians to look at I have ever seen. And now along the whole coast for more than a hundred miles there is not a relic of Heathenism left.

But what of the interior? Well, I strove to get up the Stickine river in 1881. I went two years following, and struggled to get up, but failed. It was not God's plan I should go that way. So, driven back from there, I went up the Skeena, a river now known to many who read the Church Missionary Society's periodicals. It is a beautiful river, and the scenery is oh, so grand, ravishing the heart! But what can magnificent forests and beautiful rivers and fine mountains do to teach a savage? Nature never improves humanity. There is no uplifting. The longer we leave them alone in the midst of the grandeur of nature the more corrupt they become. The evils are hereditary and accumulate in power, and the longer we delay the work the harder we make it. It is not as if we left them alone; we do not leave them alone. What did we read not long ago in the papers about West Africa, that stacks of empty rum-bottles alternate with heaps of skulls round the Ju-ju houses;—a beautiful recommendation for our civilization, is it not! We do not remain neutral. But if we are not up and doing for Christ, what we call our civilization will sweep off the inferior races. The only hope for them is that great antiseptic, the Gospel. And if we give it them we have the proof that it is successful in winning from all the tribes of the earth those that shall glorify the Name of Jesus.

Now, on that great river, as I went up it, there was not one Christian among all the nine tribes, nor did they want me there. You must not suppose the Heathen are begging missionaries to come. It is like it was, you remember, in the old days—the men of Macedonia called for St. Paul, "Come over and help us." It was in a vision, and when he got there they put him in a gaol and in stocks. And so they sometimes treat us. I



## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE MISSION-HOUSE, FORT CHURCHILL.

## SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY AT FORT CHURCHILL.

BY THE REV. J. LOFTHOUSE.

IT is a Sunday morning in July. Our Indians have laid aside their guns, and are ready to spend the day for God. At 8.30 the first bell rings, and they gather in our little church for a service in Chipewyan. It is very pleasant to hear them begin by singing—

"This is God's day.  
We wish to pray  
And sing to Jesus."

Most of them are very poor, but they come to church bright and clean and with hair tidy, a great contrast to their appearance ten years ago, when, with long hair hanging over their faces and very dirty deer-skin robes, they sat and listened to the story of God's love. The Gospel has certainly led these Indians to think of bodily as well as spiritual improvement.

At eleven a.m. our small English-speaking congregation gathers together and very heartily enters into the service. Not one is absent—father, mother, and children all join in praising the Lord and Giver of all. A few years ago they would have spent the Sabbath in hunting or sitting in their miserable homes and smoking all the day, with not one thought of the great Creator. In the afternoon a few Eskimo, from their camp six miles away, gather in the house of God. They are a motley group, very strange-looking animals, clad from head to foot in deer-skins, men and women so much alike in dress that a *kablanart* (foreigner) would fail to distinguish them. They, poor souls, have had few opportunities of learning of "the great Attata" (Father). Their homes are far away in the land of everlasting ice and snow, and only during the few weeks of summer are they within reach of the Mission. They are very fond of music, and try to join in the singing, but it is not a great success. Then shortly and simply is set before them the story of God's love. They listen with ears and eyes both wide open, and occasionally also the mouth, when one and another exclaims, "*Kore-asukpoonga*" ("I rejoice"). Very few of them have as yet been admitted into Christ's outward and visible Church, but nearly all of them are deeply attached to the Mission, and miss no opportunity of learning to read "the Book." Sometimes they even walk into our kitchen at five o'clock in the morning, asking to be taught to read "the Book."

In the evening we have another service either in Chipewyan or English, sometimes in both. Then the people disperse to their tents four or five miles away, many of them ending the day with family prayers and singing of hymns.

On Monday morning, at nine a.m., the missionary hurries off to school, but before he reaches there the children are gathered in their places, waiting and anxious to be taught. We begin with a chant, then prayer and a short Scripture lesson. Now that it is summer we are able to write, but in winter this is impossible, for the ink would freeze on the pen and the fingers stick fast to the holder. School goes on steadily until noon. Then we return to work in the garden or do some repairs, for the missionary here has to do everything for himself. After dinner we start to visit the Eskimo in their distant camp. Not very parson-like is the missionary—no black coat and hat, but a pair of mole-skin trousers, water-tight seal-skin boots, old coat, straw hat covered with a large veil, and gloves. Fancy gloves and a veil! But even the Natives wear them, for it is quite impossible to do without them. The mosquitoes are in swarms, and soon the whole body is covered with them. The boots up to the knees are

have had the crowds come round me in anger. I have had great big fellows come within two feet of me and spit in my face. I have had men knock me down with great stones and tread me under their feet. And among the men I have had at my feet among the Indians has been the man who spat in my face. There he was, and he cried, "Oh, Bishop, can you ever forgive me?" And I baptized him, as well as a great many others who had thus treated me. I could spend nearly a week telling how they have helped me since. When I was ill they prayed for me, week after week, and prayed me back from the grave. Oh, friends, do you think we cannot love them? I admit that among the Heathen there is much that is unlovely; but we missionaries, when we see a man, I do not care what nationality he is of, we see him as one of God's creations, Who said, "All souls are Mine," and we long to save him. We have that enthusiasm, I hope, and the man that has not got it had better stay at home. We are longing to save souls, and by being the instruments of God we are used in that greatest of all work.

But there is one dark patch left. Step by step, all along that chain of Missions up the Skeena, where there is not a single tribe or town or village without its school now, we have the chain binding the coast of the Rocky Mountains. So likewise at the Nass. The Chairman just now spoke of Mr. McCullagh. He is a sort of missionary genius. We have at the mouth of that river one of the most self-sacrificing men I ever knew—I mean Archdeacon Collison. His wife has to look after his clothes well. In fact, when there are poor Indians about she has to lock the clothes up, or he would give them away! When I got there once, I had not been in the house five minutes before I heard his wife say—(Oh, such a brave wife! I have had her working with me for eighteen years)—"Oh, Harry, Harry, the Bishop has come, and we have not a loaf of bread. You have given it all away." Both the Archdeacon and Mr. McCullagh are splendid missionaries. And all up that river the district was an abode of savages. But now there is as pretty a place as a bishop would wish to see in his diocese—a perfect transformation. Why, that brave McCullagh seems to be everything. I have a book in my pocket he printed. He started a saw-mill and worked it himself, till he taught his Indians how to do it. Then he said, "If you will cut the lumber, and prepare it for a new church, a new school, I will give you the mill." Well, he handed it to them; and there now stands there as pretty a school as I have in the diocese, and a beautiful church, with a spire a hundred feet above the ground. [See picture.] It seats 400. There were 400 in it at the opening service on the 27th of October last. Mr. Price, a brother missionary, came over for the occasion from 102 miles away and brought some Native helpers with him. They walked across the frozen rivers to be there at this great function. And the church was full. Now there are only about 150 or 160 Christians belonging to that particular place. But there were none there when I first knew it. Mr. McCullagh has built, I will not say for eternity, but for the future, believing that he will gather in yet larger numbers. After the service came the offertories. I wish you could get them here. I wonder if you care to rival those Indians? I challenge you to-night! The son of our Archdeacon carried the alms-dish, which was a present from a lady in England, and he carried it on until he had a stiff back. Yet he was a young fellow of twenty-four years of age, stronger than I am a great deal. And the churchwardens were passing in the money from right and left. The people adopted a capital plan. Each one had tied up his money in a bag and marked the amount outside. Well, when he got to the Communion rails he passed it over with difficulty, and McCullagh could not lift it on to the Holy Table. There was about eighty pounds' weight in silver there. That is, about £280 worth, sterling. And remember, it was given by under 300 people. A wonderful thing it was. I will tell you why they did it. When they reckoned it up, though they had given much labour and cash to that church, they said they owed God still a big balance, double of what they had thought at first. So they saved up until they had these little bags. And they gave all they had, and began life afresh. I venture to say that by that time next year they will not be a cent out of pocket. What we give to God we keep. He blesses it abundantly. Thank God for these people and for their self-sacrificing labours! In my diocese I have, I think, three voluntary Native preachers for each one who is paid. They go off hundreds of miles. They say, "Bishop, we have our work done here. Will you let us go to such-and-such a place, to such-and-such tribes?" I say, "Yes, and God bless you!" The last letter I had tells me that they had got as far as the Kwagwil Mission, 360 miles from home. At their own cost they spend their winter in preaching the Gospel to the Heathen. And the consequence of it is that we have seen miracles wrought all along the line. God the Holy Spirit, Who put it into their hearts, has so given them the Word in season that they have been able to stir up a great many of the Heathen, causing them to send me petitions now, "Bishop, send us teachers to tell us more about Jesus." And that is how it goes on.



very necessary, for our way is mostly through swamps. You do well if you do not sink in above the knees and get a soaking. Roads of any kind are unknown in this part of the world. When within a mile or so of the camp we see some objects running to meet us. Are they bears, or what? They look very much like them, but drawing nearer we see they are Eskimo boys and girls coming to meet the *ikseureak* (teacher). They take possession of him, some taking his hands, some hanging on to his coat-tails. Thus we go on, singing hymns or repeating texts of Scripture.

What a strange village! There are about a dozen tents, not pitched on a soft, smooth place, but right on the stones. How ever do they sleep in such places? Well, an Eskimo can sleep anywhere, and a few stones are of no account. And oh, what a dirty, greasy mess, a perfumery of the strongest kind! Never mind; do not think of it, and you will soon get over it. We will enter into one tent. See, there is no fire, nor any chairs, tables, or other furniture, except a few skins spread on the ground. We take our seat on these; men, women, and children crowd around; and the work of teaching begins. One man, stripped

to the waist, is mending an old kettle, another is forming the ribs of a *kyak* (Eskimo boat). A woman is diligently chewing away at some seal-skin (not very sweet!), whilst another is sewing boots. Seals' meat and blubber take up one corner, and now and then some child will take up a piece and smack his lips at the juicy morsel. All this time the teaching is going on, and some at least are drinking in the Word. Thus we pass on from tent to tent and spread the good news. It is not ours to tabulate results, but, having sown the seed, to rest in faith.

Some of them have received the truth, and are carrying the Gospel into the far north, where there are still many who have never heard the name of Jesus, and are dying without God and without hope in the world.

Two hundred miles south of Churchill, at York Factory, many of our Indians show their devotion to Christ in various ways. It is a very common thing for them to walk fifteen or twenty miles to church on Sunday in the most bitter weather. Women will bring their children on their backs sixty or 100 miles to have them baptized. A few years ago our catechist walked fully 600 miles to kneel at the Lord's table. Family prayer is regularly carried on amongst them. They are not without their faults and failings, and need constant supervision and upbuilding. Earnestly would I ask the Christian men and women of favoured England to remember them before the Throne of grace.



GENERAL VIEW OF FORT CHURCHILL.



GROUP OF ESKIMO, FORT CHURCHILL.

### "AS WELL FOR THE BODY AS THE SOUL": OUR SAW-MILL, AND WHAT HAS COME OF IT.

BY THE REV. J. B. McCULLAGH, *Aiyansh, British Columbia.*

MANY of our British Columbia Missions are established on the "Christian colony" system (i.e., they are set up distinct and apart from any heathen town or village), and seek to save souls by drawing them away from their heathen environment. But while established on this principle, they are not carried on in accordance with it, otherwise they would be to some extent industrial Missions.

In the aboriginal town the Indian house is more of a barrack than a private residence, so that a convert cannot always bring his house with him when he joins a Mission. The problem, therefore, we have to solve is, firstly, how to draw the convert; secondly, having drawn him, how to house him; and, thirdly, having managed that, how to keep him and transform him from a savage being into a civilized Christian man.

It would be very easy for the missionary to say, "Oh, I have only to do with the spiritual aspect of the case, the salvation of the man's soul; I must keep clear of secular undertakings." Of course we must keep clear of secular undertakings as such—that goes without saying; but we cannot wriggle out of our responsibility

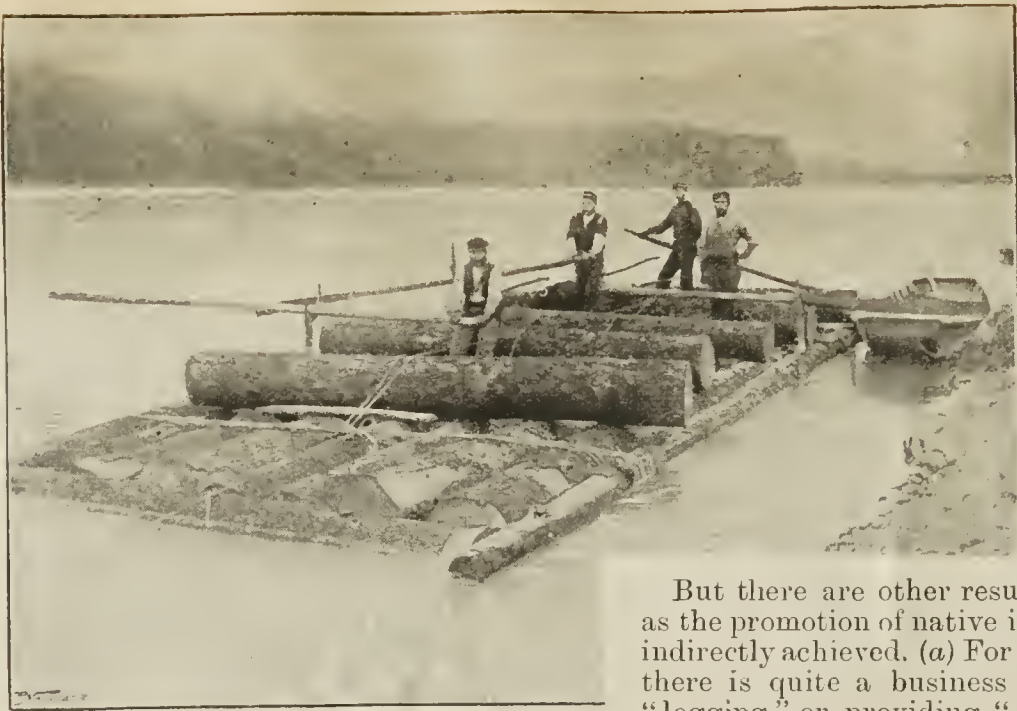


LOGGING FOR THE MILL.



through a knot-hole like that. In order to save the soul it seems to me we must save the *man*, body and soul, if we can. No true missionary may, or will, be indifferent to the temporal welfare and social development of his people. His heart will cry to God at every sign of degradation. He will bemoan their lot even in his sleep.

Eleven years ago friends in England contributed a little over \$1,000 through the GLEANER for a church at Aiyansh. But on making out the estimate I found that that sum would hardly pay for freighting the requisite building material up the seventy-five miles of river intervening between our Mission and the coast. "Fifty canoes," mused I, "at \$26 each



"GRIST FOR THE M

But there are other results, such as the promotion of native industry, indirectly achieved. (a) For instance there is quite a business done in "logging," or providing "grist for the mill," which not only keeps many of our boys from roving, but gives them a good industrial impetus as well. (b) Then, again, two of our young men have established a small turnery business. (c) Another has set up a boat-building yard. (d) Two have started small stores or shops. (e) This year one is starting a door and sash factory, (f) while another contemplates going in for brickmaking. Of all this there was not a vestige five years ago—it lay latent in the mill.

Can you wonder then that I should regard the saw-mill as a "colleague"? that the hum of its machinery is to my ears the sweetest of music? that I could sit for hours "down by the saw-mill stream" and dream of deserts being made to blossom as the rose, and of dry bones being converted into living men?

Now, if we have been enabled to accomplish this much incidentally, how much more might we achieve with definite means and intention? There is yet much to be done—our problem is only half solved. It remains for us to see how we may prevent those periodical migrations in search of sustenance which expose our native *protégés* to many a baneful influence and dire temptation. It is all very well to say that such are the conditions and circumstances of Indian life, and that we must adapt ourselves and our work to the same as best we may.

But that is only another knot-hole solution of the problem, and leads nowhere. Rather let us ask, "What can we do to alter these untoward conditions and circumstances?"

It is fast becoming my firm conviction that the Indian must either settle down to the soil or reckon himself under notice to quit; and that the time has fully come to consider what can be done to stay the process of eviction. The first thing, of course, is to educate him up to the point of taking such a step; and here



THE SAW-MILL

means \$1,300, and that would 'stump' me." But presently the idea suggested itself, "You might get a saw-mill for that." And so I did, purposing to make it over to a company of four Indians for its value in lumber to be delivered at the Mission. "Thus," thought I, "we shall get the material for our church minus freight expense, and a saw-mill into the bargain, and that will solve the problem of housing our converts." I was not, however, able to set up the machinery until 1893, after our return from England.

Now let us sum up the results *directly* achieved within the past five years without any expenditure of C.M.S. funds:—(a) In 1893 we built a school-house, which our Bishop describes

as "the prettiest school-house I have seen." Until the opening of our church we also used it for Divine service. (b) In 1894 we erected new Mission premises, providing increased accommodation, most sadly needed for many years, for ourselves and the work. (c) In 1895 other buildings were added to the Mission-house, such as printing-office, dispensary, &c. Our new church was also commenced and partly erected. (d) In 1896 we completed our church, and not only was the lumber furnished, as in the other cases, by the mill, but the collection made at the opening ceremony amounted to \$1,389, or more than the original fund, showing how true it is that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." (e) In 1897 we built a Y.M.C.A. lecture-hall, or "winter school" for young men. It forms a north wing to the Mission-house, and is furnished with desks and seats for forty-six students. We had forty-four under instruction daily from Jan. 1st to the end of February this year. (f) During the years 1893—1897 a new village has been laid out and surveyed into town lots. The old cabins have been pulled down and replaced by pretty cottages on the new site. Here you will find clean airy rooms sufficiently furnished, with kitchens and other offices, which are inspected every Saturday by our sanitary inspector.



A MEDICINE-MAN.



the missionary can do much to choke out the old life by continually implanting new ideas, so as to create a new ideal of life in the Indian mind. For some years I have been in the habit of dilating upon the joy, peace, comfort, health, and prosperity to be derived from a settled agricultural life, until at last the idea has taken root, and our young men are looking forward hopefully in that direction; but how to make a start they do not quite know.

That they will have to be helped over the initial difficulties is certain; but who is to help them? and how are they to be helped? Well, the Government *ought* to help them, but I do not think it *will*; the Society itself *might* do so, but I am not sure that it *ought*; but Christian friends, especially those themselves engaged in agricultural pursuits, might very well take an agreeable interest in a special effort of this kind; the method of assistance I would suggest being to help those who try to help themselves, i.e., if an Indian makes a serious attempt at settling down, let us meet him with a brother's outstretched hand, and help to provide something in the way of live stock or farming implements. In this way we can do much to improve and preserve a noble race from extinction.

From an artistic point of view, however, we can hardly claim any credit for improving the Indian. With one fell swoop we annihilate

the romance of paint, beads, and feathers, together with all the glory, prestige, and paraphernalia of the most ideal medicine-man (see portrait), changing him into the most ordinary-looking citizen imaginable. But from a spiritual point of view, what a change! "A

new creature in Christ Jesus; old things passed away; all things become new." Yes, new, even to the very set of his features and the expression of his eyes, as you may see from the portrait of my great friend chief Abraham Wright, once the "terror" of this district and the most daring medicine-man of his day, but now a patient, plodding pilgrim to the Celestial City. Who can regret the outward change, if inwardly the savage has been renewed by the Holy Spirit?



CHIEF ABRAHAM WRIGHT.

## BISHOP RIDLEY ON THE SKEENA AND STIKINE RIVERS.

GLENORA, STIKINE RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
June 11th, 1898.

SOME of the subscribers to the GLEANER have written to me privately to ask why I do not send to that favourite an occasional letter. During half the Lambeth Conference year I was in England, and on my return arrears of work had to be overtaken. Then came some travelling on the seas, when writing was out of the question. My plan was to write as soon as I reached my house, while all that had happened was fresh in my memory; but I was hindered by sickness.

I was on a crowded steamer, and my cabin companion was a gaunt Texan, bound to Klondyke. After a few days at sea he appeared unwell, but did not complain, though he often had a twelve-ounce bottle of patent medicine at his mouth. Finally he was too ill to rise, and the little nursing he got was from me, in duty bound, as his cabin comrade.

Before I left the ship and the sick man I felt as if I had caught cold. It was influenza. It did not seem a severe case, but it invalidated me for three long months, and I sometimes got so low that I thought I should never recover. Insomnia persisted, but now I see that the worst symptom was versifying. This complication adheres, but now that I am convalescent there is hope of seeing this feature of the disease removed by the activities of life. At one period of the disease I sent its rhythmical product to the editor, but he was good enough to let nobody know.\* Now that I am recovering I am indifferent. My experience may be useful to others afflicted and seeking relief in verse. Active service is the best remedy.

### A Visit to Chief Sheuksh.

Before I write of my present doings, your readers will like to

\* We did print it, in our July number; but we are glad to have the support of the Bishop in regarding versification in general as a disease!—Ed.

hear of a visit in midwinter to Sheuksh and his tribe. I had a letter on the stocks describing it, but illness overtook me, so that it was never launched. It would be ancient history to me now, so that I could not put any heart into its revival. It shall now fall into the form of a log.

### Fifty Miles across the Sea to fetch the Doctor.

Jan. 1st.—Dr. Webb, who was wintering with Mr. Gurd at Kitkahtla, arrived at Metlakahtla. Miss West was, we feared, too ill to recover; but one evening two Indian women came to ask my advice on some question, and as they were leaving I casually expressed a wish that Dr. Webb were present. They went off to the Church Army meeting then going on and spoke of my wish. At once ten men volunteered to fetch him. One of them came to me announcing this resolve, and said they would start next morning. Off they went, battling with a head wind that rose to a half gale, but on the third day they reached Laklan, Sheuksh's town, fifty miles across the sea. Two days sufficed to bring them back, with the doctor. After he had spent some time in charge of the case, they took him back again, thus completing a distance of at least 200 miles on the high sea in a canoe. Not a cent would they take as payment. Do you think that such a thing could be done at home? Would any parish provide ten volunteers and an open boat to cross, say, from Dover to Boulogne, twice and back again, to get medical aid for a sick worker in the Church? Impossible. Love and gratitude nerved those Indian hearts to do this, and to feel proud to do it. They did a precisely similar thing the winter before. We thank God for sparing Miss West's life. She is now recovering, after a journey to England. I never thought she would survive. I quite look forward to her return. Though somewhat frail in health, her rich experience and natural energy will be of great value in helping on the work and advising the other ladies of the Mission, who naturally look to her as their head, and miss her now very much.

### "A religious epidemic."

Jan. 17th.—I embarked in a big canoe with nineteen Indians from the Fort Simpson Salvation Army, now a body of about 130 people, who regard me as their general. A delegation from our Metlakahtla Church Army came along in another large canoe with twenty paddles. We were off on a sort of ten days' mission to the Kitkahtlas, and to consecrate the new church built by them at their own expense. But for the rain it would have been pleasant. We sang and sang, hour after hour, as we paddled along with a moderate head wind. Our voyage over, we halted about four hundred yards from the shore, no one in the village discovering us in the darkness. The lights twinkled in the street lamps and from many a window, but all was silent until we burst out in song. This signal opened doors and attracted crowds to the shore to receive us as we paddled landwards. Our baggage was picked up by many hands. I was led to the Mission-house, and my party to Sheuksh's, whose guests they became.

Next day I consecrated the new church, held a confirmation, preached three times, and received many visitors. Then the Indians who came with me began their mission. From dawn



to late in the evening the sound of prayer, sacred song, and preaching was heard, excepting at meal times, and even then the grace expanded into long intercession. Mr. Gurd called it a religious epidemic. Nothing else was done. God and the soul were the sole topics. From day to day the number of awakenings was brought to me. There was excitement, but no extravagance that I knew of. A day was fixed for our leaving, but when the morning dawned the pressing requests to stay another day prevailed, to my regret. The weather was then favourable, and the fair wind strong enough to take us home in one day.

#### In Perils of Waters.

Next morning was calm, but very ominous of dirty weather approaching. After a few miles of paddling the gale burst on us, and we ran before it with reefed sails at a piping rate. As we got into open water a fearful sea rolled after us, threatening every moment to poop us. Twenty miles further brought us to two islands with a narrow and winding channel dividing them. A large steamer loomed up ahead. The pilot mistook the channel and ran his ship ashore. It was a lee shore, and we dared not attempt to approach her and her 400 passengers. There was no danger of their destruction because the shore was close and water deep. All safely landed, but their experiences were distressing on shore, camped on the deep snow without

protection for a long time. We sailed along to the far end of the island, eight miles distant, where under the shelter of the land we beached our canoes and then camped in hardly less discomfort than the wrecked folk at the other end of the island.

We were on the deep snow, with the falling snow turning to sleet, trees uprooted by the howling gale falling with a crash. Two lanterns were hung to the branches of a tree and swung about in the wind. To kindle a fire was almost impossible, and therefore cooking was out of the question. Everything became soaking wet. I suppose we ought to have been miserable, but we were not. Before lying down for the night we had prayers. I own to have been weary and longing to observe ordinary limits, but no less than thirteen hymns were sung, the words from memory, and a short prayer between each hymn. It took a little over two hours! All were cheery but myself, and I kept as bright a face as I could as men and women prayed on and on. After forty-eight hours, we put to sea, which remained rough, but we safely reached Metlakatla.

I have already alluded to the fetching of the doctor at some risk and for love. This trip, which took about a fortnight, was also for love's sake. Where in England are the thirty-nine men and women who could be induced to face such risk and sore discomfort, to give their time without the least hope of any earthly reward, and all to stir up their brethren in the faith?

#### Sheuksh's Wife a Church Army Officer.

On the Sunday spent among the Kitkatlas an interesting ceremony took place. The wife of chief Sheuksh had been elected by the Kitkatla band of the Church Army as one of their officers. At one point of the service in church Samuel Walsh, the blind captain, led by a sergeant, presented Sheuksh's wife to me for admission to the office. On the holy table the red ribbon had been placed. She knelt at the chancel rails. I then charged her to be faithful to Jesus, to be an example of holiness, to watch over the women of the tribe, especially the young ones, and to remember she must give a final account to Jesus at the great day. Then I placed the ribbon round her neck and told her to think of it as a token of being bound as a servant to our Master.

Old Sheuksh was in the front pew all the time on his knees, his lips moving as if in prayer, and his eyes fountains of tears. What a contrast with the savage past!

Soon after this I was at Claxton trying to get the hospital a bit shipshape. The gold fever has reached the Indians, so that I think but few will remain for the fishing, and therefore the hospital will not be in much request this year. But this fever will not last, and there stands the hospital ready for its blessed mission of healing.

#### On the Rapids of the Skeena River.

On the 6th of May I started for the Skeena river, *en route* to Hazelton, and was delighted to get into the bright sunshine of the interior, away from the weeping skies of the coast. The winter had been mild, but the snowfall on the mountains very heavy. Instead of a gradual blending of spring with summer, the warm weather rushed upon us. During the latter part of April the thermometer in the shade in my garden rarely fell below 60° Fahrenheit between eleven a.m. and five p.m. The consequence of this charming and unusual weather was the swelling of the river a fortnight earlier than the average. Instead of finding it at a good stage for sailing on, we met the freshet, which gave us endless trouble and caused some risk. When we got to the canyon it was full of a raging flood, so that we had to moor below it for a long time. As soon as a few cooler nights came, which checked the thaw on the mountains and diminished the downrush, we entered the canyon.

But it was a fearful sight. Fixed in the rocky sides are ring-bolts here and there. The sailors, like cats, climb the rocks, and pass on long cables with iron hooks at the ends. One was of steel wire 1,300 feet long. As soon as it is hooked on to the ring-bolt the steam capstan on the bow revolves, and on we go at the rate of nearly a yard a minute! The great stern wheel revolves

a centre with force enough to sweep aside our steamer, 125 feet long by thirty feet beam, as if it were a bit of drift-wood. One blow made by a rock, as we were swept against it, broke through the planks, happily just above water mark, rolling up an iron plate as if it had been a piece of leather. The greatest skill, courage, and resource are necessary to overcome such difficulties.

God is most merciful in sparing me from disaster amid these frequent perils. Some people have called it a charmed life; it is rather a living in the hollow of God's hand.

Our missionaries had been expecting me. Sunday found me at Giatwangak, but I could not then stay for the confirmation without missing Hazelton, where I understood both Mr. and Mrs. Field were ailing. Yet they were unwilling to leave their work when the time for decision came. I decided it for them by asking Mr. Stephenson, newly arrived from his far-off station Gishgagas, to take charge of Mr. Field's work till August. Then I brought them to the coast, to their great relief.

I found the work on the Upper Skeena prospering wonderfully. The destruction of our day-school at Giatwangak is a great distress to Mr. Price, who is at his wits' end to know how to rebuild. He has no money, and yet £40 is absolutely necessary to the carrying on the school. Will some one help Mr. Price in this? He is most worthy for whom I plead.

I was much touched by the Indians at Hazelton coming to comfort me, as they said. They had not seen me since my bereavement. The Heathen seemed as much concerned as the Christians, and all wanted photographs of my late wife. I had several with me, and gave them to some women who had been blessed in their souls through her ministry. How they handled them! So tenderly! Tears were brushed aside. Few words were spoken, but there was much squeezing of my hands in token of sympathy. I had to promise to send some more copies of her photograph, especially to the native teacher, who told Mr. Field she was the first who ever taught him saving truth. Many might truly say the same. The most refined Christians in England could not have behaved with greater delicacy.

#### On the Stikine River.

Now let us talk about the Stikine river. It took me more than a month to reach my present quarters from Metlakatla. I stepped on board ship very feebly, but full of the hope of full restoration to health as I journeyed on. Thank God I am making steady progress. Last Sunday I administered the Holy Communion in a large shed belonging to a railway contractor. At 10.30 I preached to two hundred soldiers *en route* to Klondyke, or, to be more exact, going to Fort Selkirk in the diocese of that name. It is but a name now, being, I am told, deserted, but as it is at the junction of two great rivers, it is a good place for barracks. There are four Victorian nurses proceeding under the military escort. Like the soldiers, they have to walk more than 180 miles to Lake Teslin, and then go by rafts or boats, there to be built, right on to their destination. All the party seemed to value the unexpected means of grace, and loud were the cheers as I waved to them this morning at seven o'clock a parting salute at their embarkation on a steamer for Telegraph Creek, where the long walk begins.

Mr. Palgrave heard of my arrival and walked on here to see me. Twenty-six miles did not seem much of a walk to him.

Last Sunday he took a service near here, then walked to Telegraph Creek, a distance of thirteen miles, for a five p.m. service for the Indians and a seven o'clock service for the whites. That over, he walked back to my tent, and arrived at midnight. It is as easy to walk at night as in the day because of the clear sky and light. You can read at any hour of the night without artificial light. Indeed, it is easier to travel by night than by day because of the heat. In my tent, though it has a double roof, the thermometer stands at 91° Fahrenheit. This sun bath is trying in some respects, but my health is improving steadily.

There are about 2,000 white men in my neighbourhood, and on the whole very steady and well-behaved men they are. The hardships endured in getting here, partly on the frozen river (now in flood) and partly in boats rudely made on the banks, have been fearful. Many have died from them. The transportation companies have grossly misrepresented the easiness of the routes. I pity the poor fellows very much. Many are in distress because the exorbitant charges for transportation have exhausted their funds. They are selling their food supplies at 150 per cent. less than their cost, to realize a little money







## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

[DEC. 1, 1899.]



BOATS WITH BUILDING MATERIAL FOR DEVON MISSION CHURCH.

## The Old Medicine-man of Shoal Lake.

BY THE REV. J. HINES, *Devon Mission, The Pas, Saskatchewan, North-West Canada.*

IT is many years since I noticed any reference to this Mission in the GLEANER. Perhaps one reason is, I have not written to you direct about the work here.

The place of which I now write is named Shoal Lake, one of the many out-stations belonging to Devon, and is situated about ninety miles from Devon, at the foot of Pas Mountain.

In one of the photographs I send you will notice an old Indian in the act of stooping.

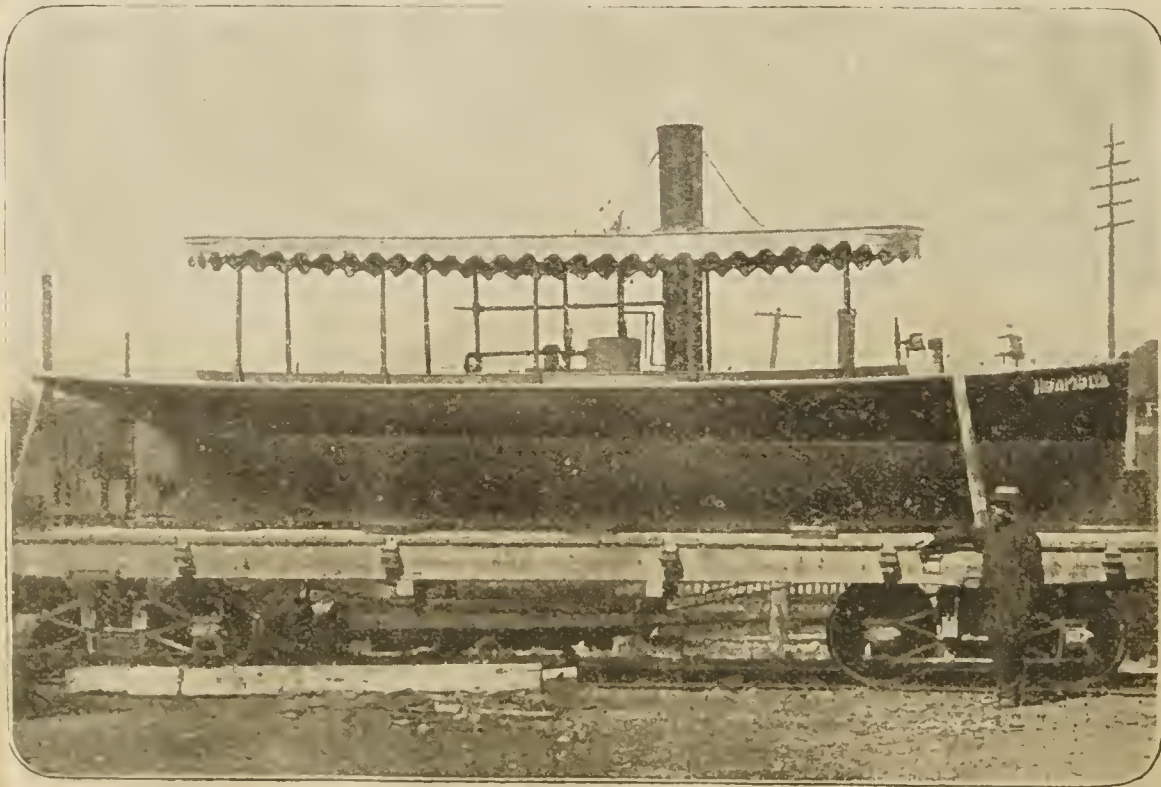
The old man is named Oosawusk (Yellow Bear). He is about eighty years of age, and was baptized fifty years ago by Mr. Hunter, the first ordained missionary who resided in this district.

Although admitted into the visible Church by baptism, he seems never to have led a Christian life, but practised all the rites and ceremonies of the Heathen. When the majority of the Indians of this band had embraced Christianity, he travelled about visiting other bands, where his services would be more appreciated. He was, until quite lately, known as the leading medicine-man, and greatest conjurer, for many miles round.

During the past two years I have had several earnest conversations with him, and he promised time after time to give up his heathen ways, and return with full purpose of heart to the Lord, but, alas! he failed to carry out his good intentions.

Last autumn his wife died, a sincere Christian woman, and this made a very great impression upon him, which resulted in his making another promise of reform.

On my way to the mountain in the spring I met him paddling his canoe alone, about twelve miles from the Mission. He was going to hunt rats, "mus-



STEAM LAUNCH FOR USE IN DEVON MISSION.



quash." As soon as he recognized me he paddled to the shore, and we did the same.

After the usual greetings, he said, "My grandchild, I have been longing to see you ever since we last parted. I must return with you to the Mission, as I must spend Sunday with you there, that the people may bear testimony to my constancy during the past winter."

I spent three days at the mountain, and heard from many, the catechist being one of those who said that the old man was thoroughly changed, that he never went near the Heathen now, but associated only with the Christians, and was most regular and devout in church on Sundays.

He wished very much to be received back again into the Church, and to partake of the Lord's Supper. I told him that nothing would give me more pleasure than to do as he requested, if I were sure he was seeking help from God to be faithful to his profession in the future. I reminded him of his former promises and the great hopes he had given me of his thorough reform, and how these had all been so many times dashed to the ground. I further asked him if he were really giving up everything that pertained to Heathenism, because I had my doubts about it, and I felt sure that this was one of the causes of his former weakness.

He admitted that he had still in his possession the rattle charm, some bad "medicine," and one or two other things.

I then informed him that these must be given up, and I gave him the choice of either burning them or burying them.

The poor old man's decision, and the remarks he made, convinced me more than all I had heard before that he was determined, God helping him, to have done with Satan and his devices.

"Noosesim" (my grandchild), he said, "I am prepared to sacrifice all I have, and I am thankful (*K'éhe ke-se-kowe ko tawe-now*). Our heavenly Father has given me another opportunity of returning to Him; but knowing as I do my own weakness, and the power of the bad spirit, I dare not bury them, lest in an unguarded moment I might be tempted to recover them. No, Noosesim, I will not bury them; I will kindle a fire with my own hands, and cast the relics of my heathen days into it myself, and so once and for ever put the temptation out of the way."

Near the church door in the picture you see the old man in the act of burning what once he prized.

The man standing just behind him is handing the relics to him to be cast into the fire one at a time. The tall man immediately at the corner of the little church is the catechist and school teacher.

In the other similar picture all are engaged in singing "Ring the bells of heaven," whilst the fire is consuming the old man's charms.

The poor old fellow joined in singing the hymn as best he could, but his emotions would get the better of him, and he lost control of his voice. We finished the hymn with the old man leaning upon my shoulder weeping, and catching at a word or two of the hymn when he could control his feelings. The day when this took place was May 21st, Whit Sunday.

After what had taken place, I received him back again into the Church, and admitted him to Communion. At the first "rail" the old man knelt with his daughter, three married sons, and two grandsons, to feast at the Lord's Table.



ST. STEPHEN'S, SHOAL LAKE.

The services of the day being over, we met in the evening for a talk on spiritual things, old Ocsawusk being the chief speaker. He took up his parable and said—

"You have all seen a little bird's nest; how nicely it is made, and how clean it is inside. Thus the care of the mother is shown for her young. Then you have seen the eggs, and finally the little birds. These little birds, when first hatched, lie motionless in the nest; they seem almost lifeless, as well as almost bare. By-and-by they gather strength, and their feathers take shape, and they are able to stand up in their nest and flap their wings. Then in due course their little wings are covered with beautiful feathers, some silver coloured and some gold, and they look very pretty. But why are these beautiful wings given to the little birds? Is it that they may lie still in their nest and adorn their own little home? No; they are given to them for a purpose, and that purpose is to enable them to fly about, and become useful in many ways. This is my parable.

"Now to-day I am like those little helpless birds lying bare and motionless in their nest. My soul is like the nest. My heavenly Father made it for me, and it is therefore very good, and in His sight very valuable, otherwise He would have cast me away as unprofitable long ago (*Che-ká-ma mistahe ne pamu-chatisin*), because I have been very bad. Now He has given me His Holy Spirit to dwell in my soul; at present it is only weak in me like the very little birds I have spoken about, but by-and-by, perhaps soon, it will grow strong in me, and I shall be able to go about and be of use. I desire to bear witness to the truth in those places where I have in days gone by joined in heathen ceremonies, and let my new life shine like the beautiful feathers on the little birds' wings."

May I ask all the readers of this to pray for Yellow Bear? His Christian name is Charles.

The little church shown in the picture is one of six I have built since my return to the Mission three years ago. The one at Shoal Lake is one of the smallest, as it is only a small station in the heart of a pine forest.



REV. J. HINES.



"YELLOW BEAR" DESTROYING HIS IDOLS.



AUG., 1898.]

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER

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MRS. BOMPAS IN WINTER TRAVELLING DRESS.

there for about twelve hours we should be able to dig out about eight inches of soil. That is what the miners in Klondyke have been doing for the last two winters."

"Do you find that you are able to grow any vegetables for food?"

"Yes. I have managed to grow carrots, cabbages, turnips, and lettuce; these at stations outside the Arctic circle. Potatoes will not grow."

"What is your chief food?"

"The flesh of the moose, deer, and bear, and fish, mostly dried."

constancy and faithfulness, self-forgetfulness, and devotion demand our admiration.

"Just one more question, Mr. Archdeacon," I entreated. "How many Christians have you among the Indians?"

"Most of those reached have embraced the Christian faith, and have been admitted by baptism into the visible Church. There are among them some truly devoted catechists or Christian leaders. Some years ago at three of our stations there was quite a large number of communicants."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus our conversation closed; but a letter from the Ven. Archdeacon, written at San Francisco, has reached the Editor of the GLEANER, and contains a further message, with which we conclude:—

"We are truly thankful to have been brought safely thus far on our journey—some 6,000 miles. You and many others have, we know, been praying for us, and will continue to do so to the end. Four thousand miles by water have yet to be gone over before we reach our destination, but the same loving Hand is near to protect us, and will, we trust and pray, bring us to our work filled with the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. The streets of this city are filled with an excited populace. War! war! war! is the topic everywhere, and all the time. Thousands of recruits are daily being drilled and prepared to do battle with the enemy. Would that we could see the same enthusiasm, earnestness, and loyalty among Christians to their King and His service! but alas!"

**A Sad Superstition.**—Bishop Young (of Athabasca, North-West Canada) recently had an interview with an Indian who, during the previous winter, had slain his own son with an axe. The son had gone out of his mind, and was regarded by the Indians as a *wetigoo*, a sort of demoniacal possession. They have a great terror of such. Inspired by it, husbands have killed their wives, and sons assisted in killing their parents. He was an amiable-looking, elderly Indian, whose broad, pleasant face it was difficult to associate with the cruel deed. Being requested to do so, the old man gave a plain, unvarnished account of the affair, constantly saying that he did not want to do it, but was urged to it by his own and the fears of those about him. The Bishop told him Christian people considered those out of their minds as objects of compassion and kind treatment rather than fit subjects for the axe. This cleared the way for a talk about better things.



ARCHDEACON AND MRS. CANHAM IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

"How about eating grease?"

"Grease, either moose or deer or bear, is a great luxury in the Far North. To start out on a trip without a 'bladder,' however small, would be considered a great misfortune; but these misfortunes do happen, and not infrequently. A lump of hard grease, a piece of 'dried meat,' and a cup of tea is the fare of the traveller for days together. He may vary it by taking by way of exchange a little of the dried or frozen fish he has brought along for his dogs."

"There is sometimes, I think, not enough of even such food as you mention," I remarked.

"Latterly there has been no risk of starvation because of the increased supplies by the river," the Archdeacon answered; "but in years gone by I have known the Bishop and his wife to be obliged to spend the winter in two different encampments because there was not enough food for two fresh mouths at either. Once I found him with no food except a little tea and some candles."

"Candles!"

"Yes. Made out of the country grease. But he would never allow that he had any hardships to endure."

"When is he likely to come back to England again?"

"Never again, I think. Mrs. Bompas is a great traveller, and was over in England last year, but the Bishop has never been back since he was consecrated."

"Why not?"

A good answer to this question is found in some lines written by the Bishop and published in the GLEANER some years ago.\* He is engaged in an important work, and cannot be prevailed upon to leave even for a short season. We all agree with him about this, but his

\* November, 1893, p. 170.



# Church Missionary Steamer for Letters from the Front.

VIII.—INDUSTRIAL WORK AT AIYANSH.  
1899.

By the Rev. J. B. McCullagh.

AIYANSH MISSION, NAAS RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I HAVE mailed you a copy of "Abba, Nigwaud"—a Nishga translation of the Rev. C. G. Baskerville's "Abba, Father"—translated and printed here last summer. I have now three apprentices learning the art of printing, between the ages of seven and nine, who give promise of great things.

You will be pleased to hear that, incidentally, you contributed much this year towards materializing our hopes and desires for the welfare of the Nishgas on the upper Naas. I refer to your call for, and subsequent publication of, an article on the industrial aspect of Mission work as illustrated by what has been done at this Mission. I am afraid you are slow at home to appreciate the intense importance of this sort of work among uncivilized races in connexion with Missions to the Heathen. People have a horror of a missionary engaging in *secular* work in connexion with his Mission. Well, that is a good feeling, and should not by any means be set aside, but let us be careful not to put the brake in place of the waggon and the latter in place of the brake. The work is all right in itself, the danger (and there is a danger) lies in carrying on a right thing in a wrong way. If civilization be *put on* instead of being *educated*, if industrial work be engaged in otherwise than by encouraging, aiding (when necessary) and fostering the native growth, it becomes a kind of business work—a secular undertaking on a mundane plane as opposed to a material manifestation of the spiritual life that is in us by faith.

We have in this sense taken two steps this year, both *forced*, for we have no alternative, we *must* take these two steps or—well, either stand still or fall back. What! be side-tracked in a semi-civilized condition or shunted back to the old station? God forbid. We must put on more power and forge ahead.

Our first step is the sub-division of the reservation into individual allotments, so that each man may know his own and put his spare time into it during the next few years—clearing, fencing, &c.—until he be able to start in with his plough and oxen and put in his crops.

Our second step is the purchase of a river steamer within the next three years, for without such an acquisition the settling down of the Nishgas as agriculturists would be impossible. River steamers are cheap on the Pacific Coast just now owing to slumps in various Klondyke undertakings, so that I calculate upon being able to acquire one for 6,000 or 7,000 dollars, large enough and sufficiently powerful for this river. We can raise 3,500 dollars of this sum in Aiyansh from our Indians alone, and I am looking to God and friends at home for the remainder.

Humanly speaking, had we no saw-mill, you would never have heard of a "transformed people" at this out-of-the-way place. And how that came about you already know. A few friends subscribed between them £100, another, signing him or herself "One who has lost great opportunities," gave £100 more; hence all the progress and change here. If the donor of the latter £100 could visit Aiyansh just now, I am confident he would think some of those "lost opportunities" had been found.



## BANDS OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS

*June* AMONG THE INDIANS.

10. 1896

Any one visiting our Port Simpson District with an eye open to spiritual, intellectual, moral or social movements, must see that the bands of Indians within the spheres of our influence are aroused and stirred by some great energy that for weal or woe must powerfully affect their character and destiny. When assemblies of scores, and of one, two, three and four hundred, come frequently together, say six or seven times per week, and sing and pray earnestly, and rise into ecstatic fellowship, and talk and sing of nothing but Jesus and his love, it must mean something; there must be something in it, and it must produce some results, and results it does produce; for savage natures are subdued, heathen customs are abandoned, and heathen gods forsaken fall. Meekness takes the place of pride, and love of hate. The change of spirit and life is quickly noticeable. It takes longer to make manifest a growth of intelligence and intellectual power. No man, till he has seen it, can form any idea of the moral, spiritual and intellectual death of the pagan Indians. Oh, what darkness! Oh, what blindness! Oh, what ignorance! What utter torpor and vacuity of mind! One would say it must take generations of time and toil to lift them anywhere near the level of the Christian civilization. And so it must, by mere human devices and agencies. But who dares limit the power of God? And who dares restrain the power of God? And yet do we not restrain the power of God when we fail in any way to meet the claims of missions upon us? And who dares falter in his faith and trust before such a problem? And yet do we not falter in our faith, and fail in our obedience when we are slow to commit ourselves in our several callings with all our powers to this missionary work, and the salvation of our race? It would not take generations to effect this great work if the church were in earnest. What mine eyes have seen, what mine ears have heard, yea, what I hear at this very moment of writing—for it is eight o'clock in the evening, and the Essington band of workers is making this end of the village lively with their songs and prayers and shouts—is to me a matter of amazement. Scores of young men and young women in these meetings witness for Christ. I do not understand their language, but when I listen to their testimony I hear the oft-repeated name of Jesus, and many of their songs are in English, and the theme is that Blessed Name. Never to me was the divine wisdom clearer and brighter in giving us a person, the God-man, to whom to look for salvation, and not a system or an abstraction. What would these people have done with an abstraction? But something of the actual sin they feel, and of the actual need, and God's offering for sin, Jesus upon the cross, the greatest fact of history, they seize in an instant. In an instant they feel its uplift—yea, his glorious uplift, and another fact comes in their pardon and joy. Of course, much persevering and instruction is then necessary; but there were never readier souls to receive instruction than these Indians after conversion. When I preach to them I feel whatever fancy, theory or rhetoric a man may use elsewhere, this is no place to aim at such things. What is required is the Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel. And this glorious Gospel has done, and is doing the work. There is no sense in speculating on the matter. Here are the facts. And there are rising up here scores of witnesses, and many young men who, if we will put them at work under an effective and suitable arrangement, will in one sphere or another spread abroad the great salvation among all the Indian tribes. The conviction is upon me that we have not met all the obligations of this trust. Hence some of our troubles. Possibly more might have been done under our present economy and rules, but I am persuaded that other standards, graduations, examinations and supervisions than we now have would be more effective here. There is much material at hand for a self-propagating church, if we arrange and supply to avail ourselves of it. If we have difficulties, they come largely of the fact that Providence has thrust upon us many

who would be valuable laborers in the vineyard, and we have not prepared them and set them at work. The church should lavish her wisdom and wealth upon a problem like that. These missionary problems are the greatest problems of the ages, and they will multiply and accumulate as the generations pass by. What

has been accomplished here one might well say is enough for our generation. Yet oh, how much remains to be done!

These bands of workers were organized by the chairman of the district, I am told, with the approval of the district meeting, eight years ago, four or five years before the Salvation Army or any of its members looked this way at all. The bands have their flags, drums, tambourines, etc., and certainly are showy enough in their parades, and demonstrative enough in their worship. They have not used these instruments in the churches. Of course, doubt, apprehension and controversy have arisen as to the propriety of such means at all; but when it is remembered what these people were, and witness what they are, much criticism and severe judgment may well be deferred. There will, of course, in the worship, be demonstrative and vociferous jublations, but there are also solemn and impressive lulls. And the reading of the Word, and the instruction by the minister or teacher for the service are received with the closest attention and deepest respect? Many have their Bibles and pencils in hand, and do their utmost to catch and retain the ideas given. I never elsewhere witnessed such hunger for the truth of God. And to such a people no one of a right mind could think of giving anything else but the sincere milk of the Word; and as they are strengthened in grace and knowledge, the stronger meat of holy doctrine. Speculate and theorize, decorate and criticise, invent and tincture elsewhere, but not here. And possibly the kind of Gospel that carries converting power with it here would do the same thing in other places.

The readiness with which these people speak in their meetings is an inspiration and a charm. They are very democratic and great talkers in all their assemblies. There are very few long stories. In this they differ from the habit of their native councils. One rises while another is speaking, and that often seems a signal for a speaker to stop and give another a chance. Often "the experience" is begun with a lively verse in singing, which all join, and sometimes it is closed in the same way. They are sincere and simple-minded in their fellowship, and have not yet learned the fear of man that bringeth a snare. If there be oddity, strange singing or mistake, there is no staring, snickering or giggling all over the house. But we are civilized, and these are just out of savagery—and oh, how much remains to be done for them and for us.

A. CARMAN.

Port Essington, May 14, 1896.



# Missionary Outlook

"The Field is The World" is my Parish.

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A Monthly Advocate, Record and Review.

VOL. XVI.—No. 7.]

JULY, 1896.

[NEW SERIES.]

## Field Notes.

THE General Secretary arrived home from his official trip to British Columbia and the North-West, June 14th. The following week he left for Newfoundland, desiring to reach the Island in time to attend the Conference. He was somewhat undecided which route to take. To go by Halifax would give him an opportunity of meeting many of the brethren of the East, but this would involve a longer

THE Rev. John Scott, D.D., and Rev. A.C. Borden, B.A., expect to sail from Vancouver for Japan on the 24th of August. By going at that date they will escape the warm weather, which is most trying to foreigners, but will be in good time for the opening of the school in September.

AFTER the valuable services rendered by the Rev. E. Robson as Principal of the Chilliwack Institute in British Columbia, it was with regret that the Executive Committee accepted his resignation; but as he refused to reconsider



A TOTEM VILLAGE, SKIDEGATE, B.C.

by railroad journey and a shorter time on the water; to go by Philadelphia would lengthen the sea voyage and shorten the time by rail. Not feeling as well as he could desire, after some deliberation the latter route was decided upon. This decision seems to have been providential, as the *Capulet*, on which he would have sailed from Halifax, ran on the rocks in a fog. All the passengers were rescued; but we feel thankful that the General Secretary was saved the very unpleasant experience of hastily leaving the vessel in a small open boat, with a heavy sea rolling and enveloped in dense fog.

it, there was no other alternative. His successor is the Rev. Joseph Hall, who, we know, will take up his new duties and responsibilities in an enthusiastic and business-like manner, and will render the Church, to which he has ever been loyal, efficient and faithful service in this important sphere of labor. There are now ninety-seven pupils in attendance at the Institute.

WE were pleased to have a call from the Rev. James Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in the North-West and British Columbia, who is here on official

among some of the tribes the badges or totems are the bear,



business. Mr. Woodsworth expects to be in Ontario about a fortnight.

OUR home missionaries have many trials and hardships to endure, as the following extract from the letter of a brother who has just moved to his new field, indicates. "Arrived on this mission a week ago, and find a great field for our Church, and more work than one man can do. I could not obtain a house at any price, or even a room to rent. I purchased a rough board shack, with cooking-stove, to put my goods in for shelter from the rain, for it has rained almost every day since I arrived. It will be necessary to build, if only a kitchen and a couple of bedrooms."

SHORT, but very cheering, is the following item received from the Rev. C. W. Finch, of Cookshire, Que.: "We have on this circuit two Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor; one has about fifty members, including active, associate and honorary. This League raised over \$30 during the year. The other, numbering ten active and two associate members, donated about \$6 since organizing, some five months ago. Two cents a week is the system adopted. Although our church membership is small the regular collections and subscriptions have not only not diminished but increased on account of this simple plan of systematic giving, and so the mite-box income is more than clear gain, besides \$50 increase in ministerial support." We will be glad to hear from many more of our young people's societies along this line.

OUR young people again to the fore! A brother in Prince Edward Island writes: "We have just about passed through one of the hardest years, financially, in this place that the people ever experienced. Through hard times we have lost by removal about twenty-five per cent. of our members. Thank God we have had some additions. We very much feared that our missionary contributions would not go over one-half of last year's, so I set the little ones and young people to work, promising them all books from the Mission Rooms if they would do their utmost in collecting. They had about the whole winter and spring to work, and met with remarkable success. By boxes and subscriptions they raised over \$61.00."

BISHOP TAYLOR endorses most heartily the selection of the Rev. J. C. Hartzell as Bishop of Africa. Regarding his own movements he says: "'And are you going to lie on the shelf?' I am not a candidate for 'the shelf.' I am accustomed to sleep in the 'open,' in sight of the stars, and respond to the bugle blast of early morn. For the present,

"God calls me from mudsill preparation—  
The John the Baptist dispensation—  
To proclaim more widely the Pauline story  
Of our coming Lord and of His glory."

"Under this call of God I expect to lead thousands of Kaffirs into His fold. On an evangelizing campaign through southern and eastern Africa I will, God willing, strike the war-path of the grand, heroic leader of our Inhambane and South Zambesia Mission, the Rev. E. H. Richards. I am booked to sail for Cape Colony on the steamship *Wilcannia* on June 18th."

We always greet with pleasure the arrival of *The Gospel in All Lands*. The articles are well chosen, and the information reliable. Published by Eaton & Maines, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## Editorial and Contributed.

### Our Home Missions.

TO some of us, these are less interesting than what are termed "foreign" fields. When we go off to the heathen lands to carry the Gospel to the idol worshippers, the sphere of labor is called a "foreign mission." When the foreigners come to our own land and settle in its inviting fields, to live among us for all the years to come, our work among them is called a "home mission." In addition to this we have the sparsely settled districts where it must needs be that we send the Word of God; for the inhabitants are not able to provide it for themselves.

We have a great many young men who have offered themselves for the "mission field." Some of them shrink from the woods and wilds of Algoma and Muskoka and of Manitoba and the North-West. Their hearts are fitful and are not drawn to the needs of humanity there, as they are towards Africa and South America and India and China and Formosa. But not all are so partial in their love of mankind.

We have a grand army of thoroughly equipped men on our home missions to-day. Let any one look over our Northern Districts and they will find them manned with men the superior of which our cities cannot boast.

From our University graduation and our ordination classes of this year the "picked" men were "picked" for this very work and went at it without a murmur. It is best for the work and best for the men. Our missions are fired with the enthusiasm these young men bring into this, their life work; and never did our missions so soon become self-sustaining as during the past five years, since the enthusiasm of missions has taken hold of our young men.

We hail with a complimentary cheer the mission workers on our domestic missions, and pray this may be to them a fruitful and blissful year.

### Fulfilled or Unfulfilled! Which?

THE prophet Haggai called the attention of his hearers to the "desire of all nations," and proclaimed that when the desire of all nations should come the house of the Lord should "be filled with glory."

Whatever may have been the first or immediate meaning of the prophet in the use of the term, it is not in any sense untrue for us, in our after thought, to perceive in the mind of the Spirit an outlook of glory in the days when the Christ shall come to fulfil the desires of all the nations.

It is with such a view the many minds of humanity have agreed to give to Jesus Christ the distinction of being the "Desire of all nations." Standing for a moment where the prophetic voice falls on our ear, we hurry on down the ages to see the fulfilment we are led to expect. We seek the glory with which the house of God is to be filled.

In our search, therefore, we see the new temple built, and we see the great Messiah come, and we hasten to Jerusalem when He is in the zenith of his fame among earth's children. Would you see the fulfilment? It would be better to see the unfulfilment. Behold the formal and mechanical ceremonies of the "holy place." See the "house of the Lord" made a "house of merchandise and a den of thieves," twice swept by the severe rebuke of the Galilean. See the disciples talking to Jesus of the stones in the temple and hear his reply: "There



shall not be one stone left upon another that shall not be thrown down." Hear the woes pronounced upon its scribes, its priests, its Levites, its pharisaic formalists. Follow on to the climax of Messiah's days, and instead of "glory" filling the house, we see nothing but shame. Its judgment hall is covered with shame as it condemns the Christ to the nails and thorns, the spear and cross. Its priests and people are covered with shame as they glut their uttermost rage upon Him and fill the air with execrations which hie Him to the cross.

Look we for glory?—darkness comes to hide the dire and awful shame, and the gloom of eternal oblivion gathers upon the "house" and its associations, and its sacred veil is "rent in twain from the top to the bottom."

The history of its scenes from that day forth is of hell rather than of heaven. Stand and gaze upon its picture when Stephen, radiant of heaven, pleads the nation's hope before the court filled with the scoffing tongue and jecring visage. See the treatment of Peter and James and John and Paul, and hasten on over the cursed history till the enemy comes and batters the temple and city to the ground. Did the old prophet say: "And the house of the Lord shall be filled with *shame*," it could not have been better fulfilled.

Then what is the reason for this awful fulfilment? It lay in the fact that the nation had rendered it impossible for them to have a part in the fulfilment. They had given up all desire or hope for such a One as the prophets foretold. It was not a "Desire of all nations" they sought. It was a desire for their own nation;—yes, for their own nation as against other nations. They sought a Saviour to save themselves *to* themselves and *in* themselves and *for* themselves. And so when One came who should be a Saviour for all, there was no place for Him in their temple. They had no hearts for a Being with will and purpose so broad. Why! such a leader would extend their privileges to Gentile "dogs," and make them only brothers of outer mankind. Such a leadership would call for the abandonment of all their peculiar exclusiveness, and would demand that all they held sacred to themselves should be laid at the feet of those whom long ago they had written out of the catalogue of their friendships. As they would not give their temple—their "house" to the glory of a common brotherhood and a missionary labor, it could not be the abode of the "Desire of all nations." Hence, He must build for himself another house, as says the Apostle of a later day in addressing the Christian saints at large: "Which house are ye, . . . to whom coming as to a living stone, . . . ye also as lively (or living) stones are built up a spiritual house."

If we now keep our "house" to ourselves, and exercise ourselves with zeal only for our local glory, it cannot come. Our house will be filled—not with glory—but with shame. God cannot live in a narrow house. Christ, the Desire of all nations, cannot be confined, He must use us or leave us.

Which shall it be with us? It is the question of the hour for every organization bearing a Christian name. The question for us to consider is not *will* the prophecies of glory be fulfilled in us, but *can* they be fulfilled in us. There is a possibility of another taking our crown.

ALL believers are called to be God's witnesses by a holy life; and this is to the confounding of infidelity, which has no such seal.

## One Sidedness.

WE were asked the other day why it is that so many of our missionary enthusiasts of the present day have such literal conception of the doctrine of the "Second Coming."

The word "so many" is misleading. There are not "so many" as some think. It arises from the immensity of truth and the inability of the human to grasp and hold and emphasize it all. Certain it is that Jesus Christ did not fail to protect the truth on every side. It would seem as if no earnest and studious disciple could settle down to a narrow interpretation of his great purpose and work.

At one time He told the parable of a steward left in charge by an absent lord. The thought of this steward was, "My lord delayeth his coming." With the belief that he would be a long time absent he spent his time in feasting with his friends, and making no provision for his return.

But the lord returned sooner than he was expected and found the steward unprepared for him—yea, in fraudulent use of his goods. The sentence of banishment from service is the just reward passed upon him for his unfaithfulness. The warning is then written: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour the Son of Man cometh."

And lest some should go away and found a doctrine on this illustration, Christ proceeds to tell another parable. In the first, the failure came from thinking or believing that the lord would be long away—and he came soon.

The other parable was told on purpose to present another form of failure. In it the lord was expected soon. His early coming was prepared for. Had he only come soon the watchers would have been all right. But in this parable he stayed a long time, and the lamps of the eager watchers went out. Their failure was in their living as though he would surely be here soon.

The same warning is written to both lesson pictures: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour."

The wise virgins made no specialty of the time of his arrival. They held a reserve which, as it were, repudiated the question of time.

The true and proper qualification for the extended service of an infinite and eternal God is one which is eternal in its quality and will be therefore applicable now, henceforth, and for ever. A true regeneration which vitalizes souls with the spirit of Jesus Christ by the Holy Ghost should find the spiritual application of all these precious truths.

## Totem Poles.

THE Indians of Northern British Columbia and Alaska have a custom of erecting in front of their houses high wooden poles, or pillars, called totem poles. These tribes have several chiefs, and upon all public occasions they sit according to their rank, which is distinguished by the height of the pole. The greater the chief the higher his pole. It is related of a chief of the Naas River Indians that being somewhat ambitious he put up a pole higher than his rank would permit. This was resented by the friends of the head chief, and they resorted to firearms, which resulted in the unfortunate aspirer after prestige being shot in the arm. It is needless to say that this argument had the desired effect, and the pole was cut down to the prescribed height.

The Indians are again sub-divided into various families, each of which have their family badge. For example, among some of the tribes the badges or totems are the bear,



the wolf, the whale, and the eagle. The relation of those families having the same badge is closer than tribal connections; that is, members of the same tribe may marry, but not members of the same badge. For instance, a bear will not be permitted to marry into the bear family, but may into that of the eagle. It is in this manner the records of the family are kept. The child usually takes the totem of the mother. On one pole may be found carvings first of a whale, then a bear, and over that an eagle, and on top a wolf, which being interpreted reads that the great grandfather of the present owner of the house on his mother's side belonged to the whale family, the grandfather to the bear family, the father to the eagle family, and he himself to the wolf family. Numbers of these pillars are from two to five feet in diameter, and often over sixty feet in height, costing, in some instances, from \$1,000 to \$2,000, which includes the entertainment provided at their dedication.

### Port Simpson District.

DR. CARMAN hands us for publication these impressions of his tour on the North-western Coast of British Columbia. There can be no doubt that on the whole, for the labor and means expended, these missions among the Indians have justified themselves and vindicated Christian missions at large. Their indirect influence, saying nothing of direct results, has been marked and mighty. They have raised strong barriers against Sabbath desecration, liquor selling, and disregard of personal purity and the marriage compact. They are laying grand foundations for a noble commonwealth. It is a glorious testimony with a consistent life and bold utterance to protest against iniquity, and rebuke open sin. This is indispensable to the Gospel of God. There is some conscience left even in degraded and benighted men, and it must be aroused to roll its thunders through the soul. "All things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light; for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." Our faithful missionaries have been mighty through God in the repression of drunkenness, debauchery, Sabbath breaking, false worship, and savagery on this coast. It is no mean compliment to the Methodist Church that wicked and dissolute men do not want her in their midst. But she, by the grace of God, is saving Indian tribes body and soul. What sort of a compliment is it to another Church we might name that whiskey men help establish her that they may have clear way for their liquor selling? Are we under bonds to call that kind of missionary effort the salvation of God? Would not such a Church itself need to have the truth preached to it and be saved?

The direct results of our labor on this field are evident and glorious. Many, many souls are happy in the Saviour's love. Many, many faithful lives are proving the power of the Gospel. Many, while possibly not reaching our ideals after our centuries of training, are growing up into the excellency of the Christian home. Many, many have triumphed over death and entered into rest. Their Sabbath days and worshipping assemblies are demonstrations of the spirit and power. Oh for a quickened Church to go forth to all these people, that more and more we may see the nation born in a day.

The hospital work, under Dr. Bolton, was a generous conception, and is a great help and remarkable success. It is a proof of what a consecrated physician may do in the furthering of the Gospel, and a bright example and great encouragement to faithful Christian men and women in

that profession, so Christlike when prosecuted in the spirit of Christ and for His glory. Our educational work shows us we should cut off from the Government provision altogether; or else should compel the Government of the Dominion to respect the rights of the Methodist Church. While the system is what it is, I presume we are compelled to work through Government provisions and functionaries, or give the results of our labors very largely into other hands. And while this is the case, we certainly should not suffer the Government of the Dominion to discriminate plainly and effectually, as has been done for years past, against the Methodist Church. Despite, however, these disadvantages our educational work among the Indians is forging ahead.

Port Essington, May 15th, 1896.

### A Small Winter Trip.

BY REV. JOHN MCDUGALL.

(Continued from page 85.)

AND now Monday morning was upon us, and thanking Mr. Glass for kindness and hospitality during our sojourn on this mission, we started southward and spent an hour with Bro. Dawson in his school, saw his methods, and that there were bright pupils in his classes who were responding to his faithful teaching. Lunched with him in his bachelor home, then drove on to Saddle Lake, Bro. Glass accompanying us that far. Mrs. McKittrick said the people had been coming in since three o'clock and were eager for the service. Supper over, I met a deputation of leading men, anxious to discuss some matters affecting their own and the Reserve interests. About seven o'clock we went over to the schoolhouse and engaged in a most interesting service which I humbly trust will bear fruit; then back to the mission house and had several more interviews on Reserve and Industrial School questions. Eleven o'clock came, and as Bro. Glass and I had still work to do on the hymn book we settled down to it, and working steadily finished our revision and correction as the clock struck one a. m. In the meantime a big storm had come on and the roads were being filled and obliterated as fast as a rousing March wind and heavy snow could do it. Nevertheless I slept soundly and was down for breakfast in good time. Still the storm raged, and when Bro. Dean and myself bade the rest of our mission folk good-bye, we went out into a blinding snow cloud. We drove around by the agency, called on the agent and family, and then proceeded on our journey, for we had an engagement to hold service at Egg Lake that evening.

Sometimes it required not only keen watching but also keen calculation to keep the road. Millions of atoms of crystalized water with a strong wind make it hard on one's eyes, and mine have been at such work so much and so long that I can feel them becoming tired. However, about the middle of the afternoon we again reached the Richardsons' cheery little home, and both horses and men were glad to rest. The storm was abating, but the roads were fearfully demoralized, and as the settlement is very much scattered our service was broken up. But we were on time, and as for the rest of the programme personally I was rather glad, for I was very tired. Early the next morning we were away, and again at the task of breaking roads. Bro. Dean's ponies are not fast, but they are tough and sure, and we kept the steady jog. We called at Ka-kake's and had prayer with the family, and again received the blessing of the old lady who hungers for the gospel in her mother tongue. We lunched in the shanty of a bachelor friend who must have been very much of the mind of him who sighed and said, "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness," for this man has it and literally enjoys such conditions, but keeps abreast of the times in the matter of literature, for the shack was littered with English and Canadian periodicals, and our friend could discuss Armenia and Venezuela and the Transvaal, and the remedial bill with more intelligence and thought than the average city man could do.



## Missionary Outlook

### June The Indian Work. 1896

Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C., January 10th, 1896.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing you that forty-six persons have been baptized here within the last five months, on profession of conversion to God—twenty-nine adults and seventeen children. For several years we have labored and looked for conversions, and now God has granted us a reaping time and the joy that accompanies it. Special meetings have been held in the school-house this winter. The Gospel has been preached to the heathen. It has been very pleasing to see the hearty interest that many of the people have taken in these meetings—sinners have been converted and have found peace through believing in Jesus. Not only are there a large number of young people among the converts, but there are several elderly people; even the head chiefs and old doctors, who seemed to be hardened against the Gospel, also have been arrested and brought to the feet of Jesus. Our day and Sabbath schools are well attended. A teacher is needed here very much. On Christmas night I gave a magic lantern show on the life of Christ, as a treat to all. The Epworth League gave a dinner to the village people on Christmas eve, at the close of which, a consecration meeting was opened. Over fifty spoke. The substance of their remarks was, the happiness they felt in meeting their Christian brethren on the present joyful occasion, and the great change the Gospel had already effected amongst them, drawing a contrast between their former dark, degraded condition, both temporally and spiritually, and their present happy circumstances. They praised God for sending them missionaries to tell them the way of life, and prayed that they might continue faithful to the grace of God. The school-house has been enlarged by an addition of twelve feet; also the new bell frame has been built. On the last Sabbath in the past year twelve were baptized at the afternoon service, and in the evening I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to thirty-three persons, for the first time. We felt the presence of the Master while waiting at His feet. I might here say that a great number of those who were baptized professed Christianity the year before Bro. Spencer left. Married sixteen couples this winter. Thirteen new houses have been built since we came, and the converts are moving out from their heathen houses into new ones. We have no sickness amongst the people this winter.

### Extracts from Letters.

“INDIANS from the West Coast of Vancouver Island came and pleaded again and again that a missionary might go to their villages to live there and teach them the truth. They said, ‘Do not come and stay one day, and then leave us. We are very sick and need the good medicine every day. We are all in the darkness; come, and lead us out.’ When will the Church answer the loud, long-repeated cry from the West Coast?”

“Thousands of Indians and others gather on the Fraser in the fishing season to work in the canneries and catch the salmon. We have all sorts of people at our services—blacks and whites, Flatheads and Roundheads, Greeks and Jews. There is much wickedness, but in the mission church and on the streets, and from camp to camp, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God is preached, and souls are saved. New canneries are being erected, and there will be an increase of work the coming summer.

“Last summer our devoted Japanese brother, Okamoto, preached to his countrymen at the fisheries, and numbers were converted to God. They built a little church and hospital at a total cost of \$694, nearly all the money being collected from their own people. Thirteen patients were in the hospital, nine of them cases of typhoid; but all recovered.”—*Rev. A. E. Greene.*



# Along the Line.

## *Missionary Outlook*

### The Indian Work.

Letter from REV. J. C. SPENCER, dated VICTORIA, B.C.,  
October 26th, 1896.

I SPENT the greater part of July and August on the Fraser. It was indeed a time of fine opportunities, the multitudes being composed of all nationalities.

Rev. Mr. Coleman, a returned missionary from China, did excellent work among the Chinese. He was assisted by Mr. Ng, a Christian Chinaman.

Dr. Kodama, a graduate of Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, spent his time wholly among the many Japanese. He kept the Hospital open, and some of those who had been benefited last year offered to go in and take care of others this year. The Doctor has consecrated his life to the Master.

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## *Missionary Outlook*

*November 1896*

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*Missionary Outlook*  
**Our Young People.**

*Dec 1896*  
**There is a Happy Land.**

CHINOOK TRANSLATION.

By REV. C. M. TATE.

**M**ID-LITE kloosh illa-he,  
 Siah, Siah.  
 Kah mid-lite kloosh tillicum,  
 Siah, Siah.  
 Oh! konaway klaska sing,  
 Jesus Christ ne-sika king  
 Hyas nesika sing,  
 Quanson, Quanson.  
 Kloosh chah-ko okoak sun,  
 Chah-ko, Chah-ko.  
 Ikta quanson moxt tum-tum?  
 Chah-ko, Chah-ko.  
 Alke nesika kloosh,  
 Konamoxst mika Jesus:  
 Kah halo sick tum-tum,  
 Quanson delate.  
 Mid-lite kloosh illa-he,  
 Kopa sagh-a-lee.  
 Halo klaksta sick yah-wa,  
 Halo men-a-loose.  
 Oh! quanson kloosh tum-tum,  
 Quanson, quanson, konaway sun;  
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 Kopa sagh-a-lee.

ANKAMEENUM TRANSLATION.

Igh tomough nay ta tseetsel,  
 Tsauk, ouseete tsauk.  
 Nealth schnays ta igh mestiough,  
 O-yas ha-luck.  
 Oh! igh tswahs sta-lim,  
 Jesus Hallay-stun-nock, King;  
 Sthee-cun quos dzeet tow-nealth,  
 O-yas, O-yas.  
 Aw-sthahm ta igh Seeam,  
 May-tla, maytla.  
 Owich kach ta squilawan,  
 May-tla, maytla.  
 Oh! haluck shquilawan,  
 S'yeough whunem townealth leeam;  
 Nay, skah tanowa Seeam,  
 O-yas haluck.

*Christian Guardian*  
*May 5 British Columbia. 1897*

A traveller who has been making a tour in this colony writes a lengthened letter to the *Carp Star* respecting what he has seen. He was favorably impressed with the state of the Indians under Bishop Ridley, at Alaska, formerly of Metlakatla. There are about 700 Indians, who seem to be making progress in their new home. The writer spent some time at Port Simpson with our famous missionary, Rev. Thomas Crosby. He visited the mission school-house and the Indian Boys' Home. Here Mr. and Mrs. Richards preside. He next called at the hospital in care of Dr. Bolton, and the Girls' Home, and the school-house where Mrs. Hall trains the minds of the white youths of Simpson. He was greatly pleased with what he witnessed at Port Simpson. Of Mr. Crosby he thus writes: "He is indeed a very busy man, and when not engaged with the regular services of the church, he meets and counsels a multitude of callers—mostly Indians—whose wants are by no means confined to spiritual advice and direction. His collection of Indian curios is an interesting study, being in itself a respectable museum. But one must hear him preach in his large church to his own congregation, consisting of the white Methodist families and a large number of Indians of both sexes, and of all sizes and ages. Here he is probably at his best. The service is partly in English and partly in Tsimpsean. The sermon is in both languages, and when neighboring tribes visit the village he preaches an additional sermon in "Chinook" for their benefit. At one Sabbath service we heard a sermon in each of the three languages, English, Tsimpsean and Chinook, after which there was a sermon through an interpreter for the Chinese visitors. Mr. Crosby has lost but little of his old-time fire and energy, and as he preaches in the language of the natives the effect upon his audience is very marked. Not only are the sermons numerous, but the services are quite frequent. In the Mission church and school-house services are held almost every evening during the week and several times on Sunday. Many of the Indians live at some distance, so that the church bell is rung for about half an hour before each service. I could not help thinking that Alexander Selkirk's yearnings for the "sound of the church-going bell" would be fully satisfied by a few weeks of life at Simpson. To a stranger these meetings are wonderfully interesting. He understands little of what is said, but the Indian men are fervid, fluent speakers, and the women—many of them have really sweet voices. The earnest testimonials of the men and the old hymns, sung with peculiar pathos, by the women in their own setting hours shall leave their benediction; it shall be the day of our rest on earth, and the foretaste of the rest that remaineth for the people of God!



# Along the Line.

## Missionary Outlook

### The Indian Work.

Letter from REV. J. C. SPENCER, dated VICTORIA, B.C.,  
October 26th, 1896.

I SPENT the greater part of July and August on the Fraser. It was indeed a time of fine opportunities, the multitudes being composed of all nationalities.

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places of questionable business, while ten times the amount of revenue went out worse than wasted, because it left ruined men and homes behind.

While there was so much to be lamented, there were still signs and tokens for good. There never was as much Christian work done in any one year on the river. Opportunity was afforded for all who wished to hear the Gospel and worship God. Our hearts were cheered from time to time to find those who were trying to serve God. Baptisms were numerous, mostly of Indians from some part of this extensive coast. It was indeed a privilege to be there.

Some provision should be made for missionaries who labor on the river. This year some kind friends provided temporary, but most appreciable accommodation.

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*Letter From* REV. D. JENNINGS, *dated* PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., *October 26th, 1896.*

ON the 29th of September, in company with an Indian, I left home in my little boat to meet the *Glad Tidings* at Claxton. Our party consisted of the Rev. T. Crosby, Captain; Fred. Alexée, Engineer; Charles Abbott, cook and general sailor; Timothy Harris and Mark Luther, native evangelists, and the writer. Early on the 30th we weighed anchor and steamed for Hartley Bay, where we have a good mission, in charge of George Edgar, native agent. Many of the people were at their old camping grounds building a church, I believe at their own expense. Mr. Edgar and his people have displayed great taste in constructing their church. Outside, it wears an imposing appearance, having a lofty steeple in which hangs a large "sweet tuneful bell." Inside, the church was exceedingly clean, the aisle and altar carpeted, the pulpit being a model of neat workmanship. The missionary



in carry on the church services. We spent Sabbath at Bella Bella.

On the 5th we steamed for Rivers' Inlet. Bro. W. H. Gibson is doing good work here. Not long ago the Owee-keenos were deep down in paganism. Total number, 156; 25 are professing Christians. The young and middle aged attend Christian instruction.

Taking in Namu on the way, the next place visited was Bella Coola. Bro. Thomas Neville is in charge of the Bella Coola mission. This was my first visit to Bella Coola. Here is a swift, shallow river, Delta, in its outlet. On the left bank the pagan Indians reside. On the right bank stands the Christian village with the mission premises. The houses are new style, built at suitable distances apart. We joined them in service on the 9th, and were greatly pleased with their advancement in the Christian life. Their experiences had the right ring. I do trust that Bro. Neville and his excellent wife will find such grace in the eyes of the people on each side of the river, that they will be instrumental in gathering them all into the fold of Christ.

How pleasant it was for me to be among the deciduous trees, to see the sear and yellow leaf. At home the perennial leaf becomes monotonous to view.

From Bella Coola we take with us Mr. and Mrs. Brett, who are to supply Bella Bella until spring of 1897.

On the evening of the 15th we reached Port Essington, where I got ashore, having been from home just two weeks and three days, glad to return, but very glad that I had made the tour. There is every reason for the people at home to take courage, to keep their shoulders to the wheel and push the Gospel train on until every tribe has been reached, and the white man and the Indians shall join in loud "Hosannas" to the Son of David.



May 1897

## Along the Line.

### The Indian Work.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. W. H. PIERCE, dated, KISHPIAX, UPPER SKEENA, B.C., Jan. 20th, 1897.*

DEAR DR. SUTHERLAND,—With gratitude to our Heavenly Father I am enabled to say the Lord continues to us the blessing of health; and we hope the great end for which we prize this blessing is to devote it to work and labor for the glory of God in the salvation of benighted souls. During the past three months we have had many things to try our faith and patience. The great enemy of souls has been raging, the dark powers of heathenism have been working to oppose the light of the Gospel, and to destroy the souls of men. Potlatching and heathen dancing greatly revived for a time in our village this winter. We had a crowd of strangers here from every village on the river, attending the old customs. God has answered our prayer. The Holy Spirit has accompanied the preaching of the Truth; some of the hard-hearted ones have trembled and bowed before the Lord. Backsliders have also been reclaimed and the members have been greatly cheered and quickened in their souls. Every Sabbath this winter our church has been crowded to the door. Many of the heathen are seeking light, even Jesus; others have found peace with God. Our week-night services are nearly as large as those on the Sabbath Day, and it is very cheering to see a great number of young people who tell us that they want to become Christians. Some of them, we hope, are "not far from the kingdom of God." We are encouraged to labor on at God's command, "knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord." On Christmas eve our people gave a free dinner to all the strangers. Eight hundred came and the evening was spent in religious talk. On New Year's we had two services. Our Epworth League is doing well—showing good results. Both day and Sunday School are well attended, and the children have improved much in their studies.

*Letter from REV. D. JENNINGS, dated PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., March 22nd, 1897.*

DURING the past three months two of our leading men, in both secular and Church affairs, have passed away. The first to go was Jonah Roberts, who had been a consistent Christian over fourteen years. His zeal and love for Christ were greatly quickened by the death of his eldest daughter a few winters ago, from which time up to his death his life was most devoted. As a local preacher he was exceedingly useful. At times, when

preaching, he had such a grip of his subject and waxed so eloquent in its treatment that his audience was greatly moved. Bro. Crosby tells me that Jonah, in his presence, preached one of the most eloquent sermons he had heard since coming among the Tshimpseans, from the text, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Jonah spoke of Noah as a preacher of righteousness for the long period of 120 years, to a people who mocked his piety and obedience to the Divine command in building the ark. He showed forth Noah's faithfulness as a preacher, that he had completed the ark, and that all was ready for Noah to enter in. He and his house enter. God shut the door. The fountains of the great deep were broken up. The scoffers and the neglecters of the salvation offered them now, too late, found out their sad condition. Jonah had them climbing their houses, the trees, the hills and the mountains, to escape the raging waters, but the water, over-topping, destroyed all without the ark. He pictured the safety of Noah and his family in the ark from the storms and the tempests, until the waters were dried up and the olive leaves were again seen. Christ, he said, was the Ark. He invited all to come to Christ. He then pictured death and the judgment, showing that all in Christ would be safe, but that all out of him would suffer everlasting separation. Jonah Roberts died on the 12th of December, 1896, a most triumphant death, in the Port Simpson Hospital. He was about sixty years of age. We greatly miss him. He left a wife and five children.

The second death I have to record is that of Moses Scawhumzeust, the head chief of the Kitsum-Kalum tribe, who departed this life on the 6th inst., suddenly, of heart disease. I have known him the past fourteen years. During all these years, on the whole, his life has been consistent with his Christian profession.

A long time after the Gospel was brought to the Coast, Moses would not, if he could help, go where it was preached. A daughter, to whom he was greatly attached, died, which almost broke his heart. He felt humbled before God and gave his heart to Him. At a meeting, where he stated his purpose to live a Christian life henceforth, he said, "When I was a lad there was a tree growing on the bank of the Skeena near my old home. I sat by it, and played under its branches. Its top towered high. Its roots sank deep into the earth. It was a grand tree. In time the strong waters of the river washed the earth from its roots. It fell into the river. The deep waters of spring and summer carried it down to the sea, where it was beaten on the rocks until its branches and its bark were broken off. It had become so unlike its former self that when I saw it I wept. Then," he said, "I am that tree. I had grown proud among my own people. I carried my head high and would not listen to God's Word, but He has humbled me. He has taken away my daughter, my branch. He has brought me down to the coast altogether unlike my former self. From now I purpose to follow the way of God."

Later, when Moses was settled at Port Essington, a thought entered his mind that he should set up a flagstaff in front of his house, get a flag, and have his own name printed thereon, so that his rank and station might not be misunderstood. He called in his people to consult them on the matter. They approved of his plan. A subscription was taken up to meet the expense. After going to bed that night, and when thinking over the flag, he said to himself, "Why am I getting the flag-pole and flag? Is it for the glory of God or to satisfy the pride of my own heart?" He decided that he was doing all for his own gratification, and then said, "I will not exalt myself in the eyes of the people. I will glorify God. The money subscribed shall be applied to some other purpose." He said he could not sleep all that night thinking over the flag. Afterwards he laid his decision before his friends, when it was decided to buy a village flag. This was done. The flag is now in our possession, somewhat torn by the winds, but remains a monument of the old man's desire not to foster the pride of his heart.

The influence of these two men always bore in the direction of advancing the best interests of their people; and of them it may be said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."





## Editorial Notes.

WE are sure our readers do not need to be reminded that this is the last month of the Society's financial year, nor that very much depends upon the response which our friends will make ere the month closes to our oft-repeated appeals for a largely-increased income. An example, which may well serve as a warning and also a stimulus, was brought before the Committee on Feb. 2nd. An official of the Missionary Board of the American Methodist Episcopal Church was present as a visitor, and, on the Chairman's invitation, told us of the recent experiences of that Society. A few years ago under the pressure of financial difficulties they decided on retrenchment. A reduction of ten per cent. was resolved upon, and carried. The effect on the work resulted in a "perfectly critical condition of affairs in the Society's fields of labour." An emergency committee was then formed, and leading missionaries were brought home to assist in rousing the Church. The result of these efforts was a generous response amounting, we understand, to £10,000. The backward movement was arrested, and the Mission Board was able to make substantial increases to its appropriations. May we not pray that the C.M.S. may be permitted to maintain its forward policy, without having to experience a check which would be so discouraging to the workers abroad, and so hurtful to the cause of Christ? We ask that this month may be one of much prayer and much work.

Under the title "The Arithmetic of Heaven," an article on *Giving*, by the Rev. Harrington C. Lees, appears in this month's *Intelligencer*. We hope that none of our readers will fail to peruse it, for we believe that it will convey messages from God to some of His servants. The familiar incident of the widow's mite—the greatest subscription on record—is Mr. Harrington Lees' text, and he asks some arresting questions with regard to financial responsibilities. People talk of the widow's mite, but it should be remembered that the widow gave *two* mites. We have been giving our offerings to a deficit fund, and perhaps we call them our mites. If we have given our *mite*, we have given *half* our *capital*. If we were to give the *widow's mites* we could give all that we possessed in the world. For under pathos that calls a blush to the cheek of the Christian niggard can we match the story of one who, bereaved of husband, perchance robbed of patrimony, flung into the treasury of God with sublime recklessness "all that she had, even all her living"?

The rapid and world-wide diffusion of the Word of God in "these last days" is a fact about to be brought before the whole Christian world more prominently than ever before. Our great ally, the British and

Foreign Bible Society, in arranging its Centenary celebrations, conceived the happy idea of asking all Christian denominations to set apart the first Sunday in March as "Bible Sunday." On that day the churches of every Reformed Community throughout the world will hold special services of thanksgiving for the Divine gift of the Holy Scriptures. Not only have the Archbishops and Bishops of our Church endorsed the proposal, and handed it on to their clergy for adoption, but, we are thankful to note, King Edward and Queen Alexandra have recognized the importance of the celebration by promising to be present in St. Paul's Cathedral on March 6th, when the Primate will preach, and the Lord Mayor, as chief magistrate of the realm, will attend in state. The Church Missionary Society participates in the celebration with a peculiarly thankful heart, since its Missions receive through the Bible House copies of the Word of God in some ninety different languages. And it has been with this sense of indebtedness resting upon it, that the C.M.S., even in this the most critical month of this most critical financial year, has invited its Home staff of Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries, Association Secretaries, missionaries on furlough, and Deputations to put aside as far as possible all C.M.S. engagements for Sunday, March 6th, and to place themselves at the disposal of the Bible Society as preachers and speakers on its behalf.

Last month we referred to the gathering gloom in the Far East as a call to prayer. That call was emphasized early in February by the announcement of war between Russia and Japan. There is a general consciousness that most serious and far-reaching issues may be involved, and in any case the loss of precious human lives is to be deeply deplored. Great Britain, fresh from the self-sacrifice of thousands of her bravest sons on the battlefield, is in a position to realize something of this cost. To the Bible student these are deeply significant days. In a very literal manner the prophecy of our Divine Lord in St. Matt. xxiv. 7 is being fulfilled. And we do not forget that He added, "these are the beginning of sorrows." To the student of Foreign Missions the situation is no less critical. China and Japan, Manchuria and Korea, nations differing so widely from one another as regards country, inhabitants, and constitution, are alike in their supreme need of God. That His over-ruling and restraining Arm may be made bare, and the furtherance of the Gospel be the outcome of all that may happen in the near future, will be the constant petition of all those who long for that surely fast approaching time when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

Statements have been lately made, and we have



May 1897

reason to think are being widely disseminated, which are intended to raise doubts as to the Protestant and Evangelical character of C.M.S. missionaries in India. The allegations sometimes relate to incidents which are manifestly trivial and which only a highly suspicious and unreasonable person would accept as grounds for such charges. Readers of the GLEANER will be satisfied with the assurance, that whenever the statements of this character have been serious and at the same time sufficiently explicit to render an inquiry possible they have been sifted, with the result that in every case they have been found to be misleading either through misapprehension or exaggeration.

No Mission of the Church Missionary Society has excited greater or more varied interest than that of the Punjab, which in 1902 commemorated its jubilee. The appearance therefore of the revered Robert Clark's book, *The Missions of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. in the Punjab and Sindh*, edited and revised by Robert Maconachie, late I.C.S., which is on the eve of publication by our Society, will be heartily welcomed. We need scarcely remind our readers that the Punjab Mission has been remarkable for its distinguished converts from Mohammedanism, for hearty and generous co-operation of high civil and military officers, and not least for the devoted and varied labours, extending over nearly half a century of that gifted servant of God, the first writer of this volume. This is a book of 288 pages, enriched by maps, illustrations, and a strikingly faithful portrait of the veteran missionary. Mr. Eugene Stock contributes a prefatory note. (See "Publication Notes," p. 48.)

### Bishop Ridley's Journal.

[We have received two most interesting Journal Letters to Gleaners from the Bishop of Caledonia. They were finished at sea, while on his way from Victoria, British Columbia, to Australia, via China. We refer our readers to the March *Intelligencer* for the journals in full. The following are extracts.—ED.]

MY jottings (on Canadian scenery) must cease awhile because the train is approaching the narrowest part of the lake here, called Cariboo Crossing, where the train crosses by a wooden girder bridge. There on the platform stands the straight and venerable hero of the north, Dr. Bompas, the Bishop of Selkirk. Until the Klondyke gold fever his was the most inaccessible of dioceses, but now it is within fifteen days of Europe.

I jumped from the train, and though I had never met him before I grasped his hand and exclaimed, "At last, at last!" We knew each other well by letter only, though in a sense neighbours as Bishops. He was as placid as the mountains and the lake they embosomed. Having picked up my valise, with difficulty was he persuaded to let me share with him its weight. This settled, we crossed the railway bridge, keeping step from beam to beam, for there were no planks there to make a pathway. Having crossed, we turned to the left and walked along the sandy beach to the dear old Bishop's house, built of logs on the sand. I am afraid I was expected to admire it, but I could not, though tempted, muster enough hypocrisy to congratulate him on his choice of a palace. Concern for him and Mrs. Bompas emboldened me to suggest some improvements before the terrors of winter approached.

A few yards from the house stood in a line with it

a big log stable that I suppose had sheltered the railway contractor's horses, as the smaller building had his employees. They were evidently built for temporary purposes. The stable was to be used for fuel. I am an inveterate lover of comfort. In 1881, when forced to winter in a sorry hut that had been deserted like this one there, I took pains and pleasure in making it as snug and tasteful as possible. 'Tis true it was less than half the size of my brother Bishop's palace, which cost him, site and all, with the stable, and litter of puppies in occupation, exactly £30. That there may be no mistake, print it in full—thirty pounds sterling. No wonder missionaries are blamed. Think of this extravagance, Gleaners! . . . I told the Bishop here how I mossed and mudded my hut (I was not then alone), and decorated meat-tins with Greek patterns and nailed Indian mats tightly all round the rough logs inside. I suddenly pulled myself up because it struck me that the grave face of my host showed that I was in danger of being regarded as a Sybarite. Altering my tactics, I avoided the subject of house decoration, and remarked that the flooring boards were half an inch apart, so shrunken were they, and that it would be easy to rip them up and lay them down close together. The dilemma was that this would leave an open space of about ten inches at the end of the room, and I fear this winter will nip the inmates by the pitiless cold and icy breezes—by no means "soft" over shrunken floors. Then the roof: it was papered with battens across the paper. I was anxious to see inside less of the light of heaven through the rents. The partitions if more finished would ensure more privacy. Should this ever reach the Bishop's eyes I hope he will muster a smile—or if possible a hearty laugh—otherwise I fear he will blame my levity. His calm satisfaction and the glowing gratitude of Mrs. Bompas for such a commodious home reined in my passionate desire to make it better, rather than make the best of it. The question that has often sprung from my heart has been this—if this poor £30 affair is by comparison delightful, what of the contrivances that have sheltered them in the past forty years?

My fingers itch to write a true and full description of the present abode of two grand figures I revere, but I dare not lest it seem irreverent. There is no harm I hope in figures: he will wonder how I got them. He does not know I cannot help being exact! The outside dimensions of his palace are forty-eight by sixteen feet with about eight foot walls. The front door opens into a reception room, on the left of which is the kitchen, and at the other end the bedroom, but of this a smaller space nine by seven feet is papered off by stout paper like that often put under carpets. The bedroom, like the rest, is finished off with the rough-hewn wall logs. Ventilation is carried to excess. Everything around is as simple as indifference to creature comforts can make it—excepting the books, which are numerous, up to date, and as choice as any two excellent scholars could wish.

Never in my life did I value hospitality so much, or felt so honoured as here, under the roof of these grand apostles of God. Two septuagenarians of grace and broad culture, whose years have been spent nobly in God's eyes, have deliberately chosen an austere type



of service, not for austerity's sake, but for Christ's sake, under circumstances the average citizen of this Empire would feel to be past endurance. Yet they are as happy as heroic. . . .

Walking outside last evening with my hostess, bent as she is by long years of toil for the Lord she loves and adores—she, leaning on my arm, stopped in the twilight to calmly say, "Bishop, the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage. Beautiful Cariboo—beautiful!" I was so deeply affected by this sudden expression of joy that I could not find utterance and felt relieved because I was sure there was not light enough to let her see the tears in my eyes. She, accomplished far beyond the standard one meets with in London drawing-rooms, unless among the most cultured circles, he, a fine scholar steeped in Hebrew and Syrian lore, as well as in the commoner studies of the clergy, live on, love on, and labour on in this vast expanse, little trodden but by the Indians for whom they live and will die.

If such lives fail in Christ's cause, that cause is doomed. Let those who criticize cease their cackling and try to imitate by self-sacrifice such lives as those I have just touched on, and they, too, may have some share in the betterment of mankind, the expansion of Christ's kingdom, and the eternal welfare of humanity.

I was able to visit all our coast missionaries and was gladdened to find progress all along the line. In crossing over to Massett, Mr. and Mrs. Collison, junr. went with me in the ship. We met with a warm welcome from the Haida Christians. At Kincolith the Archdeacon and three of his sons came on board, and I brought him along with me to Metlakahla to assist at the consecration of the new church there.

On Friday, Oct. 9th, the rain ceased and the sun shone out as on a summer day. This filled our hearts with gladness, which increased as flags were hoisted on every staff. The little town was briskly alive. Work ceased, excepting on the decorations along the streets and within the church to be consecrated. Finishing touches were tastefully given. Cut flowers and growing plants and flowers were brought from every house and garden to fill the holy house with beauty and fragrance. I well remember the time when Indians showed no pleasure in the beauty of flowers, and would needlessly tread them under foot as we would the grass. Now, window-gardening is much cultivated, and bright patches are fenced in on purpose to cultivate beauty and sweetness in front of their houses. There is rivalry in this floral ambition that indicates the greatness of the change in their tastes. To the old pagans nature's beauty and grandeur were veiled. The spirit of a pure religion has awakened dormant faculties that find pleasure in things beautiful.

Listen! a cornet call at the Church Square, where streets meet, bids the members of the band to assemble. That is a signal that all must be ready for the great function. There are more than 120 school-going children in the place, and soon they are seen darting about like butterflies until at last they settle in perfect order for the procession. The great bell of the church rings out its rich tone of invitation, and the streets swarm with well-dressed Indian men and women. How glad they

seem to be! The babes are to share in the service of praise.

When vested, the Archdeacon and his eldest son from Massett, Mr. Keen, our Metlakahla missionary, and myself took our places. In the front of the procession was the brass band, a better one than is generally heard in England—a band that would be praised in the West Riding of Yorkshire; then came the town council, followed by the choir of twenty-five men and boys and seven women; next the clergy and the two faithful churchwardens immediately in front of the Bishop. The children lined Church Street, and later on fell in after the official persons had passed, and finally came on the general population. None were more solemn or interested than the school-children. As I walked along between the files of people great and small, my heart leaped for joy until I saw it all through a mist.

It would be deemed extravagant if I were to tell you exactly all that flashed from the past through my soul into the present. I lived through a quarter of a century in one short hour. It issued in joy great and almost awful that melted into sweetness and calm. The little white marble cross glistened in the sunshine, and after my eye turned from it, I saw everything else through its pure outline. . . .

The church will seat 400 when all the spaces are occupied. It is a graceful, airy, and spacious building, but smaller and therefore less dignified than the dear old building that was rich in associations. The principal pieces of furniture are free gifts. The Bishop's chair, given by Mr. Gurd to the old church, with the harmonium and reading-desk, Miss West's gift, were saved from the flames by two of the women, Hannah Hope and Julia Ryan. The oak reading-desk was of my own design and therefore I may not describe it further than to say the front panel is a beautiful brass, commemorating the dear partner of my joys and sorrows. Most people say it is the most beautiful object in the church, with one exception. The inscription winds up in words chosen by Miss West: "Without fault before the throne of God." The most beautiful piece of work is the Communion Table cloth worked and presented by Mrs. Skipton, of Ealing, well known in C.M.S. circles. Quite recently an old Indian disciple, a centenarian, passed to her rest, but not before she had bequeathed to the church a sum of money enough to provide a fine stained-glass window for the chancel. Her son is one of the churchwardens, her grandson one of the sidesmen, and two of her great-grandchildren will, I hope, be Sunday-school teachers this present winter. . . .

The most delightful part of this record is that the Indians of Metlakahla out of their poverty freely gave of their labour as carpenters, to the amount of £400. Besides this they gave well in cash, so that their cash gifts added to the sums raised or subscribed by the missionaries themselves amounted to more than £350. Is it not a proof of devotion? . . .

The principal cash payments came of course from the fund I raised in England, to which Gleaners were the most numerous subscribers. Would that they could see the fine group of handsome and commodious buildings standing where I found but the ashes of the old ones two years ago!



May 1897

## On the Borders of Tibet.

TIBET has been called the Great Closed Land. No Mission station has yet been planted therein. But in the providence of God it may be that current events are leading up to an entrance of this hitherto impregnable fortress by the messengers of the Gospel of Christ. Chong-pa, the most northerly of our West China stations, is the nearest approach that our Society has yet been able to make as regards settled work; but readers of the GLEANER will remember that Drs. A. and E. F. Neve, of the Kashmir Medical Mission, have itinerated in a portion of Kashmiri Tibet.

Our pictures are from photographs sent home quite recently by Dr. Andrew Jukes, our medical missionary at Kotgur, and are typical of the scenery with which the members of the Tibetan Expedition have become familiar. A few words



VIEW OF SNOWS ON TIBET ROAD, NEAR THANDAHAR.

about our work in this remote region may be opportune.

C.M.S. work was begun at Kotgur in 1847, prior to annexation of the Punjab. At the present time the sphere of the Society's operations in Kotgur comprises an area of about 2,000 square miles.

The C.M.S. staff at Kotgur is represented by the Rev. J. H. F. T. Beutel, the Rev. and Mrs. J. Tunbridge, and Andrew and Mrs. Jukes. The Annual Report for 1903 contains an extract from a letter from Mr. Tunbridge showing the difficulties of itineration in the mountainous district on the borders of Tibet. He had spent most of 1902 in itinerations, covering more than 600 miles on foot over roads varying in elevation from 2,000 to 13,000 feet above sea level. Constant marching and climbing rocky mountain sides, sometimes through torrents of rain, sometimes under fierce sunshine, means a hard enduring of "hardness," such as those soldiers of Christ who remain in the homeland.



ROPE BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUTLEJ.























